

FDC 63500

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JANUARY 1982 \$3.95

**WHICH RACE IS
BEST IN BED?**

**7TH ANNUAL
REVIEW OF MEN'S
MAGAZINES**

**CHRISTMAS GIFT
GUIDE: SOMETHING
TO OFFEND
EVERYONE**

**SEASON'S
GREETINGS**

**MARTY ROBBINS
COUNTRY MUSIC'S
CROWN PRINCE**

**CARTOON FEATURES:
AN X-RATED X-MAS**



**SPECIAL BONUS:
LIFE-SIZE CENTERFOLD**

Keep a Date With Us



Now On Sale at Newsstands Everywhere

HUSTLER®

5

**PUBLISHER'S
STATEMENT**

9

FEEDBACK

13

**WORLD NEWS
ROUNDUP**

15

ADVISE & CONSENT

17

BITS & PIECES

I. R. A. Hunger-Striker Doll,
Raquel Shows Off
and More . . .

Edited by Bruce Helford

27

X-RATED REVIEWS

33

SEX PLAY

Different Strokes
for Different Folks?
by Richard Milner

36

**7TH ANNUAL
REVIEW OF
MEN'S MAGAZINES**

by Gerard Damiano

42

MAGIC NIGHTS

Photography by Matti Klatt

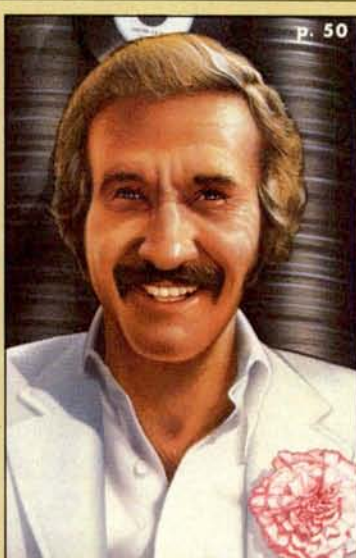
50

MARTY ROBBINS

A Country Singer's
Battle to Survive
Profile by Bob Allen

53

**HUSTLER'S
CHRISTMAS
GIFT GUIDE**



59

**WHAT'S SO
FUNNY ABOUT
CHRISTMAS?**

Holiday Humor
by the HUSTLER
Cartoonists

64

**ANGEL:
HEAVENLY BODY**

Centerfold
Photography by Matti Klatt

84

HUSTLER HUMOR

86

**SENTIMENTAL
JOURNEY**

Fiction
by Lee Schultz

92

OFFICE PARTY

Photography by James Baes

104

**SHANNON: KIND
OF BLUE**

Photography
by Clive McLean

115

BEAVER HUNT

Stocking Stuffers

121

KINKY KORNER

Museum Piece
by Chuck Fenner

123

HONEY

Xmas Fuckathon
Text by Bruce Helford
and Art by Tom Garst

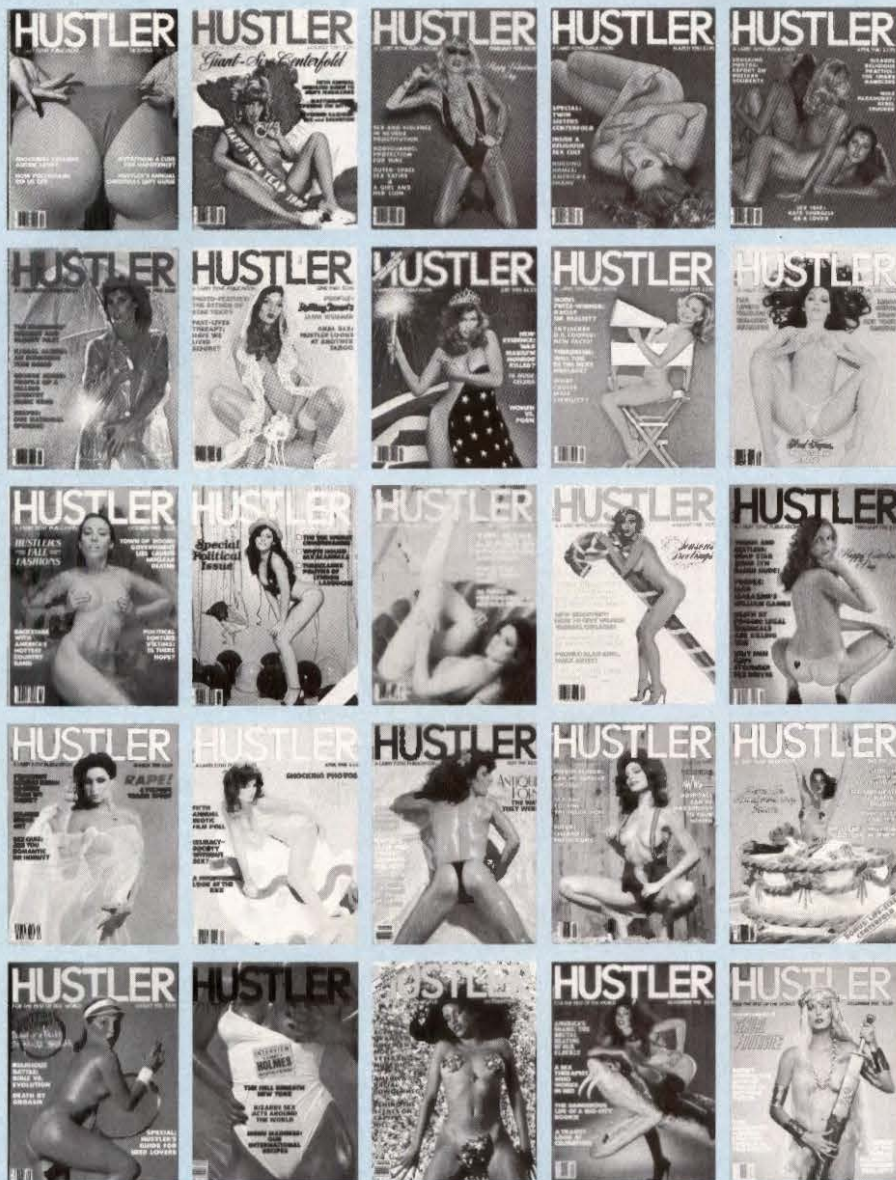
127

**MAIL-ORDER
FEEDBACK**

Fake Speed

JANUARY 1982 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 7

BACK ISSUES



We still have a limited supply of back issues from the months listed below... Just fill out the coupon:

FLYNT SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY, INC. • P.O. Box 67068 • Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944

JUL '74	OCT '76	AUG '78	JUN '80
AUG '74	NOV '76	SEP '78	JUL '80
SEP '74	DEC '76	OCT '78	AUG '80
OCT '74	JAN '77	NOV '78	SEP '80
NOV '74	FEB '77	DEC '78	OCT '80
DEC '74	MAR '77	JAN '79	NOV '80
JAN '75	APR '77	FEB '79	DEC '80
FEB '75	MAY '77	MAR '79	JAN '81
MAR '75	JUN '77	APR '79	FEB '81
JUN '75	JUL '77	MAY '79	MAR '81
AUG '75	SEP '77	JUN '79	APR '81
SEP '75	OCT '77	JUL '79	MAY '81
OCT '75	NOV '77	AUG '79	JUN '81
NOV '75	DEC '77	SEP '79	JUL '81
DEC '75	JAN '78	OCT '79	AUG '81
JAN '76	FEB '78	NOV '79	SEP '81
FEB '76	MAR '78	DEC '79	OCT '81
MAR '76	APR '78	JAN '80	NOV '81
APR '76	MAY '78	FEB '80	DEC '81
MAY '76	JUN '78	MAR '80	
JUN '76	JUL '78	APR '80	
JUL '76	AUG '78	MAY '80	
AUG '76	SEP '78		
SEP '76			

I have checked _____ 1974, '75, '76
 77 and 78 issues @ \$5 each totaling \$ _____
 79 and 80 issues @ \$3 each totaling \$ _____
 81 issues @ \$3.50 each totaling \$ _____
 Subtotal \$ _____

Postage, handling and insurance 150¢ for
 single issue. \$1 for multiple orders

TOTAL \$ _____

Please Print

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted),
 or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No.	Exp. Date	mo.	year

Signature, Date _____

CCNH

All orders are discreetly packaged and promptly delivered. (Foreign orders use International Money Order or Certified Check in U.S. dollars; add \$5.00) Prices guaranteed for 60 days only. Quantity orders invited.

HUSTLER®

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

LARRY C. FLYNT

Publisher & Chairman of the Board

ALTHEA FLYNT

President, Associate Publisher & Editor

JACK OLESKER

Editorial Director

RON SMITH

Executive Editor

KELLY GARRETT

Managing Editor

BOB ELIA

Creative Director

VINCE CRISP

Art Director

JOHN BILLETTE

Humor & Cartoon Editor

N. MORGAN HAGEN

Copy Chief

RICHARD WARREN LEWIS

Articles Editor

EDITORIAL

BRUCE HELFORD, Bits & Pieces Editor; **DOUG GARR**, East Coast Articles Editor; **GLENN HUNTER**, Associate Editor; **RIEVA LESONSKY**, Research Director; **JONATHAN KING**, Associate Copy Editor; **AMY APPLEGATE**, Production Editor; **TOM NIXON**, **STEVEN SANDERS**, **KAREN THOMPSON**, Researchers; **CHRISTY DOLGENOW**, **RYAN VINSONI**, Editorial Assistants; **JIM HEINISCH**, **THEODORE STURGEON**, Contributing Editors

ART

RALPH FOWLER, **PATRICIA STUTSMAN**, **GORDON BOWMAN**, **RONALD MICHAELSON**, Associate Art Directors; **KAREN BLESSINGTON**, Assistant Art Director; **DEANNA PARKER**, **ELAINE FARRIS**, Typographers

PHOTOGRAPHY

GIGI CHAVIRA, Photo Editor; **RICHARD R. OLSON**, Assistant Photo Editor; **LINDA ANNE HAGOSKI**, Talent Coordinator; **JAMES BAES**, **MATTI KLATT**, **CLIVE McLEAN**, **LADI VON JANSKY**, Contributing Photographers; **ALISON FARRELL**, Studio Manager; **GREGORY DOUGLAS**, **BOBBY KIRDSOMBOON**, Photo Studio

PRODUCTION

TOM LAVENTURE, Vice-President, Manufacturing; **TOM ARBIA**, Production Assistant

CIRCULATION

JIM KOHLS, Senior Vice-President, Operations; **MYLES FLYNT**, Vice-President, Sales; **WILLIAM B. RIDER JR.**, Vice-President, Marketing; **JIM GUSTAFSON**, National Circulation Director

ADVERTISING

PETER GREENWALD, Director of Advertising, (212) 980-7130; **DON GORDON**, Western Advertising Manager, (213) 556-9200

HUSTLER Magazine (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC., 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, East Coast Advertising Office: 2 Hammarskjold Plaza, New York, NY 10017. Copyright © 1981 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

HUSTLER JANUARY 1982 VOLUME 8 NUMBER 7
 U.S. subscriptions \$33 for one year. Foreign \$39. Single copy \$3.50 (add 50¢ for postage). Change of Address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944. Controlled-circulation postage paid at Los Angeles, California, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. HUSTLER is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by HUSTLER MAGAZINE, INC.



PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Hypocrisy in Foreign Policy

First off, I want to share with all HUSTLER readers some honors recently bestowed upon this magazine. Three editorial spreads from past issues of HUSTLER have won Distinctive Merit Awards from the prestigious Communications Arts Society. Those three features—*Future Celebrity Predictions* (June 1981), *The New Vietnam: HUSTLER Reporter Vanishes in Bloody Revolution* (July 1981) and *Larry Holmes: Hard-Hitting Heavyweight* (September 1981)—were displayed at the Pacific Design Center in Los Angeles.

As I've said before, HUSTLER is much more than a skin magazine. I think these awards demonstrate clearly that our staff is constantly striving for artistic and editorial excellence. Anything less would be a disservice to our readers. I'm proud of HUSTLER's staff, as well as of the contributing artists who made these awards possible.

What do you call it when a country prides itself on democratic principles but generously supports cruel dictators who suppress and even murder their own people? I call it hypocrisy. I can't understand why the United States—the greatest democracy the world has ever known—is so quick to befriend dictatorships around the world. Chile and Argentina, for example, are ruled by military governments that imprison and torture private citizens simply for questioning official policy. Even though we know these are repressive regimes that savagely mistreat political prisoners, we shower them with foreign aid and military loans. In 1980 Chile got \$13 million in aid from the United States. Argentina got \$36 million.

The most dangerous dictator in the world is Libya's Muammar Kaddafi, who's nothing more than a terrorist posing as a head of state. Here's a man who tries to shoot down American planes over neutral waters; yet

we're pouring \$9 billion a year into his country's economy by purchasing Libyan oil.

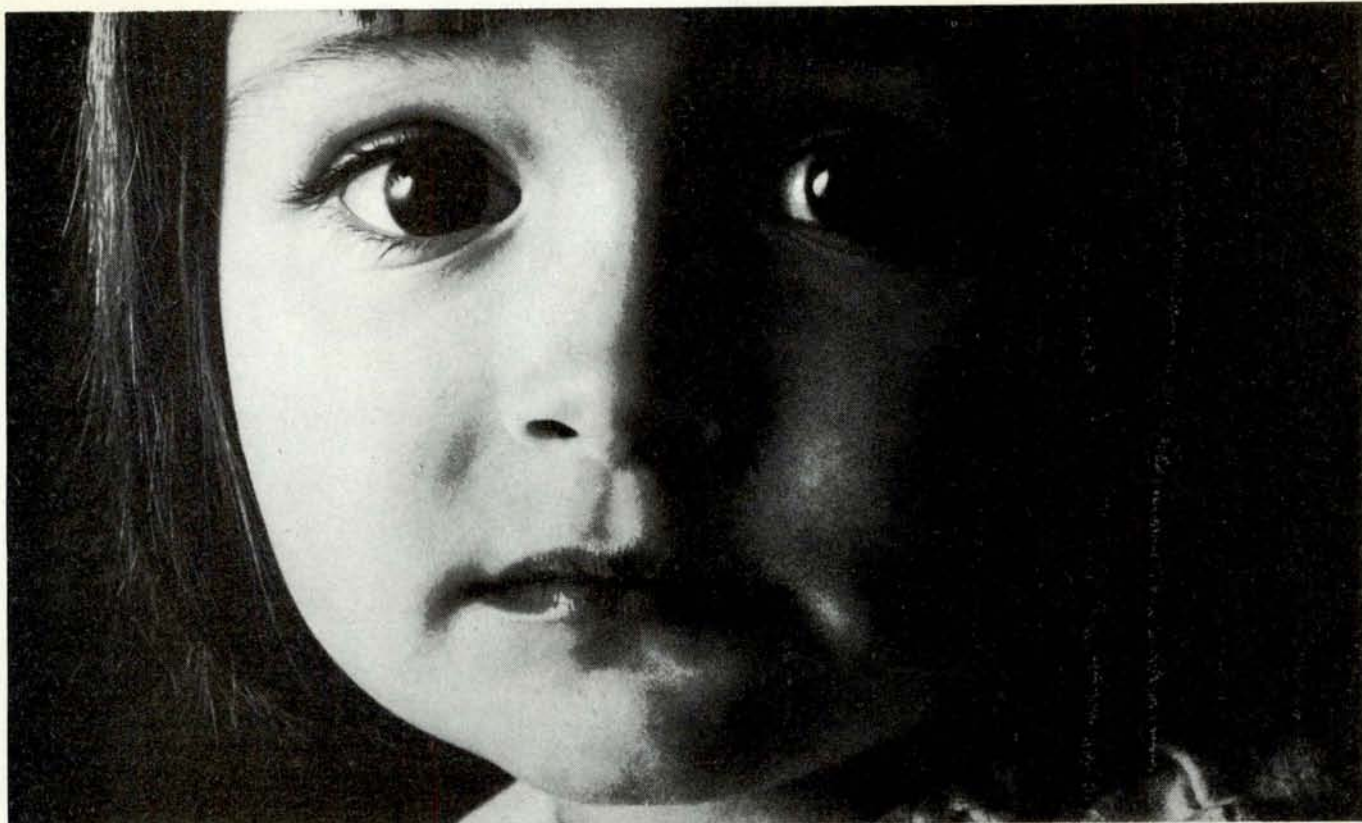
It's unforgivable that the leading nation of the Free World could support such a ruthless dictator. The American people shouldn't stand for a foreign policy that allows such support. We even need to take a closer look at allies such as Egypt, which are actually run by totalitarian regimes. While the late Anwar Sadat was one of the greatest peacemakers of the century (for pulling Israel and Egypt together), his aides were constantly putting down disenchanted minorities that have no voice in Egypt's government. Shouldn't we think twice before endorsing such a nondemocratic state by sending massive amounts of military aid?

There are too many examples of dictatorships supported by American money for me to mention here. One of those I've mentioned before is El Salvador. Unbelievably, American military aid to that country has increased in recent months, even though almost daily we hear reports of civilians being tortured and slain by government-sponsored death squads.

Why do we support dictatorships abroad when our own people are starving? I think the millions upon millions of dollars we're spending to aid these repressive governments could be better used at home, where 30 million people are living below the poverty level.

I for one am sick and tired of having my tax dollars go to prop up dictators who torture and kill with reckless disregard for the democratic ideals we Americans so strongly cherish. For America to adopt a foreign policy that supports any dictatorship—Communist, Fascist or whatever—is pure hypocrisy.

Larry Flynt
Publisher &
Chairman of the Board



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's

everybody's problem.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Child abuse doesn't have to happen. Eighty percent of all abusers could be helped, with your help. Your community needs your aid in forming crisis centers, self-help programs for abusers, and other grass roots organizations. Please. Please write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:

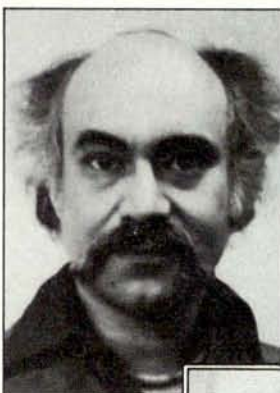
National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

It's that time of the year again—eggnog and roaring fires, gifts and resolutions. And, of course, there are rounds of office parties, and plenty of good feeling. To start off the merriment, this issue features a sackful of wintry beauties, holiday surprises and HUSTLER-style cheer.

For openers, you'll want to check out our **SEVENTH ANNUAL UNBIASED REVIEW OF MEN'S MAGAZINES**. To write this year's assessment we chose one of porn's most respected and knowledgeable artists—the groundbreaking adult-film maker **GERARD DAMIANO**. A resident of New York City, Damiano has produced, directed and written more than a dozen X-rated movies, most notably the classics *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Following the release of his latest effort, *Never So Deep*, Damiano plans to begin shooting his next epic in Naples, Italy. That one will tell the story of Giovanna, an “erotically perverted” 13th-century Italian queen whose sexual excesses rival those of the Russian Empress Catherine the Great. The creative photography accompanying the review is by Austrian-born **LADI VON JANSKY**, a HUSTLER Contributing Photographer.

One guy who's happy to be celebrating anything at all this holiday season is top country-and-western singer **MARTY ROBBINS**. Twelve years ago the “El Paso” man suffered a massive heart attack while on tour and was given less than six months to live. Today he's racing stock cars and singing some of the finest country music around. Robbins' story unfolds in **BOB ALLEN**'s inspiring profile, **A COUNTRY SINGER'S BATTLE TO SURVIVE**. Allen is a longtime observer of the C&W scene who previously wrote for us about stars Freddy Fender (June 1981) and George Jones (May 1980). A former contributing editor of *Nashville!* and *Country Music* magazines, he has reported for the *Baltimore Sun*, *Esquire* and *CHIC*. **ROGER BERGENDORFF**, a HUSTLER regular, supplied the companion portrait of Robbins.

Although Christmas is the traditional time for going home, not many would want to take the sort of trip described in **SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY**, January's fiction. This tale of the bizarre odyssey of a rich Balkan immigrant was written by



Richard Milner

LEE SCHULTZ. The author of last April's yarn, *Trouble in 3 West*, Schultz has also been published in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. She's currently working on a suspense novel. For the illustration we turned to **PAT DUNN**, who provided the art for our October 1981 profile of Jim Hopkins—the Vietnam vet whose death last spring set off a hunger strike protesting the policies of the Veterans Administration. The talented Dunn recently completed a poster for the film *Eyes of a Stranger*, starring Lauren Tewes of TV's *Love Boat* fame.



Pat Dunn

Exotic lands and dissimilar people also figure in this month's *Sex Play*, a fascinating analysis separating the truth from the bullshit about the sexuality of various ethnic groups. Do black men really have longer donges? Are American Indian women passive in bed? You'll find out this and more in **DIFFERENT STROKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS?**, by **RICHARD MILNER**. An X-rated-movie maker as well as a journalist, Milner wrote last August's *Sex Play*, “Orgasm of Death.” The illustration was rendered by HUSTLER newcomer **MARK BUSACCA**, a graduate of the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, California. Busacca's work has appeared in such publications as *Playboy*, *Oui* and *Playgirl*. Not long ago he designed the poster for a new motion picture about a pair of good buddies, titled *Geronimo's Cadillac*.



Roger Bergendorff



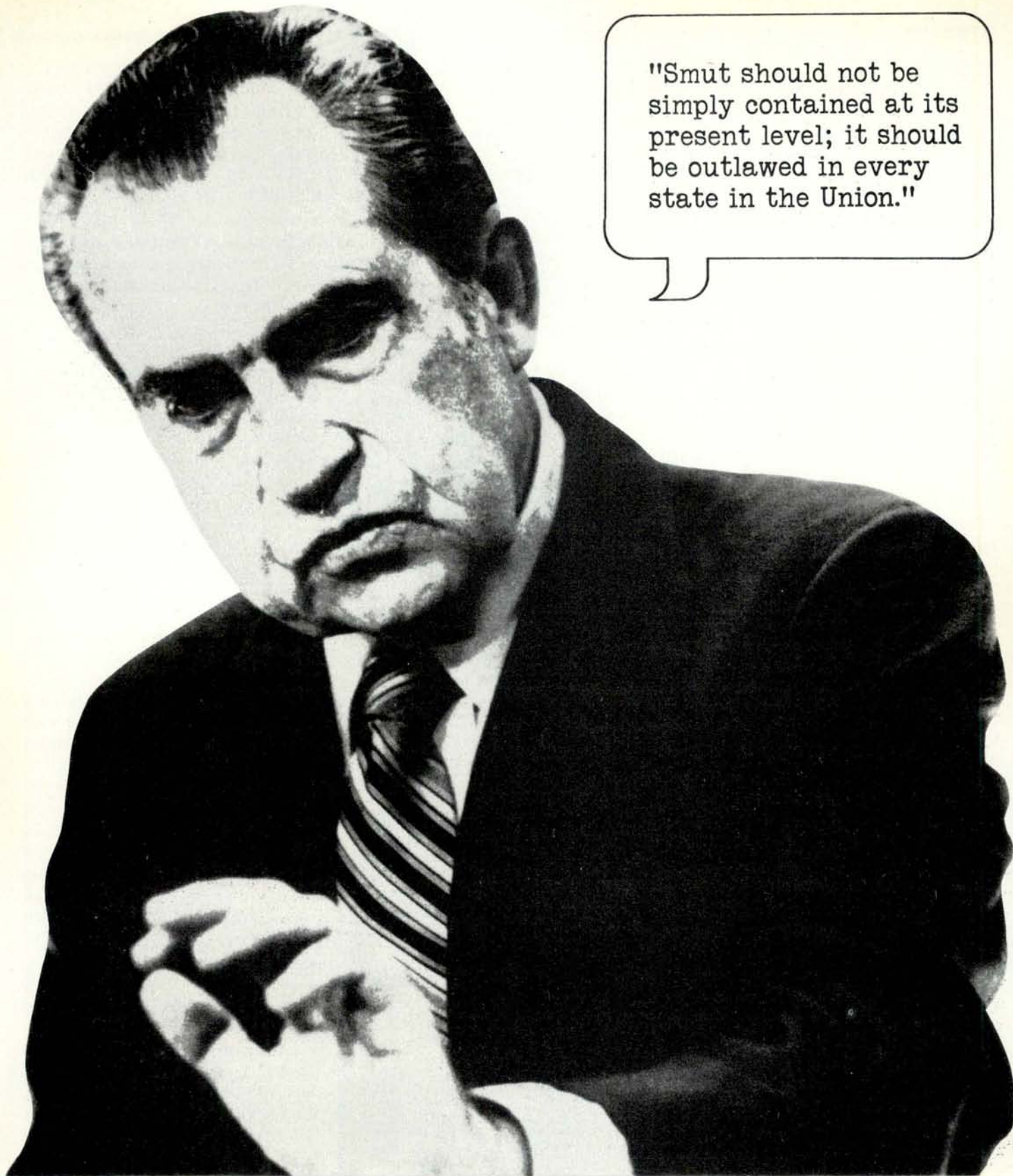
Bob Allen

Additionally, January's issue includes a couple of thigh-slapping looks at the season's lighter side. In **WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT CHRISTMAS?** that question is answered by eight of our zaniest cartoonists. And **HUSTLER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT GUIDE** satirizes the money-grubbing gift-hawkers who haunt Madison Avenue. *Bits & Pieces* Editor **BRUCE HELFORD** is responsible for the guide's outrageous concepts and text, while our sure-handed Associate Art Directors, **RALPH FOWLER** and **GORDON BOWMAN**, produced and designed the gag “gifts” themselves. **LADI VON JANSKY** is responsible for the camerawork.

We've put together a package guaranteed to put the X back in Xmas—the perfect companion for that late-night cup of cheer. Once you sneak a peek, we're sure Yule agree. 🍷



Bowman, Helford, Fowler, von Jansky



"Smut should not be simply contained at its present level; it should be outlawed in every state in the Union."

... as it is in the Soviet Union, and in hundreds of other countries where repressive and tyrannical regimes have crushed freedom of speech. But in the U.S., where the First Amendment to

the Constitution protects free speech, the government should never use censorship to silence *any* point of view. Still, there are those—like the tricky fellow above—who'd impose their

morality on everyone, taking away your right to enjoy whatever you like. Listen carefully to politicians who talk about what you should or shouldn't see... the odds are they'll bug you.

A PUBLIC-SERVICE MESSAGE FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

Devil Woman: Leave it to HUSTLER to remember us redhead-lovers. *Samantha: Devil Woman* (top photo) is definitely my kind of woman—on fire from head to toe! I hope the rest of the male sex never learns there's more to life than blondes and brunettes. That way we can have the Samanthas of this world to ourselves.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I know why you called *Samantha* in your November 1981 issue *Devil Woman*. She looks like hell!

—Julio Bender
Los Angeles, California

Cartoons and Sex: Why can't you people find some decent cartoons? You have beautiful women in beautiful poses with lovely vulvas in bright, clear focus. To me that's nice, because I've been down there, and I love the feel and flavor. But your jokes and cartoons are stupid and just plain gross.

You seem to find it very amusing to mix sex in your photos with violence in your cartoons. If you're a man like me who loves sex and women, these things don't mix. What's your problem? Are you a bunch of perverts?

—Joel Betts
Palo Alto, California

HUSTLER is a magazine of humor and social comment, as well as of sex. We're not trying to mix things up. We're just producing a well-rounded package with something for everybody.

The cartoon on page 92 of your November 1981 issue, showing a child strangling on his swing set (center), is an eye-opener—distasteful but realistic. Every time my children get out of sight or become quiet, I think about your cartoon.

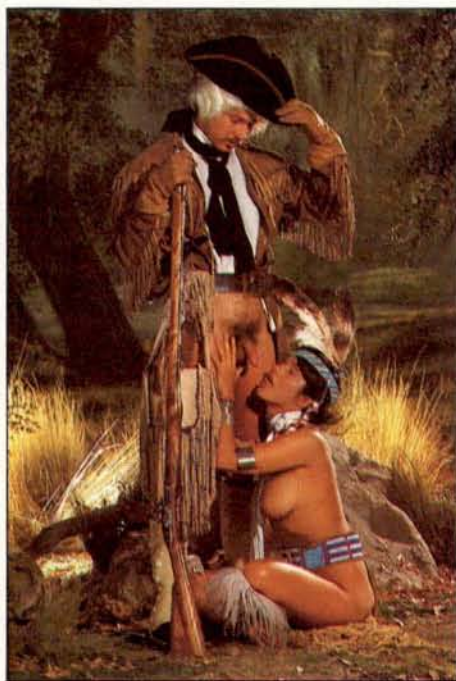
—Bobby R. Williams
College Park, Georgia

The greatest cartoon I've ever seen is the one in your September 1981 issue that showed an old man pouring milk on his cock to attract a cat. Now whenever my girlfriend and I see a cat, we burst out laughing. However, she thinks the cartoon should have depicted a woman instead of a man—one pussy to another.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Girl Talk: I really enjoyed the pictorials in the November '81 HUSTLER, especially *The Soldier and the Squaw* (bottom photo). Seeing those two in the woods really turned me on. In the future I'd like to see more male-female spreads and no lesbian ones.

—D. N.
Detroit, Michigan



Why is it that HUSTLER Magazine features very beautiful women when most of us men never get to date these shapely chicks? The women we get stuck with are fat, frumpy, big-assed and titless. Your ladies are sweet-smelling, while the average man courts a fish market. So let us see the stretch marks, the wrinkles, the fat and whatever else those "beauties" are hiding.

—Joe Prince
Chicopee, Massachusetts

Hats off to HUSTLER's photography staff for all the luscious lip-spreading scenery in the October 1981 issue. All of us faithful HUSTLER readers thank you for those terrific photo-spreads.

—P. Cerrado
Jacksonville Beach, Florida

HUSTLER's October 1981 issue has a photo-spread, *Capital Capers*, showing an attractive ballerina whose male partner has a limp cock! We girls at the office would appreciate it if you'd stiffen things up a bit. I don't get too turned on by a limp noodle.

—Judy Tranyle
Orlando, Florida

We agree! Look for hotter, hornier photo-sets in the future.

I have a suggestion for an erotic photo-layout. I'd like to see two well-built, tall and tanned dolls tearing each other apart like there's no tomorrow. HUSTLER, you've been around quite a while. It's about time you gave us fight fans something to see.

—John Pasko
Chicago, Illinois

Our Photo Department is wrestling around with your idea. Look for it in a future issue.

Mistreated Veterans: I congratulate HUSTLER Magazine for its informative October 1981 profile, *Jim Hopkins: How Many More Veterans Will Agent Orange Kill?* It described in detail how the toxic substance causes vital organs to deteriorate. Although I'm not a suicide freak, I can fully understand how the pain and suffering these veterans have endured could drive many of them to end their hell on earth.

These veterans don't need our sympathy. They need care, understanding and people who are not afraid to change the system that allowed such a "holocaust" to occur.

—Mike Childs
Shoshone, Idaho

After reading the *Jim Hopkins* profile in your October 1981 issue, it's very difficult to express the anger, compassion and fear I'm feeling. I'm angry that our

government takes children and instills in them the idea it is okay to kill, then refuses to deal with them once they've done so! How dare we turn our backs on those whose fathers told them what an honor it is to fight for your country and for the freedom it awards you.

I feel compassion for Hopkins' widow, Suzanne, and for the millions of people whose lives the Vietnam War touched so deeply and critically. No one gives a damn unless it's their own!

I also feel a fear of the government agencies to which many vets have entrusted their lives, only to receive no better treatment than laboratory rats. How dare we stand back and utter, "That's a shame." When will we have the balls to fight again for *their* freedom, for those children who laid their lives on the line for *our* children? Wake up, America! When are we going to take care of our own?

—P. Shannon
Sunland, California

HUSTLER seems to be the only publication that cares about what's happening. Your *Jim Hopkins* profile (October 1981) didn't go far enough though. What about the children? My disabled daughter is a constant reminder of my husband's tour of duty in Vietnam. I must someday tell her she may not give birth to a normal child. She

may never know the joy of holding her newborn, flesh of her flesh, blood of her blood. Our government uses us as guinea pigs for its chemicals. How long are we going to let it get away with this?

If our government won't stop, we must stop it. Those in power must learn not to push buttons on us. The government is supposed to be the voice of the people. Obviously, the people aren't speaking loudly enough. We have to buy our leaders hearing aids, or yell and scream.

I sent this letter to you by way of many friends around the world so it can't be traced. I even used a rented typewriter. I'm no fool. If Jim Hopkins was murdered, I don't want my husband, my child or myself to follow suit.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I'm the father of a son born with birth defects because of my exposure to Agent Orange during the Vietnam War. There is no one in the government who cares about veterans. Thank God for our families, lawyers, and publishers like Larry Flynt, who will not let the American people forget what the government has done to us.

—John R. Petrusa
Chicago, Illinois

Race Views: I usually don't read

magazines like HUSTLER, but as a young black woman, I was intrigued by a September 1981 cover blurb, "America's Racial Powder Keg," and bought a copy. I have never been so disgusted with a magazine article in my life. If our country's racial problems have worsened in the last decade, it's largely due to unenlightened, racist idiots like Michael Bane, who perpetuate stereotypes like those presented in his commentary.

According to Bane, America consists of shiftless lazy niggers on welfare who pop babies every five minutes, and rob, maim and kill decent white folks—who, of course, are all middle class. Perhaps he is unaware that the greatest increase in illegitimate births is among *white* teenagers, and that most crimes are not interracial—they are committed by whites against whites, or blacks against blacks.

Bane ignores the millions of black Americans who work hard, scrimping and saving to put their kids through school without the benefit of affirmative action or welfare. I'm sick and tired of being stereotyped as unambitious, lazy, stupid, promiscuous, illiterate and violent just because I'm black.

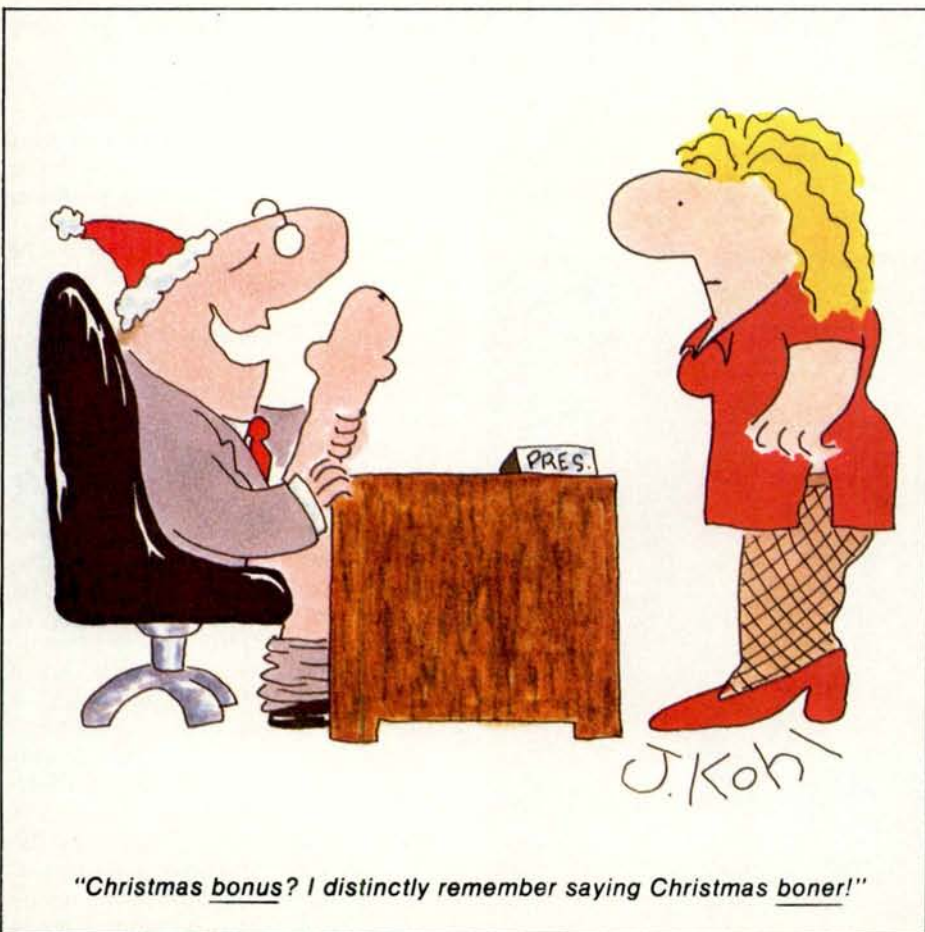
—Melissa Simmons
Erie, Pennsylvania

Does Michael Bane think all of us blacks are fucking stupid? He says all blacks are on welfare. Well, I have some news for him: Not all blacks hustle welfare payments. I admit that some do, but if Bane didn't have his head up his fucking white ass, he'd know that more white folks are on welfare than blacks. He talks about blacks and whites fighting. Well, don't think we aren't going to do anything to protect ourselves. We may be outnumbered, but we'll take a few Klansmen down with us.

—Woodrow Hayes
Portland, Oregon

For the record, Bane in his commentary never stated that all blacks are on welfare. The point is that whites are tired of being called racist because they disapprove of the legal "coddling" of many blacks, in the form of welfare, affirmative action, etc. Equality of race means that nobody—including blacks—should get a better deal because of his color.

Feral People: Your September 1981 issue had great photo-layouts, as usual, but I also read every article with interest, especially *Feral People: Hell Beneath the Streets*. Not only was it well written, but it didn't dwell on morals or boring details. Instead, it was exactly about what the title suggested: a look at these unusual city dwellers.



"Christmas bonus? I distinctly remember saying Christmas boner!"

Experience
the arousing,
stimulating
sensations of

Love Garden

a new sensual collection
of rare oils,
soothing creams,
lubricating lotions and gels,
in exotic scents,
tasty flavors.

Love Garden Sensual Massage Oil. An erotically scented and flavored massage oil to leave you warm, glowing and deliciously aroused. In Oil Of Almond, Passion Fruit, Oil Of Aloe and Fresh Natural Scent. 8 Oz.

Love Garden Sensual Stim-U-Lotion. A hot, sensuous and tasty lotion to stimulate, arouse and add a tingle of pleasure. In Wild Strawberry, Passion Fruit, Hot Fudge and Fresh Natural Scent. 4 Oz.

Love Garden Body Butter. A very special emollient with a rich, creamy texture and sensual flavor for a delicious, erotic experience. In Buttery Peppermint, Whipped Cocoa, Wild Fruit and Fresh Natural Scent. 4 Oz.

Love Garden Love Gel. The ultimate, sensual lubricant formulated to add ease and pleasure to every intimate moment. In Fresh Strawberry, Tangy Lemon/Lime, Spicy Cinnamon and Fresh Natural Scent. 4 Oz.

Love Garden Comfort Cream. A cream designed to gently soothe and relieve after the frictions of an intimate encounter. In cooling, Refreshing Lime. 4 Oz.

Love Garden Intimate Love Bath. A bubbling, fragrant Love Bath to create an intimate spa of erotic pleasures. In Country-Fresh Herbal, Oil Of Aloe, Tangy Lemon/Lime and Fresh Natural Scent. 8 Oz.

Love Garden Liquid Body Soap. A creamy, cleansing lotion to soften, condition and leave your body fragrantly clean. In Fresh Natural Scent. 8 Oz.

Love Garden Nipple Cream. A warm, sensuously scented flavored cream for a very special kind of feminine stimulation. In Strawberry Frappe, Passion Fruit, Mocha Cream and Fresh Natural Scent. 4 Oz.

Love Garden Penis Massage Cream. A slick, smooth lubricant to enhance stimulation of the penis. A new formula that is stainless, tasteless, odorless and rinses off with water. 4 Oz.

Love Garden Super-Z Vitamins. A high potency formula with zinc to help restore energy, reduce stress and improve sexual performance. 30 Count.



Available at these and other selected stores in the United States and around the world:

PLEASURE CHEST, N.Y., L.A.
LE SEX SHOPS, Southern Ca.
CONNIE'S, Atlantic City

TALK OF THE TOWN, Las Vegas
RAY'S PLAY PEN, Kansas City
PARADISE BOOKS, Wash. D.C.

LA MOORS, Chicago
THE TROK, Baltimore
TIP TOP 11, Detroit

GOLDEN TRIANGLE, Pittsburgh
BOOK MART EAST, Denver
HOUSE OF BOOKS, Cleveland

I never found a magazine before that I thought was well put together. But HUSTLER has good pictorials and good articles. I'll buy it from now on.

—David Hill
Vacaville, California

Watt an Asshole: Congratulations on your choice of Secretary of the Interior James Watt as the November 1981 *Asshole of the Month*. As an Asshole, he certainly rates a 10. As far as Watt's concerned, sacred public trusts, oaths of office and future generations all take a backseat to making bucks by exploiting public lands.

—Charles Shaw
Jacksonville, Florida

Fuller Review: We were surprised and delighted to see Theodore Sturgeon's review of R. Buckminster Fuller's new book, *Critical Path (X-Rated Reviews, October 1981)*. It is important that the public be exposed to quality information such as that contributed by Fuller. HUSTLER is able to provide it to a broad spectrum of people. We support your trip 100%.

—World Four Studies Group
Rockport, Texas

HUSTLER Pro and Con: Your magazine isn't worth crap. I think it ought to

be outlawed. Nudity is beautiful, but not the way you see it. And for your filthy magazine to talk about religion is a sin. Even the name HUSTLER is sick. One day, pornography will be outlawed, and all porno freaks will die and burn.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Like the Jews, who Hitler hated?

I happened to pick up a copy of your magazine, and I became so sick to my stomach, I had to vomit before I could write this letter. I hope God forgives you for selling this terrible view of sex to today's sick society. I am a nurse, mother and wife, and I've seen a lot, but never have I seen such sick, devilish views of sex as in HUSTLER. It's people like you who wreck the lives of young people and put depraved ideas into the minds of already-deranged people. Please don't destroy any more souls!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Whether people like it or not, all HUSTLER ever does is print the truth. I think all the criticism boils down to some frigid bitch who's jealous of beautiful women, or some bastard who can't get it up trying to ruin somebody else's

fun. So don't change a thing about HUSTLER. It's perfect down to the last detail, except a month is too long to wait for the next issue.

—Brent Edman
Walker, West Virginia

You can always pass the time with a copy of three other Larry Flynt Publications—CHIC, GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION and HUSTLER HUMOR. All are available at your local newsstand or by subscription. To order by mail, write to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).

As a concerned citizen and a firm believer in First Amendment rights, I'm glad to see HUSTLER allows commentary on both sides of any issue. I want to sound off about the person who withheld his name in the September 1981 *Feedback* section, claiming that pornography causes rape. Bovine feces! That person needs to stop listening to the Jerry Falwell/Moral Majority people and get out into the real world. If HUSTLER is dangerous pornography, so is the Song of Solomon in the Bible.

—David Wayne Bradley
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

No Smoking: I just had to write and thank you for your terrific antismoking ads! Five years ago I remember seeing ads in your magazine that gave me a lot of incentive to quit. The American Lung Association and the American Cancer Society's advertisements and posters don't come close to the effectiveness of your messages. For me, the grosser and more hard hitting, the better.

—Mike Lewis
Modesto, California

Senior Sex: The lead item in October 1981's *World News Roundup* about sexually active older folks came as no surprise to me. My wife and I are both past 60 and have been fucking pleurably for the past 40 years. It's true we've both put on some padding along the way, but since retirement we no longer have to fit sex into a busy daily and weekly schedule.

Now we set aside each morning for sex—with no interference. True, it's not teenage sex, but we enjoy ourselves at our own pace and leisure. I'm hoping that sometime in the future, HUSTLER will devote a full article to senior sex.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

It's one of the most widely held myths that older folks don't enjoy sex. In truth, it is perfectly normal for older people to engage in sex till the very end.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO S.S., MT. VERNON, IN.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054

There are more acts of violence in movies rated G and PG than in X-rated films, a new survey shows. Researcher Michael Leyshon of Ohio State University says that while X-rated movies registered 4.5 violent acts per movie-hour, PGs had nearly eight such incidents per hour. G-rated films tallied more than nine violent acts per hour, and Rs topped the list with more than 14. "It comes down to what sells," Leyshon says. "People like violence, and people are willing to pay to see violence."

A male contraceptive that could be administered as nose drops is being developed at Tennessee's Vanderbilt University. Dr. David Rabin says his research team is perfecting a synthetic form of L-H-R-H, a hormone that normally tells the pituitary gland to signal the testes to produce sperm. When the testes are exposed to the synthetic hormone at 200 times the normal rate, sperm production is blocked. Rabin says the compound has already been tested by injecting it into the bloodstream, but future versions will be absorbed through sniffing.

Americans seem to be making love more often these days . . . but they may be enjoying it less. That's the opinion of Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, coauthor of the 1948 Kinsey Report and the subject of a February 1981 profile in CHIC Magazine. Pomeroy says that while increasing numbers of people have learned to have sex without feeling guilty, lovers are not achieving the heights of sexual enjoyment researchers had predicted. More and more, Pomeroy says, "therapists are faced with a new complaint: Many patients function well, but they don't enjoy their lovemaking."

A new study has found a possible link between genital herpes and cancer of the female sex organs. The "New England Journal of Medicine" reports an increase in the incidence of "in situ" cancer of the vulva, or cancer that hasn't penetrated beneath the surface of the skin. At the same time, there's been a dramatic rise in the incidence of genital herpes, one of the most common forms of venereal disease in the United States. The "Journal" said a medical team in Houston found evidence of herpes in nine of ten "in situ" cases of vulva cancer recently studied, although there's no proof yet the cancer is actually caused by the herpes virus.

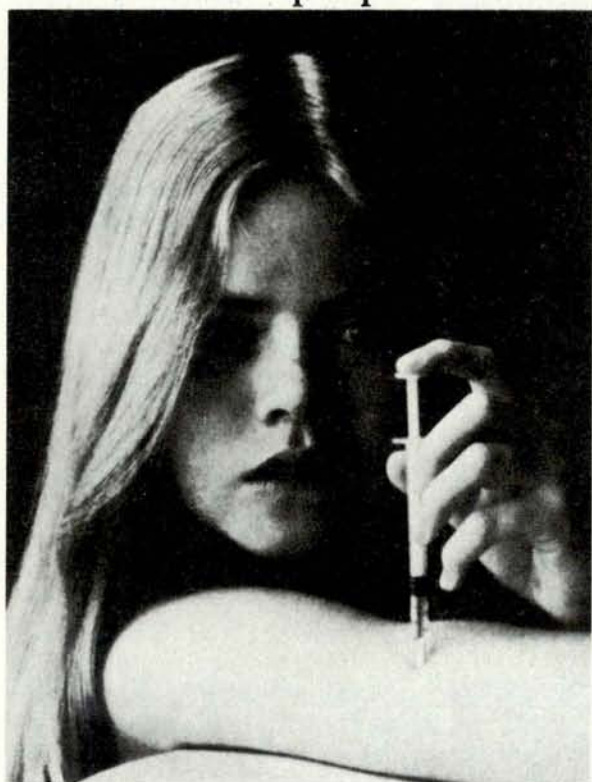
Living with in-laws could wreck your sex life. That warning comes from the Marriage Guidance Council of Britain, which says couples who sleep in bedrooms next to their parents are often embarrassed about being overheard during lovemaking. This can cause all sorts of problems--including male impotence--and even destroy a marriage. The council advises that couples learn how to send Mom and Dad to the movies in order to gain some privacy.

Nude sunbathing this summer in Munich, West Germany's downtown central park caused embarrassed officials to hope for colder weather. The nudists, most of them beautiful young women, stretched out on the grass and lolled by the banks of the River Isar as the park attracted a record number of visitors. While the city council appeared uncomfortable about the situation, official policy was to leave the nudists alone unless they created a public disturbance. "Munich is a tolerant city," the mayor said. "Each citizen should be allowed to do what he wants as long as he does not interfere with the freedom of others."

People who drive long distances to work are more likely to have higher blood pressure, less tolerance for frustration and a poorer job-performance record than those who don't. Researchers David Stokols and Raymond Novaco based those findings on an 18-month study of 61 men and 39 women who commuted to jobs every day in Irvine, California. The study found that the farther the subjects drove, the more their blood pressure appeared to stay at higher levels throughout the workday. In addition, the commuters who drove the farthest had the longest periods of illness. ☹

IF DIABETES IS SO EASY TO LIVE WITH, WHY IS IT THE THIRD LARGEST KILLER?

Last year diabetes killed an estimated 300,000 people. Yet millions of people don't realize just how serious a disease it is.



They think curing diabetes is as simple as taking a shot of insulin. Well, it isn't.

Insulin can keep a diabetic alive. But it can't always prevent the complications caused by the disease.

For instance, a gradual deterioration of blood vessels that eventually leads to blindness. Or heart disease. Or kidney failure.

Still there is hope. We're constantly looking for better ways of treating diabetes. And a real cure may not be far off. But we need your help.

Please give to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, Dept. A, Box 9999, New York, N.Y. 10001. Without you, diabetes may someday go from number three to number one.

INSULIN IS NOT A CURE. HELP US FIND ONE.

Juvenile diabetes is insulin-dependent diabetes, the most severe form of the disease.



Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: **HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Exhibitionist: I really need your help. I know masturbation is supposed to be okay, but I've gotten to the point where all I do is jack off while driving around in my car. I get off when I can get some passing woman to see what it is I'm doing. I even drive near schools to show little girls what I'm up to.

Out of about 1,000 women I've done this to, only one has ever offered to do it for me. Needless to say, I let her. Even though flashing is the only way I get off anymore, I know it's wrong. What can I do?

—L. G.

Polk City, Florida

Masturbation, of course, is a healthy sexual outlet for both males and females. However, when you combine it with exhibitionism, you are performing an act that has been classified as a deviant form of behavior since 1877. If you continue your present habit, you will probably find yourself in jail or in an institution soon.

Exhibitionists usually are men who don't feel very good about their sexuality. When they expose their genitals and get a response of shock or disgust from women, it tends to reconfirm their own negative ideas about sex. For many children it is a particularly shocking experience to be exposed to your type of behavior. This kind of incident leaves youngsters with a bad image of sex, one they may carry with them throughout their adult lives.

What you need to do is find a qualified therapist as soon as possible. Hopefully you can still learn to enjoy sex in a more appropriate and fulfilling way.

Sperm Saver: I am about to have a vasectomy, but would like to store some of my semen in a sperm bank in case I want to have children later. How do I go about finding one that will go along with my desire?

—N. B.

Los Angeles, California

The easiest way to locate a sperm bank in any part of the country is to call your local Planned Parenthood office. In Los Angeles the Tyler Medical Clinic (213-272-5573) will probably be able to help you.

You should also realize that most experts

believe sperm should be used within a year of storage, and even sperm bankers warn against waiting more than five years. Plus, there is always the possibility of some kind of mechanical failure at the repository that could result in the loss of all your stored sperm.

In general, since so many things can go wrong, it's not a good idea to use a sperm bank as "insurance" before undergoing a vasectomy. You ought to consider postponing your operation until you are absolutely sure you don't want to father any children.

Foot Slave: I am a man who has always had this strange desire for women's feet. I've even spent the night with a friend so I could slip into his sister's room and smell, lick and suck her feet while she slept. I'd be happy if I could just be a woman's foot slave. Is there any way my services could be used? I don't want to spend my life cramped up at the foot of a sleeping woman's bed. I want to be appreciated by a woman who also loves her feet!

—R. P.

Columbia, South Carolina

Many people enjoy having their feet massaged and their toes sucked. The feet have many nerves that can be pleurably stimulated by

rubbing and caressing. This can be most satisfying if someone has been on his feet a long time, as in a job that requires much walking and standing.

We suggest that you shift your attitude to include the whole body. If you concentrate on your foot fascination during foreplay, using this to relax your partner, then move on to more mutually satisfactory sexual play, you'll find plenty of women more than willing to be your sex partner.

One last word of advice: Don't ask the woman if she likes it... just do it. Once you ask, some people might begin to detect an obsession on your part, and they might feel that foot play will be the extent of the sexual encounter.

Ass Flicks: I recently saw some porno loops that featured anal sex alternating with vaginal sex. Also, the female in the film sucked off the guy after all the anal-vaginal sex. I'd heard infections can result by going straight from anal sex to vaginal sex. Also, it seems to me that a person can get sick from sucking on a shit-covered dick. What's the truth?

—J. D.

Newport Beach, California

It is definitely unhealthy to insert the penis into a vagina immediately after anal inter-



"Hey, let's go over to the park and smell piles of shit!"

course. Likewise, performing fellatio right after anal intercourse can also be extremely dangerous. What you are doing is transferring dozens of different kinds of bacteria from a safe place (the intestines and rectum) to new areas of the body where they can cause terrible infections, even death. Any time bacteria from the bowels enter the bloodstream, a terminal disease can develop.

Several types of vaginal infections can occur if the bacteria from the feces are allowed to grow. The best safeguard, if you switch from anal to vaginal sex without first washing the penis thoroughly, is to make sure the woman washes herself after sex.

Diseases that can result from sucking a penis covered with excrement include hepatitis, nephritis (a kidney infection), peptic ulcers and dysentery. These and other disorders can prove fatal. Two deadly parasites in human waste, *entamoeba histolytica* and *giardia lamblia*, carried by saliva, work their way through the digestive system and settle in the liver, where they develop into abscesses. These anal-oral diseases are a serious problem today, notably among the gay community.

As we pointed out in our June 1980 *Sex Play* on rimming (anilingus), it's always a good idea to give the anus a thorough cleansing prior to anal sex. Of course, sometimes it happens spontaneously, before anybody thinks of washing anything. That's fine, but make sure you wash your penis afterward, es-

pecially if you want to finish things off with vaginal intercourse or fellatio.

Doubly Tired: Are there any organizations for hermaphrodites? I'm a male bisexual who is tired of straight women and even more tired of gay men. I refuse to give up either sex though; so it seems to me a person with both male and female organs is the answer. —C. W. Silver Spring, Maryland

Natural-born hermaphrodites are so rare, we are not aware of any organizations for them. If a baby is born with both a penis and a vagina, the attending physician advises the parents to choose one sex for their child. Usually, either the penis or the vagina is clearly the secondary sex apparatus. For this reason the choice is generally an easy one. Surgery is then performed to remove the unwanted organ. Therefore, very few of these infants ever make it to adulthood as hermaphrodites.

What you probably have in mind are people known as she-males. For the most part these are males at the halfway point in a sex change. Since she-males have been getting regular doses of female hormones, they have soft skin, little facial hair, and fully developed breasts. However, since final surgery hasn't been performed, they still retain their cocks. Some men chicken out before completing the transformation and decide to keep

their penises as well as their breasts. It should be pointed out, though, that the continued use of female hormones (used to maintain breast development) can eventually make a she-male's cock nonfunctional. She-males can often be found at establishments that present female impersonators.

Many companies distribute books and movies featuring she-males. A few to write for more information are: P.G. Distributors (P.O. Box 107, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068); Kenyon Video Inc. (P.O. Box 224, Mount Morris, IL 61054); and American Fulfillment Inc. (109 Minna St., Suite 209, San Francisco, CA 94105). Also, many firms selling she-male books and films advertise in *HUSTLER*; so read our ads.

Disappearing Foreskin: The foreskin on my penis is shrinking! When I was 18, the skin would stretch over the tip of my cock. Now I'm 21, and the skin doesn't even stretch halfway over the tip. Is this just something that happens when you get older? It doesn't hurt or anything, but I'm wondering if my foreskin will soon be just a wrinkle around my rod. —D. C. Clarksville, Arkansas

You could be suffering from a condition called phimosis, an internal scarring of the foreskin resulting from small cuts, scrapes or bruises. The scarring prevents the foreskin from sliding freely back and forth. It also makes the foreskin appear shorter, because it tends to stay in the retracted state.

You can probably take care of this situation yourself. Make certain the foreskin is not being irritated by inadequate lubrication during intercourse. Then you can actually stretch the foreskin back to its normal condition by gently pulling on it a little bit daily. Do this especially after intercourse or masturbation. Also do it after taking warm baths.

If you find that the stretching isn't making a noticeable difference, or if the stretching is causing tenderness or pain, consult a urologist.

Cunt Allergy: Whenever I go down on my wife, my nose starts to run. I know it sounds funny, but it's causing all kinds of problems. My wife loves oral sex, and I can't stand having my snot mix with her cunt juices. What's causing this, and how do I prevent it? —R. A. Seattle, Washington

You are probably allergic to something, and like most allergies, yours can be either physical or psychological. Most likely you're reacting to a douche or some medication your wife is using. If she is using any kind of vaginal product, have her stop temporarily and see if your runny nose dries up. If not, you may be (continued on page 24)

Vol. # 1

VIPTM

The International Men's Video Magazine



One Hour of X Rated Action!

VIP Video Inc., P.O. Box 69750, L.A., CA 90069
Please rush me my VIP Issue at the price of \$69.00 plus \$1.75 for postage, packing and handling (California residents add 6% tax).
☐ Check ☐ Money Order

- The new and exciting men's video magazine for sophisticated people.
- One hour of events, sports, action... and above all a carousel of beautiful girls.
- The video magazine with a touch of class which gives you, in the intimacy of your home, one unforgettable hour.
- One hour of X rated action
- Video Cass. available 1/2" VHS & BETA

Name _____

☐ Beta Signature (I am over 18 years of age) _____

☐ VHS Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Bank Americard (Visa) ☐ Master Charge ☐ Interbank Mo. Yr. _____

Exp Date _____

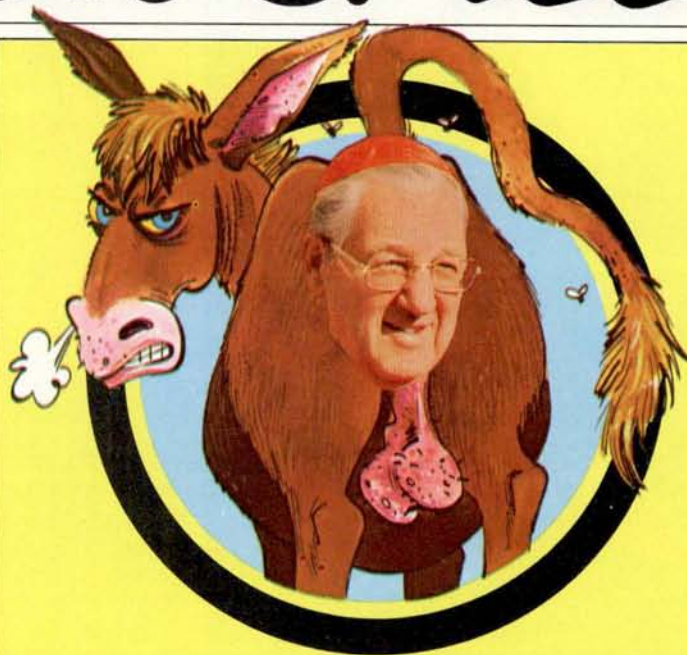
Bits & Pieces

For centuries, cardinals and bishops have been exalted as "Princes of the Catholic Church." Unfortunately, Chicago's archbishop, John Cardinal Cody, may have taken that unofficial label much too literally. The Windy City's crusty, aloof spiritual leader is now under investigation by the United States Attorney's office there for allegedly diverting approximately \$1 million of Church contributions for his own royal pleasure. Included in that sum are many cash gifts to a lifelong lady friend, Mrs. Helen Dolan Wilson.

What kind of activities this "Prince of the Church" may have had going on the side is his own business. But when a religious leader has the audacity to misuse funds that would otherwise go for feeding and housing the poor, educating children and furthering the work of the Lord, then it's time to look for a more appropriate label. That's why HUSTLER is calling this "prince" a moral pauper and rechristening him our January Asshole of the Month.

One aspect of the Catholic Church that's always been difficult to comprehend is how so much money can be spent on gold statues, lavish crosses, and expensive silk and jewel-encrusted robes for priests and bishops, while the Church's congregation—especially in Third World nations—is often starving to death.

Catholic officials answer such challenges by saying that the spectacle of wealth and glory helps poor people better understand the word of God. Tell that to a peasant who feels the growing



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH John Cardinal Cody

pain of hunger in his belly!

Cardinal Cody resides in a sumptuous, three-story mansion on Chicago's Gold Coast. According to one source, the structure makes the neighboring Playboy Mansion look like a gatehouse. In 1965, after arriving in the nation's second-largest city, Cody set up an unaudited, private account. As the cardinal has regally said on occasion, "There is but one authority—the Ordinary" (a fancy term for bishop).

By controlling the purse strings and having no one

else to answer to, Cody was now apparently able to begin lavishing gifts on his friends—notably Mrs. Wilson. Among the accusations leveled against Cody is that he helped pay for a \$100,000 Florida home occupied by the woman. That \$100,000 would have kept in operation at least one of four ghetto parochial schools that Cody shut down. Further allegations indicate Cody arranged a phantom job at the diocese office in Chicago for Mrs. Wilson. Reportedly, she collected a salary; yet employees emphatically state

they never saw her in the office.

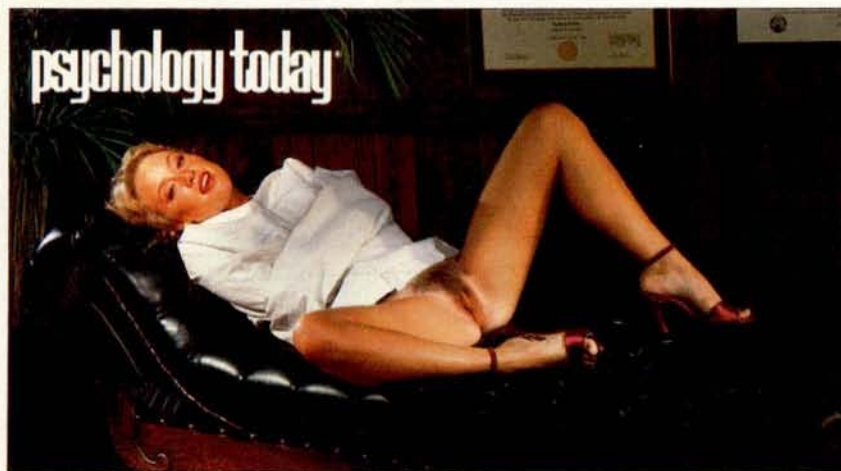
One of Cody's best friends was the head of Chicago's Democratic political machine, the late Mayor Richard J. Daley, himself a Catholic. In 1966 Daley asked Cody for help above and beyond the call of spiritual duty, when Martin Luther King Jr. was organizing a series of civil-rights demonstrations. Cody had once supported King, until collections started dropping off in Chicago's all-white churches.

Daley and Cody purportedly had a meeting at which the archbishop agreed to publicly appeal to King to call off potentially troublesome demonstrations and return to the conference table. One of King's associates angrily retorted, "When there's trouble, Daley sticks up his liberal bishop to say, 'You've gone far enough.' Well, we've got news for the man. If the archbishop doesn't have the courage to speak up for Christ, then let him join the devil."

Undoubtedly, the Cody scandal will continue to plague Chicago for years to come. At the time of this writing the cardinal had imperiously disregarded any subpoenas and refused to talk to the press. There is some question whether he will be indicted and stand trial before his mandatory retirement next year at age 75.

Regardless of the outcome of this investigation, Cody has to know in his heart that he must pay for his transgressions in a much higher court than can be found on this earth. Eventually he will meet his Maker.

psychology today



AUDUBON



Reader's Digest
(condensed)

Centerfolds We'd Like to See

Every magazine has a unique personality, but every magazine

does *not* have a centerfold. So we thought we'd take a few of

those personalities and find just the right shades of pink to match them up with. Although analysts' couches and bird watching ben-

efit greatly from T&A, we've got second thoughts about the condensed version in *Reader's Digest*. Sometimes you can't meet 'em halfway.

American
**RIOTERS
KIT**



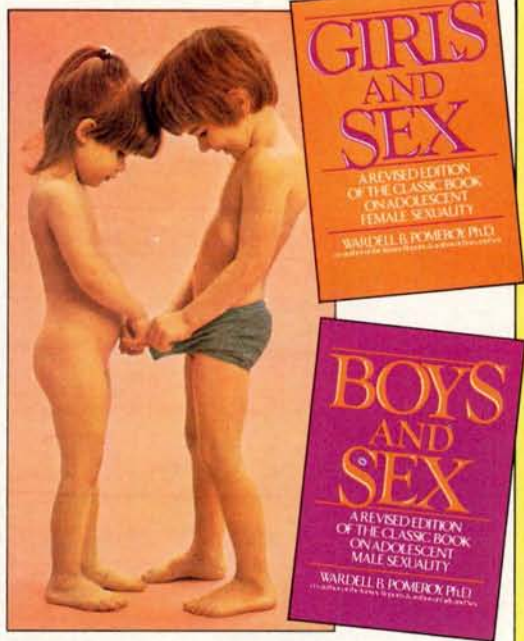
"Don't loot without it!"
—H. Rap Brown



Nobody Does It Better

Racism, the economy and the Irish struggle for independence are hot British social issues worthy of some really spectacular riots. But the recent upheavals in England and Ireland proved only that foreigners don't know how to raise a ruckus. A couple of nights throwing rocks and burning cars doesn't cut it. Remember America's riots of the '60s and early '70s? Now *those* were riots! Whole communities were burned, looting was rampant, and everybody got a new TV.

When it comes to violent dissent, no country can hold a match to what happens in the streets of *our* cities. So here's what the overseas rioters need—a kit to show 'em how the Yanks do it! It's got everything you need to hold a top-notch public disturbance—even a cart for heavy home appliances. All you have to add is hate.



Show and Tell

"Can I touch it?" asked the little girl sharing a bath with her brother for the very first time.

"Heck, no," replied the young boy. "Look, you already broke yours off!"

That old joke and posters like the one shown point up the innocent curiosity and funny notions kids have about the sexual world around them. Growing up with a healthy attitude toward sex isn't easy without the proper information. Most of what kids learn about sex, they pick up from friends on the street. And we all know what someone's likely to pick up from friends on the street.

That's why books like Dr. Wardell Pomeroy's *Girls and Sex* and *Boys and Sex* are so important. Revised and updated since their first printing in 1968, these volumes are an invaluable source for the information that girls, boys and parents need to avoid the confusion of adolescence. Dr. Pomeroy, who's been profiled in our sister publication CHIC (February 1981), is a world-renowned sex expert.

The books are available for \$10.95 each from Delacorte Press (1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, New York, NY 10017). The poster, by the way, is distributed through C/C Sales (1500 W. Monroe St., Chicago, IL 60607).

Will Rudolph Be Jealous?

This picture is enough to turn a poor reindeer's nose green with envy! Of course, we can understand how Santa must get lonely up there at the North Pole. But is moose muff really worth it?

Nevertheless, this beastly Christmas card from the crazy folks at Rockshots (51 W. 21st St. New York, NY 10010) is a good reminder that Santa Claus is coming. It's also a good reminder to lock up your livestock early on Christmas Eve. But we're not all that surprised to see Santa get his jollies from this sort of mischief. What did you expect of a man who uses a whip on reindeer?

THE ASSASSIN FAN MAG FOR TEENS!

TRIGGER BEAT MAGAZINE

SARA JANE MOORE & SQUEEKY FROMME
WHERE THE GIRLS ARE
AND HOW LONG THEY'LL BE THERE!

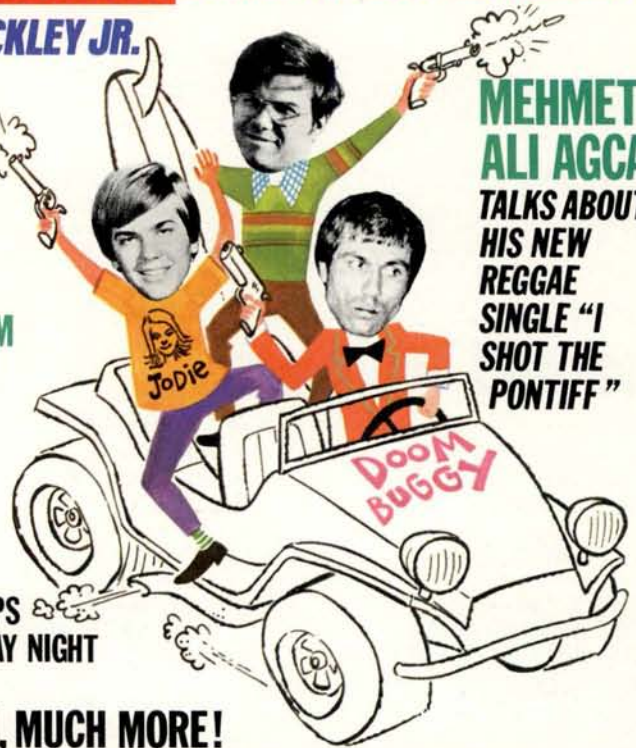
MARK CHAPMAN
THE BIGGEST BEATLEMANIAC
OF ALL RATES THEIR ALBUMS!

JOHN HINCKLEY JR.

THE
UNTOLD
STORY!
HE SAT
THROUGH
AN ALL-DAY
REAGAN FILM
FESTIVAL
THE DAY
BEFORE!

MEHMET
ALI AGCA
TALKS ABOUT
HIS NEW
REGGAE
SINGLE "I
SHOT THE
PONTIFF"

PLUS
SHOOTING TIPS
WHY SATURDAY NIGHT
IS SPECIAL
AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!



Happiness Is a Warm Gun

How does America spell celebrity? M-E-D-I-A. That's right; the proper coverage from TV, radio or magazines can make anyone a star overnight. And in the case of assassins, it takes only a moment. Unfortunately, the public eats it up. Kids brought up on

magazines that print what time Donnie Osmond likes to brush his teeth are anxious to know the details of Mark Chapman's life too. So why not a fan magazine for assassin freaks? We guarantee these guys and gals will make your heart skip a beat... or maybe more.





Raquel Welches

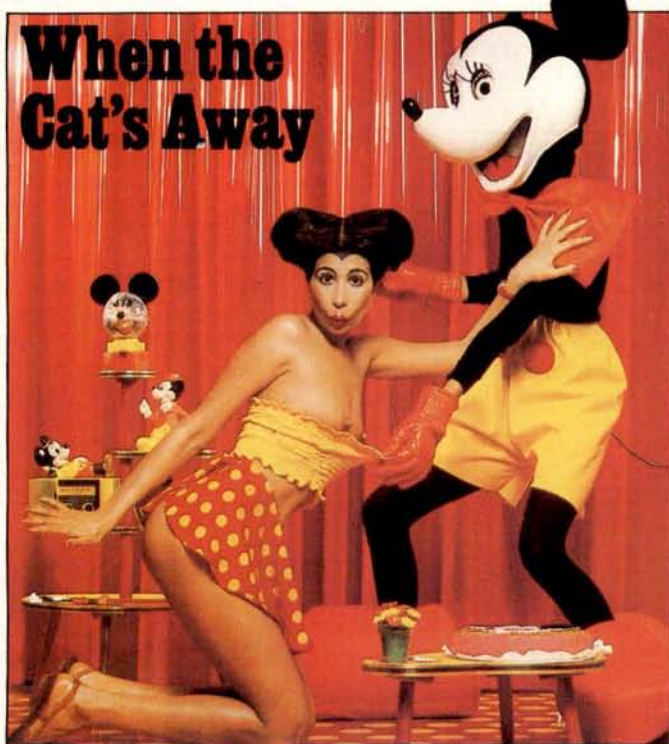
If actresses don't want to be known for their tits alone, why all the teasing? This cover photo from *Paris-Match* (63, Champs-Élysées, 75008 Paris, France) is an example. Is Raquel ashamed of her nipples? Maybe she's just trying to show us that at 42, only her expectations of Hollywood have lowered.

Not Our Type

How does a distorted image of HUSTLER reach the public? Through illustrations like this one, showing a Peeping Tom bell-boy with a copy of HUSTLER in his back pocket. Used over a year ago by the *Philadelphia Daily News* for a story on sleazy happenings at a local hotel, the item just recently came to our attention. It implies that people who indulge in socially unacceptable activities—like peeking into hotel rooms—are typical HUSTLER readers. We know it's not true, you know it's not true, but readers of the *Daily News* may have been persuaded otherwise.



Obviously the illustrator wasn't a known we promote healthy sexual HUSTLER reader, or he'd have attitudes—not invasions of privacy.



"M-I-C... I see your tits; K-E-Y... Why? Because I pulled your top down..."

Don't remember the lyrics quite that way? Well, we don't remember Mickey ever behaving like *this* either. Walt Disney

would be spinning in his ice tray if he saw his mouse acting this way in *Zoom* (2, rue du Fauborg Poissonnière, 75010 Paris, France). But rumor has it that Mickey is somewhat of a tit-mouse.

Bed-wetting Solved!

When the consumer advocates at *Hara-Kiri* (10, rue des Trois-Portes, 75005 Paris, France) set out to solve a problem, they don't kid around. This aluminum-siding bed will definitely

let you "piss in bed without bothering your partner." Our staff is still trying to decide if this idea could catch on in the States, but we've agreed on one thing only—not to sleep on it.

Pissez au lit sans mouiller votre partenaire.





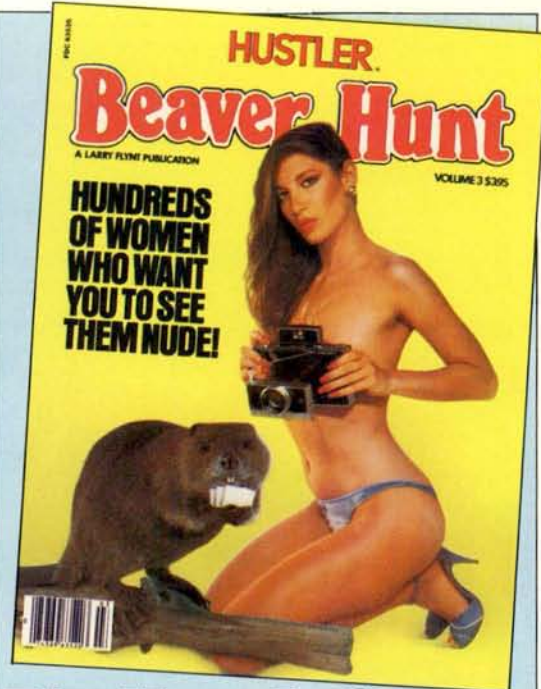
MARGARET THATCHER WIG NOT INCLUDED

'hey're Going Fast!

Finally—a doll you can ignore. The Irish Republican Army Hunger-Striker Doll is the perfect gift for the little girl who doesn't want to feed, pamper or

listen to her playthings. Just scold it and put it away in a dark place; 67 days later it starves to death!

Available wherever protesting dolls are deprived.



The Hunt Is On

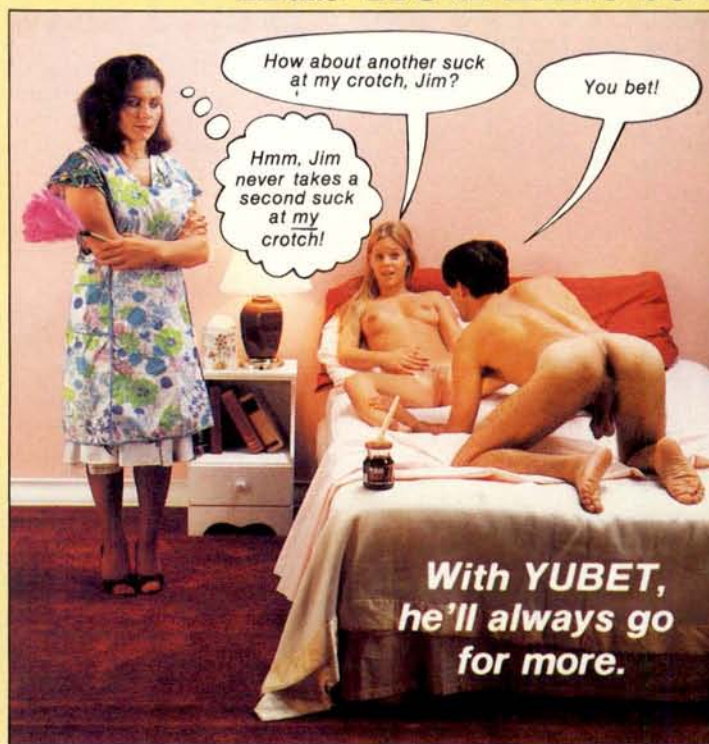
How would you like to see your neighbor's wife nude with her legs wide open? Well, you just might find her in the third volume of HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT. It's our newest collection of almost 300 never-before-published snapshots featuring everyday people posed the way HUSTLER readers like best. You never know who's going to pop up; so grab a copy at your nearby newsstand or send \$3.95 plus 50¢ postage (\$1 for multiple orders) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



Grab by Numbers

Just what we needed—more novelty underwear. But these panties go most gag undies one better. They require audience participation. The drawings on the derriere are directions on how to massage that part of the anatomy properly. Just send \$3.50 plus \$1.25 for shipping to Magic Fingers (2210 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 426, Santa Monica, CA 90403). We're waiting for the jockstraps.

Ads We'd Like to See





A Cure for Finicky Eaters

"Eat your dinner—children are starving in China!" "You're not leaving this table till you clean your plate!" "If you don't eat, no TV tonight!"

You've tried them all, right? But what kind of results are you getting? Next time, try this one: "If you don't eat, the vulture will take your food, and you'll get skinny and die. Then

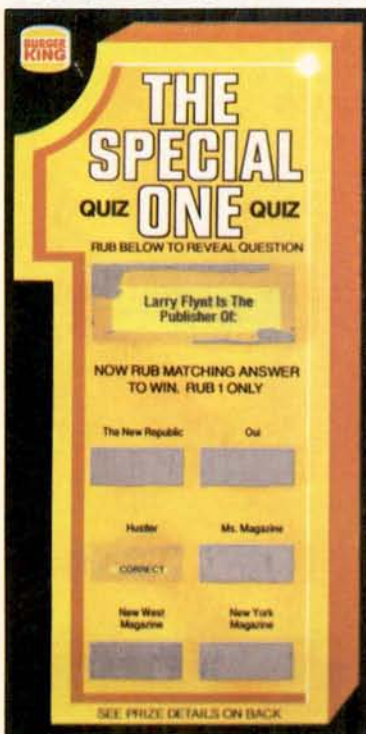
I'll let him pick the flesh off your bones!" Works like a charm! Simply chain a vulture to the table near your child's place setting and say those magic words. You'll be amazed how quickly a small child can put down a 20-ounce porterhouse steak—without chewing. Johnny will never dawdle at the dinner table again!

The Dolly Parton of Fruit

Living and working in Los Angeles, we see a lot of bizarre fruits. But this tomato is really stretching the coincidence of a fruit resembling human anatomy. Are we the only ones who saw *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, or is someone else out there worried too?



You Know You've Made It When...



Getting your name on a fast-food game card is one sure sign you've become a permanent part of popular culture.

Of course, Larry Flynt's work in defending free speech while creating one of the world's most popular men's magazines is probably more gratifying to him, but this is still a nice gesture from the Whopper gang. The big difference between our business and theirs is that people use only one hand to handle HUSTLER.

To the thoughtful reader who sacrificed an order of free french fries to send us this card we send our grateful thanks... and \$150. Go somewhere and have it *your way*.

Hey, That's No Virgin!

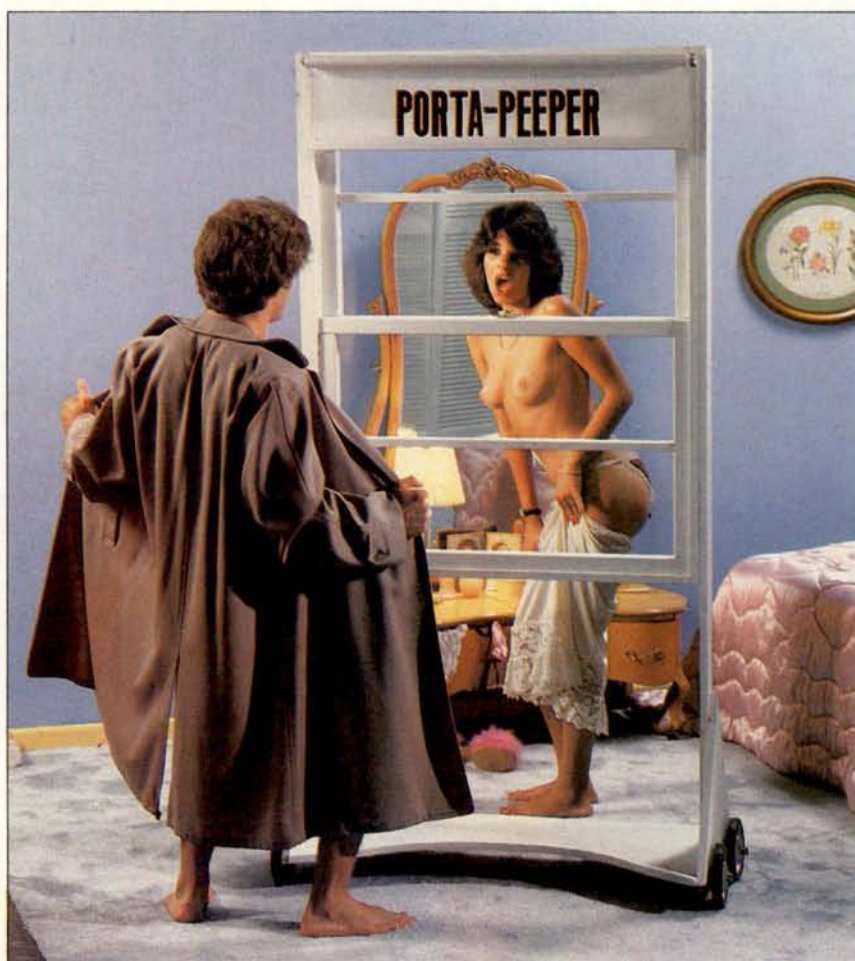
We've heard of mail-order mix-ups, but this is ridiculous! Under investigation by Australian authorities is a complaint by 91-year-old Adelaide Douglas that she ordered a statuette of the Virgin Mary by mail and received... a nine-inch dildo. According to the *Australian*

Express, a spokesperson for the mail-order firm, A-V-A Enterprises, has apologized for the incident. The firm reportedly deals in both religious trinkets and sex aids. Seems to us this is the appropriate model for the Second Coming—especially Down Under.



Roll Your Own

Lots of guys get their kicks by peeking through windows at unsuspecting ladies. Now they can have the excitement of voyeurism at any time and in any situation with the new Porta-Peeper! It turns a dull roll in the hay into a simulation of an exciting, illegal act! Surprise your wife! Flash your friends! It's all possible with the window on wheels for the Peeping Tom on the go. Sorry, trench coat not included.



HUSTLER Update

JIM HOPKINS
October '81

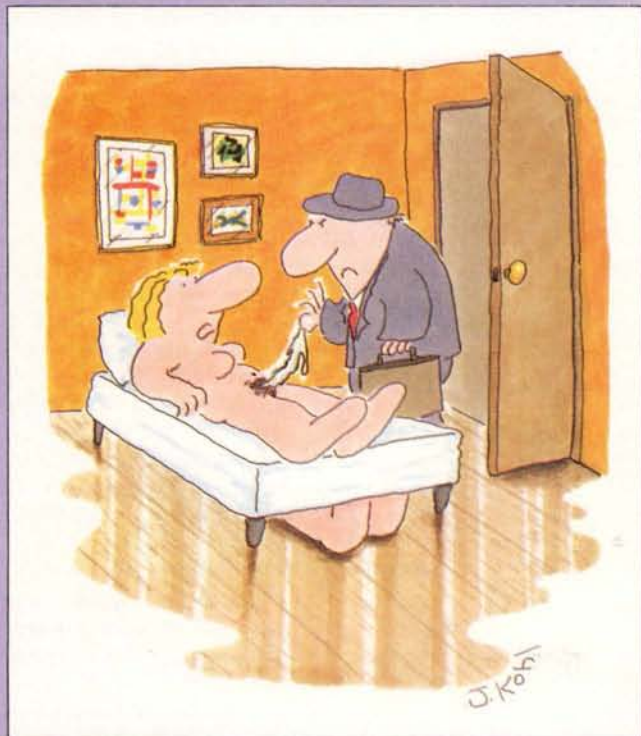
In our profile of the Vietnam veteran we told how L.A. coroner Thomas



Noguchi reported Hopkins died from a combination of chloral hydrate (commonly known as "knockout drops") and alcohol. Noguchi also said there were "strong indications" the death was a suicide. Hopkins' widow, Suzanne, subsequently obtained a copy of Noguchi's autopsy report, which shows no evidence of "pills or capsules" in the ex-Marine's body. She contends her husband was murdered—probably by a forced injection of chloral hydrate—because of his role in publicizing the harmful effects of the toxic defoliant Agent Orange, used widely by American forces in Southeast Asia.

Three days before Suzanne Hopkins obtained the coroner's report, another Marine veteran of Vietnam apparently killed himself by leaping from the 11th floor of a Los Angeles hotel. Clarence Stickler, 35, had participated in last summer's 47-day hunger strike triggered by Jim Hopkins' death.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"That is not cum—it's snot!"

The Very Last Meal

Gee, fellas, why not call it "Eat and Die"? This reader submission is a good example of how *not* to name your business. If it's a cafeteria, *everybody's* at the end of the line.



WILLIAM
LOEB
March '77

Our profile detailed the checkered past and journalistic excesses of New Hampshire's name-calling right-wing newspaper publisher. Recently, the 75-year-old Loeb died after being hospitalized for treatment of cancer. Control of his two papers reportedly will pass to his widow, whose grandfather founded the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain.



Contributors HUSTLER pays \$150 for Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose SASE). For January, \$150 and thanks to John F. Buegel, Charles C. Dye, Cyril J. McDonald and Ralph C. Murphy.

TELL IT LIKE IT IS!



One of these
T-Shirts can help
you express
yourself.

PRODUCTS UNLIMITED

LF182

P.O. Box 3530
Cherry Hill, N.J. 08034-0344

Please send me _____ "F-You" T-Shirts @ \$8.95 each,
plus \$1 Postage & Handling.

STYLE: ☐ Man's ☐ Woman's **SIZE:** ☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large

COLORS: ☐ Red ☐ Navy ☐ Light Blue ☐ Black

NAME _____

Subtotal _____

ADDRESS _____

N.Y. residents
add 8% sales tax _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TOTAL ORDER _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check
☐ money order ☐ cash or
charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No.															Exp. Date	
															mo. year	

Signature _____

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 16)

allergic to her natural vaginal secretions. You'll need to see a doctor for help with that.

If neither is the case, your difficulties may be psychological. For example, you could be harboring negative feelings about oral intercourse, left over from taboos you learned as a child.

Another possibility is that you simply have physical problems in the nasal area that are aggravated by keeping your head at a certain angle for long periods of time (such as during cunnilingus). Try simulating the posture you normally assume while going down on your wife—only without her there. If after a while your nose begins to run, you may have found a simple solution: Change positions!

Masturbation: I have read your *Advise & Consent* column countless times and have built up my confidence by reading the detailed answers you give. However, I am an 18-year-old male who is beginning to worry about his own sexuality. Each night before I go to bed, I masturbate with *HUSTLER* or another men's magazine in front of me. Is this going to affect my sex life when I get married? I'm very ashamed, and I am too embarrassed to seek any advice other than yours.

—D. O.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

You have nothing to worry about. Actually, your habit could have a positive effect on your future sex life. Often, sex therapists recommend erotic materials such as *HUSTLER* for men who are having problems becoming aroused. Masturbating to erotic materials will probably help you understand your own sexuality a lot better. You will learn what turns your imagination and your body on. This can help to improve your sex life.

Cock Zits: My husband frequently gets blackheads and small pimples on his cock. I've squeezed them out in the past, but they usually come back in about the same place. Am I causing him any harm by doing this?

—D. R.
Cape Girardeau, Mississippi

Doctors we consulted, including male-sexuality expert Dr. Cappy Rothman, say it is all right to gently squeeze the blackheads with clean hands. This you would do as you would with any blackhead. The only difference is that you should avoid genital intercourse for at least 24 hours after squeezing them out, to allow enough time for the pores to close up.

Blackheads and pimples on the penis are not uncommon, but if your husband seems to get a very large number of them—or if they cause him a lot of discomfort—he should see a urologist.



WAINETINSLEY.

CATCH BEAVER FEVER!



**ON SALE
AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND
TODAY!**



Hundreds of horny wives, mothers and daughters have stripped down and bared their beavers—just for you. They want your attention, and even tell how you fit into their fantasies. Give these women a break by cutting out the coupon below and having them mailed right to your door. They've got the fever—and you've got the cure.

Please Print

Name

Address

City

State Zip

FLYNT SUBSCRIPTION CO., INC.

P.O. Box 67068
Los Angeles, California 90067-9944

BEAVER HUNT-#1

Issues @ \$5 each, totaling \$

BEAVER HUNT-#3

Issues @ \$3.95 each, totaling \$

Subtotal \$

Postage and handling (50¢ for one copy; \$1 for multiple orders) \$

TOTAL \$

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted) or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC: CCHN

Interbank No.						Exp. Date					
						mo. year					

Signature

Date

Phone Number (Include Area Code)

ALL MAGAZINES DELIVERED IN UNMARKED WRAPPERS

EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

The Dancers

Fully Erect. Produced by Michael Ames; directed by Anthony Spinelli; written by Michael Ellis; starring John Leslie, Richard Pacheco, Joey Sivera, Randy West, Aaron Stewart, Jon Martin, Georgina Spelvin, Vanessa Del Rio, Kay Parker, Mai Lin and Anna Turner.

If you've never caught a truly sensuous adult movie, *The Dancers* is a must. In a radical departure from standard X-rated fare, its producers have created a bold, complex film featuring fine acting and scintillating sex. It's a perfect picture to see with your wife or lover!

The Dancers is not only a great production, but also provides a much-needed breath of fresh air in an industry glutted with tritely plotted formula flicks whose sole concern seems to be the number of cum-shoots squeezable into 80 minutes.

The primary reason for *Dancer's* success is the story itself: a well-conceived, brilliantly executed yarn about a vagabond troupe of male strippers who dance for an all-female clientele. But rather than follow the obvious route of having the dancers snatch their bed partners from the audience, each is left to meet his own women while prowling the town between shows.

The film's second chief virtue is the direction of Anthony Spinelli, who has an uncanny



Joey Sivera and Anna Turner do a new kind of double-shuffle in 'Dancers.'

ability to draw top performances from his actors. As the four male leads set off cruising, each of their conquests is traced from beginning to end. In the process, we're treated to some of the best-realized, most-entertaining performances seen on the blue-movie screen this year.

Each dancer is a true individual, and each goes about relieving the monotony of his job in a unique manner.

Cast as the troupe's smooth-talking manager, John Leslie seems to do little more than open his mouth before some new beauty is tugging urgently

at his zipper. Randy West—as a macho stud who's all body, no brains—isn't above lying his way into the sack. (West's encounter with Vanessa Del Rio is funny, touching, energetic and truly hot.) Joey Sivera, another macho outcast, ends up playing satisfier to the town nympho (Anna Turner), while Richard Pacheco enjoys himself as an aspiring actor who's dancing to pay the rent until his big break comes along.

The movie's dramatic high point is provided by Pacheco and Georgina Spelvin, who forever put to rest the critics' argument that there are no real actors in adult films. Spelvin, playing a wealthy widow who falls head over heels for the young stud, offers him the world to stay with her. At the climax of their affair, it appears as if Pacheco may be ready to take her up on it. But then he and Spelvin get into a heartfelt Shakespearean dialogue—a classy exchange that serves as perfect punctuation for the love scene they've just staged.

This picture's detractors might well contend it's simply too different for some in the traditional porn audience. And indeed, the eroticism is conveyed not only through explicit sex scenes, but through the tremendous acting and interaction of its characters. But what's wrong with that? *The Dancers* is an intriguing new kind of turn-of-film we think most will be sure to enjoy. —Jim Heinisch

Indecent Exposure

Fully Erect. Produced by Harold Lime; directed by Robert McCallum; written by C. W. O'Hara and Harold Lime; starring Veronica Hart, Jesie St. James, Arcadia Lake, Laura West, Georgina Spelvin, Richard Bolla and Eric Edwards.

A photographer for a major men's magazine once told me, "If you're a photographer, you can almost always make money. But," he added, "even if you don't make that much, who cares? You can always get laid!" If you doubt the truth of that statement, go see Harold Lime's new film, *Indecent Expo-*

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.



HALF ERECT

So-so. This may get you off, but it's limited in technique.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.



TOTALLY LIMP

A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.



Eric Edwards gets a close-up shot of Arcadia Lake in 'Indecent Exposure.'

sure. You'll soon be grabbing a camera to take a few snatch-shots yourself.

Exposure is the story of a successful, egotistical fashion photographer (Richard Bolla) who comes to the rescue of his best friend (Eric Edwards). It seems Edwards has become mired in a dull existence as an advertising executive, and suffers from a boring love life as well. As an alternative to unemployment lines and singles bars, Bolla proposes that Edwards join him as an assistant on his upcoming photographic tour. Although he knows nothing about photography, Edwards agrees.

Unfortunately, there's a slight complication. Bolla already has an assistant (Veronica Hart), and over the years, Bolla and Hart have become inseparable. She immediately takes offense at this new addition to the crew. Also hot and bothered is Jesie St. James, Bolla's lighting technician and all-around gofer, but for a different reason. St. James has an eye for the handsome Edwards, who she believes is unlike other men—more sensitive, perhaps less carnal-minded. The delusion is quickly shattered.

The crew's first stop is the Natural Feelings health-foods store, where Bolla assigns Edwards to be costuming consultant as he prepares to photograph the clerk, Arcadia Lake. Putting on her getup in a back room, Lake suggests that she and Edwards fuck—as a meditation device, of course. He decides to go with the flow, and

their subsequent sex scene is tasty enough to turn a vegetarian into a raw-meat eater.

Next on the itinerary is an aging ballet instructor who offers less than nothing as far as sexual stimulation goes. But her ballet students—four young lovelies in body-hugging tights—are a completely different story. After Edwards and Bolla are treated to the class' special dance routine, they head for the residence of a young nymphet and an erotic climax.

Following a day of outdoor shooting, the nymphet (Laura West) feigns an illness, and Edwards takes her home. While he's in the kitchen brewing her up a cup of tea, she's in the bedroom preparing to break her fever in another fashion. The ensuing scene between these two will make you wish you were a kid again, and West's white-cotton panties and bobby socks should raise more than just a few memories.

Most of *Indecent Exposure* clips along at an entertaining pace. But when the crew arrives at the home of a wealthy amateur psychologist (Georgina Spelvin), the film becomes one of those movies with a message—a message some might consider a bit overlong for maximum effectiveness.

Despite the ending, *Indecent Exposure* rates high. After enjoying its beautiful imagery, imaginative situations and hot sex, you'll probably want to duck into a dark room of your own and see what develops.

—J. H.

Garage Girls

Three-Quarters Erect.
Produced by Bernardo Spinhelli; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Lisa DeLeeuw, Chris Cassidy, Dorothy Le May, Brooke West, Georgina Spelvin, Susan Nero, John Leslie, John Seeman, Dewey Alexander, Jack Sin, Jon Martin, L. Le May, David Morris and Michael Johnston.

Garage Girls is a farcical and, at times, downright horny film about four female mechanics whose motto might well be "Satisfaction Guaranteed." Of course, odds are slim that your auto would be properly repaired at their establishment. But after being serviced by these grease monkeys, the movie implies, most customers wouldn't care whether their car ran or not.

Imagine. What would you do if you were asked to make a flick about some buxom bimbos who open an auto-repair shop? You'd probably dress them in revealing overalls, send them out on "road calls" in which the tow jobs end up as

blowjobs, and have every valve job include a good reaming.

That's *Garage Girls* to a T. Not that there's anything necessarily wrong with such an approach; it's just that having the obvious happen time after time makes this film a bit dreary, despite its humorous tone.

The movie does include a couple of clever scenes. In one, two of the gals answer their first road call. But since they can't make out the correct address, they wind up in Tony's Dipstick Pool Hall at the mercy of a group of randy patrons. In this sequence the lustful honeys are balled resoundingly on a pool table, then take on two more studs while mounting the staircase. It's different.

As all this is occurring, however, there's trouble brewing back at the garage. It seems a local male mechanic realizes that, given a choice between having their batteries charged by some sexy ladies or by some overweight dudes, most customers would opt for the chicks. Pissed off at the competition, he embarks on a scare campaign to



'Garage' girl Lisa DeLeeuw has her gearbox overhauled by John Leslie.

drive the girls out of the neighborhood. To the rescue rides a policeman (John Leslie), who winds up becoming very tight with Lisa DeLeeuw while pursuing the villain.

There's lots more, but to recount it all here would take away from the film's fun. The sex is abundant and well executed, while the production values are more than adequate.

Although *Garage Girls* may suffer a bit by taking itself too frivolously, overall it's an entertaining effort with some nice touches. —J. H.

Centerfold Fever

Half Erect. Produced and directed by Richard Milner; written by Richard Milner and Kay Wolf; starring Samantha Fox, Tiffany Clark, Kandi Barbour, Lisa Be, Susaye London, Jill Monro, Susan Nero, Veri Knotty, Annie Sprinkle, Ron Jeremy, Richard Bolla and Marc Stevens.

Did you ever wonder what really goes on behind closed doors at the office of a national men's magazine? Most people envision a virtual sexual paradise—secretaries taking “dictation” under desks, eager female job applicants auditioning for depraved editors, photographers spending half of their photo sessions rolling around with oversexed models. Thankfully, producer Richard Milner has done nothing to explode these myths with his first porn feature, *Centerfold Fever*. Our honor remains intact.

The film recounts a search for the ultimate centerfold by the editor (Richard Bolla) of a national men's magazine called *Female Skin*. Bolla's conception of the perfect girl includes her ability to combine investigative journalism with a willingness to spread her legs.

The first applicant for the job is Kandi Barbour, who quickly chokes when she's sent out to interview Marc “Mr. 10½ Inches” Stevens. But all is not lost. The photographer who accompanies Barbour (Ron Jeremy) spots Stevens' maid (Tiffany Clark). Following their in-depth interview on Stevens' terrace, it looks as if a star might be born.



Playing an aspiring centerfold, Tiffany Clark heats up 'Fever's' Lisa Be.

Bolla, however, is unconvinced. To test Clark's journalistic ability, he sends her out to cover Jeremy's next photo session. Clark not only gets a dynamite interview, but also makes her subject (Lisa Be) so comfortable that a steamy three-way develops.

Bolla, meanwhile, screens one more applicant (Samantha Fox). After a satisfying employment interview, he assigns her to cover the preview of a new porn flick. Clark gets wind of Fox's assignment, though, and shows up at the theater in an attempt to scoop her.

Spotted by a pack of horny male patrons, Clark is forced to flee the theater. A phone call to Bolla reveals that *Female Skin*'s latest issue contains photos of her from the encounter with Lisa Be; Clark, the former maid, becomes an overnight sensation.

From here we're whisked to a wild party featuring Veri Knotty in a dominatrix dance, Marc Stevens and Jill Monro doing another kind of dance, and a hi-

larious scene triggered by a lady who loves big breasts. Also present is Annie Sprinkle, who performs her delightful bosom ballet and demonstrates the proper way to give a blowjob.

Centerfold Fever is a funny movie, perhaps too funny. Despite the abundance and variety of the sex action, the fucking often takes a backseat to the humor.

If you're a Tiffany Clark fan, however, by all means catch the *Fever*. She's sensational. She takes and delivers the gibes with ease, and her sexual performances alone give the film a couple of degrees of heat. Annie Sprinkle sparkles too. At the end of the flick she delivers a truly amusing and erotic scene that's well worth the wait.

While it takes more than a few individual performances to make a great movie, *Centerfold Fever* is definitely applaudable. As a first-time producer, Richard Milner shows definite promise, and we hope to see even better productions from him in the future. —J. H.



Clark raises something else besides Ron Jeremy's temperature in 'Fever.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Girl's Best Friend
Amanda by Night
Blonde Ambition
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Neon Nights
Outlaw Ladies
Pandora's Mirror
Prisoner of Paradise
Talk Dirty to Me
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue
Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Delicious
Extreme Close-up
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Inside Seka
Same Time Every Year
Sex Boat
Taboo
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
Urban Cowgirls
Young, Wild and Wonderful

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Blue Magic
Extremes
Flash
Manhattan Mistress
Skin on Skin
Sunny
The Tiffany Minx
Vista Valley P.T.A.
Woman in Love

One-Quarter Erect

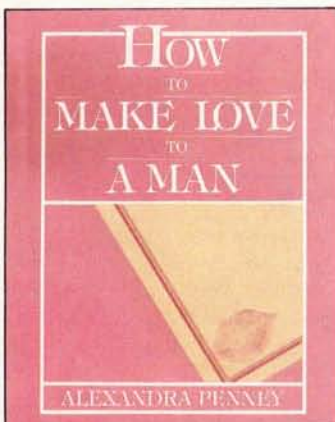
Silky
Sweet Cheeks
Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Honey Throat
Hot Dallas Nights
Naughty Network
Starship Eros

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon



How to Make Love to a Man

By Alexandra Penney; Clarkson N. Potter Inc., 1 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$10.

Alexandra Penney's *How to Make Love to a Man* opens with the engaging story of a seduction. The guy is suave and imaginative; he gives the lady a key to his apartment "in case he has to work late." When she arrives, she finds a single candle burning, with a note beside it: "Be daring... come on in." The place is all set, with music and more candles and more notes, which lead her to the bedroom, where she encounters the guy. After sharing some champagne, he asks her if she wants to take a bath. Once she's in the tub, he hand-feeds her goodies and more champagne, then gets in with her. Thus be-

gins a truly great weekend.

A while later she gets a note from him reading, "Now it's your turn," with a specific date and time. It's only then that she realizes the problem. Women are schooled to be desirable, to surrender gracefully when the right time arrives, to sink back and let the man do it all. Our heroine is really up against it; she just doesn't know what the hell to do.

"No one has ever helped women find out what their husbands or lovers need, and no one has taught women step-by-step how to make love to men, in clear, simple and unembarrassing language," writes author Penney. "In the following pages I hope to fill the gap." And that she does.

She begins by informing women that there is an important distinction between the sexes, and not just the one you discovered playing "doctor" during recess in kindergarten. It's the fact that though most women equate sex with making love, men find a real difference between making love and getting laid. Once women understand this difference, Penney asserts, they will better know how to give men what they want.

This, then, is a how-to manual instructing women in everything from massage to masturbation, stroking, sucking, soothing... and all without seeming so aggressive as to scare the fellow away.

How to Make Love to a Man is a good book, and a great gift for certain ladies you know—although it might be tactful to send it anonymously.



A thoughtful study from Arno Minkkinen's photo book 'American Nudes.'

New American Nudes

Edited by Arno Rafael Minkkinen; Morgan & Morgan Inc., 145 Palisade St., Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522; \$19.95.

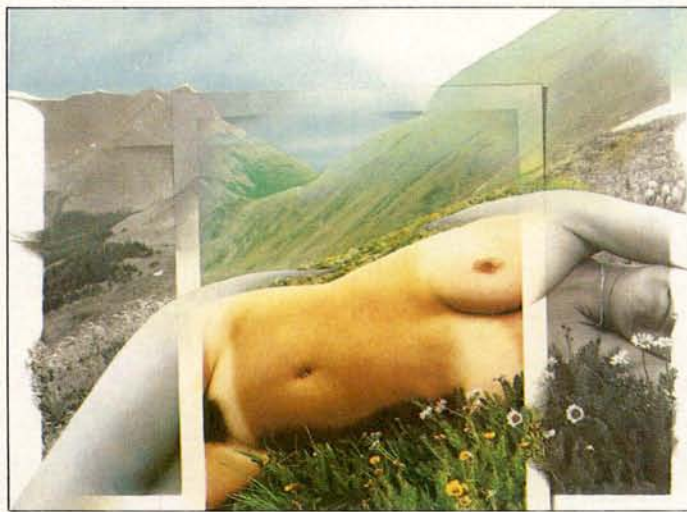
In March 1981 there was a photographic exhibition at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology called "New American Nudes: Recent Trends and Attitudes." No fewer than 450 photographers submitted prints for that show; 130 images were finally selected. This really beautiful book is one result of the exhibit, with 110 plates in black-and-white and color representing the work of each of the photographers who took part.

Aside from the technical and

artistic quality of the pictures, it's the "attitude" mentioned in the show's title that makes this volume the achievement it is. Nudity has a great deal to do with honesty. As editor Arno Minkkinen puts it in his introduction, "Nudity substantiates the truth in us. When people take off their clothes, a lot of lies get left behind."

These are pictures of all kinds of people: white, black, yellow, brown; men, women, children, babies. Some are posed, some candid, some draped, some not. Some kid themselves; some kid you. Some are tensely dramatic, surprising, astonishing. Every plate helps to make this the most unusual, enjoyable, healthy-minded picture book around.

And I'm not going to use a bit more space where there could be a picture instead.



'American Nudes' offers an unconventional view of the unclothed body.

Vampires

By Bernhardt J. Hurwood; *Quick Fox, 33 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023; \$7.95.*

For everyone fascinated by vampires, this book is an absolute must. It's about as complete an account of the subject as you'll ever find in one package—a big paperback, very well written and generously illustrated. It deals with vampires in myth and legend, in literature, in movies and TV, in crime and in *real life*. It contains an extensive list of books on the subject (including one of mine!) and a fine filmography. There's even a listing of Dracula Societies here and abroad, with addresses, just in case you want to meet other people with the same bloody tastes as your own.

Chapter 5, titled "The Physiology of the Vampire," is of particular interest. According to author Bernhardt J. Hurwood, this is the translation of a paper delivered by a Professor Andreyev of the Soviet Institute of Esoteric Studies, in Kiev. A dissident student took Andreyev's presentation down in shorthand; it was then passed to a Czech journalist who in turn gave it to the CIA. Ultimately declassified and discarded as having no value to our national security, the paper was retrieved by a computer programmer who got permission to keep it as a curiosity.

Professor Andreyev tells of a Russian soldier who was caught committing what seemed to be rape. When a group of soldiers tried to stop him, he flung them

about "like so many sticks of wood," then "apparently vanished without a trace before their eyes." The girl had not been sexually assaulted at all, but had a wound in her neck and had lost a great deal of blood.

The soldier was traced and conned into submitting to some tests, ostensibly to clear him for a promotion. Authorities conducted a thorough examination—digestive organs, sweat glands, genitals—and came up with some startling discoveries.

It appears the vampire is a variant of the human species, a mutation, living among us. Vampires must have blood to survive. They are long-lived, immensely strong and, when they want to be, so quick they seem to disappear, especially in front of excited or panicked witnesses.

In fact, says Hurwood, groups of vampires are living in the United States—and they're not all bad either. They keep a low profile, protect one another and act as normal as possible to avoid the persecution they have suffered for centuries.

Everything We Had

By Al Santoli; *Random House Inc., 201 E. 50th St., New York, NY 10022; \$12.95.*

Finding out this is another book about the Vietnam War, you might say, "Not again! The hell with it!" But I say, stop and *look* again. This one is too important to be ignored.

To begin with, *Everything We Had* is an "oral history," and



In 'Vampires,' Bela Lugosi is shown as Count Dracula in the 1931 film.

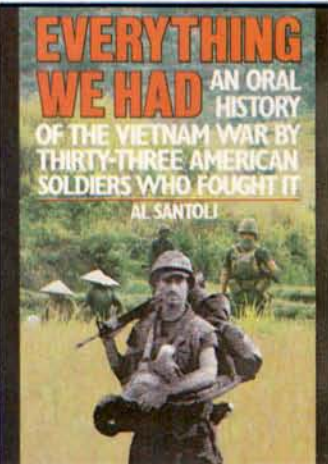
there aren't too many of those around. But it's more than mere transcriptions of Al Santoli's interviews with 33 Vietnam veterans. Rather, it's the thoughts and feelings of people just like you whose lives were touched, caught up, swirled about and sometimes almost snuffed out by that war. The book is arranged by stories, from the very beginning of the conflict all the way to its end—if, in fact, it has ended at all. That qualifier is necessary because so many of the pressures that produced the nightmare still exist, and so many of us have become the patsies.

Everything We Had is no endless parade of horrors. Many weird and wonderful and hilarious things did indeed happen in Vietnam—things such as the so-called "Nine to Five War," recounted here by an Army radio technician stationed at Nha Trang.

It seems this kid was once left alone on a secluded airstrip after the pilots had all left for the base. Hours went by until a drunk in a jeep remembered to drive out and pick him up. As far as the kid could see, the drunk was the only one left to guard the base; everyone else was in town getting stoned. He soon discovered there was a "war" only when our guys sent out a patrol; only then would the Cong shoot back. There was no war on Saturdays or Sundays, or on holidays, or when neither side felt like having one.

That, however, was at the beginning. As the conflict progressed—for 13 useless, tragic, expensive years—things became weirder and worse. One young GI elected to go to Nam

rather than stay in Germany, because of a rumor he could draw combat pay. Then there were the South Vietnamese interpreters, who savagely mistreated their prisoners. ("Slap them upside the head with a revolver or shoot their foot off and say, 'You VC?' Sooner or later, when he'd lost enough pieces, the guy would say yes, and then he'd be shot because now he's guilty, you know.")



Here too is the extraordinary account of a flying admiral who, shot down early, spent six horrible years as a prisoner of war—mostly in solitary—holding himself and his command together through it all.

Everything We Had delivers a tremendous impact. You put it down and think of the guy who said, "I wept because I had no shoes, until I met a man who had no feet." In the face of what these people have gone through, you wonder if your own troubles are really worth the worry you give them. And you also wonder what you're doing to keep this kind of thing from ever happening again.



An actress emerges from her coffin in Bernhardt J. Hurwood's 'Vampires.'

Subscribe Now and Save Up to



But saving \$51 on a three-year subscription is only one *more* reason to read HUSTLER. No other magazine pushes aside the bullshit to give you an insider's view on how the world runs and who runs it. Plus, we'll give you the hottest in

adult entertainment—from sizzling girls who can't say no, to outrageous humor. It's all here, and you can have it delivered to your door by clipping out the coupon below. HUSTLER—the savings plan with the *highest* interest.

Please Print

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ALL MAGAZINES DELIVERED IN UNMARKED WRAPPERS
ALL SUBSCRIPTION PRICES SUBJECT
TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

**HUSTLER
FLYNT SUBSCRIPTION
CO., INC.**

P.O. Box 67068

Los Angeles, California 90067-9944

U.S.

☐ 1 year @ \$33

☐ 2 years @ \$56

☐ 3 years @ \$75

FOREIGN

☐ 1 year @ \$39

☐ 2 years @ \$68

☐ 3 years @ \$93

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

☐ 50% discount to all
U.S. servicemen overseas.

YES! I want to subscribe to HUSTLER.

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or
charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interbank No.																Exp. Date		CCNH
																mo. year		

Signature _____

Date _____

Phone Number (Include Area Code.) _____

Are French women really the world's best performers of oral sex? Ever wonder what it would be like to screw a "submissive" American Indian or a "promiscuous" Polynesian? Are dark-skinned people sexier than whites?

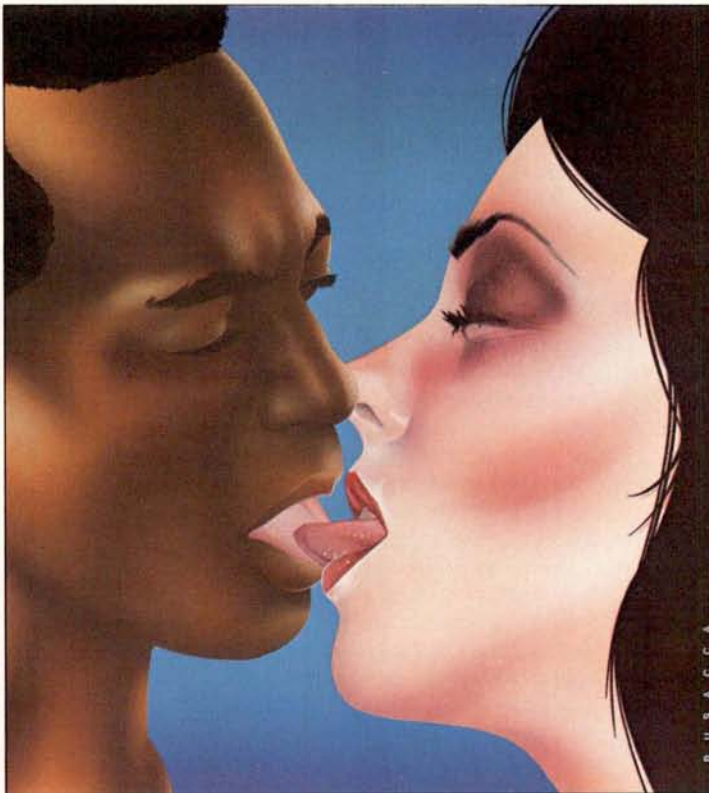
We've all daydreamed about bedding down with a lover of a different color, race or nationality. Custom, history and environment have created a rich variety of sexual practices and attitudes all over the world. Some nationalities have earned special reputations for sensuality, while others have gained undeserved notoriety. These stereotypes, however, are often based on a distorted, incomplete understanding of sex in other cultures.

Many American Indians, for instance, are loving, lusty lovers. But Indian women have acquired a reputation for being passive and unaggressive in bed. Hollywood westerns have depicted them as the meek sexual servants of their macho braves. What has never been properly shown is that many native American tribes were "matrilineal." That is, property and clan relations were reckoned through the female line, and women held key positions of power and respect.

"That passive image is typical white man's bullshit," says Mary, a beautiful 23-year-old Cree woman. "Sure, if a white man picks up an Indian prostitute in the poor part of town, she's going to be passive. You're looking at the remnants of a shattered culture. But those Indians who are together—or people in some parts of the country who still have their traditions intact—are some of the hottest, most sensual people on earth."

Many native Americans have had strict upbringings and religious schooling by missionaries. Doesn't that tend to make them puritanical? "No," replies Johnny, an Indian from southeastern Canada, "it just makes them sneakier. Indians have never really accepted the white man's puritanism. In the old days of the Plains tribes it wasn't unusual for

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



DIFFERENT STROKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS?

by Richard Milner

a man to have two or three wives under his buffalo robe at night—if he was a good enough hunter to feed them all, plus their relatives."

The sexuality of another racial group—Afro-Americans, or blacks—has long generated controversy. Since slavery days, white Americans have thought blacks to be bawdy and loose.

Most social historians agree that these attitudes are myths created by the white man out of his own sexual fears and hypocrisies. While they placed their own women on a mythical pedestal of chastity and virtue, slave owners did not want black women to be chaste. When they weren't producing more slaves, they served as sexual playthings for whites.

Black men couldn't mingle with white women on pain of death, and "indiscriminate eyeballing" was still grounds for lynching in some parts of the South until just a few decades ago. It was only in 1967 that the U.S. Supreme Court struck down as unconstitutional all laws prohibiting interracial marriage.

Medical investigators have found no truth to the notion that blacks have larger erect penises than whites, or that they have an innately stronger sex drive. In fact, black Americans are cursed with the same range of sexual complaints as whites—impotence, premature ejaculation, performance anxiety and the like. Ironically, as William Grier and Price Cobbs point out in the book *Black Rage*, the myth of supersexuality puts so much pressure on black men that it is often a major cause of sexual dysfunction.

No doubt, part of the myth of the macho black man in recent times comes from the image of the black pimp with his stable of hustling ladies. Because of his extreme visibility, the "successful pimp" is almost always imagined to be a black man.

In reality, the most successful ones are probably white—like Walt Plankinton, owner of the famed Chicken Ranch brothel in

Nevada (profiled in HUSTLER, February 1980). Many white pimps tend to be faceless businessmen who rarely venture on to city streets.

The powerful taboo against interracial sex has historically caused some white women and black men to want to taste the forbidden fruit. This was the Southern man's nightmare, but there was not a great rush of black-white marriages when miscegenation laws were finally abolished.

Are American blacks more sexually promiscuous than whites? In a 1968 survey, 50% of the whites interviewed were convinced that blacks have "looser morals." There's some truth to that statement regarding poor or lower-class blacks, but middle-class blacks tend to

be very similar in sexual attitudes to middle-class whites . . . the result of similar schooling and religious upbringings.

Among poor urban blacks, however, there is an earlier initiation into sex, a greater tolerance of sex with many partners, and a definition of masculinity tied to success with many ladies. Until recently, opportunities open to white men were closed to blacks, and sexual conquest as a symbol of masculinity came to be highly regarded in the American ghetto. These factors tend to make poorer urban blacks sexually freer than many whites.

Before religious missionaries spread their repressive attitudes all over the world, hundreds of tribal societies also had a tradition of free-and-easy sex. A classic example is Polynesia. Captain Cook and his lucky white sailors were welcomed in 1769 by smiling brown women with open arms—and legs. Since then, generations of puritanical bullying has caused the South Seas islanders to put a lid on their generous, free-loving ways. Even so, the attempt to turn Polynesians into bourgeois Europeans never really succeeded.

Film director Roger Vadim—known for his own famous liaisons with sex queens Brigitte Bardot, Jane Fonda and Catherine Deneuve—notes that “as late

as 1961 Tahiti was in its last moments of true freedom. Pleasure was the only moral code.

“It was commonplace in Tahiti,” Vadim adds, “for an 18-year-old girl to live with a man three times her age. She would sometimes go to the beach at night to have a good time with a ‘young man.’ And it all went on perfectly happily, without an eyebrow raised.”

Among European countries, Vadim’s native France has long held the reputation of being sexually freer than its neighbors. A French kiss is, of course, an open-mouthed kiss in which the tongue is used. Oral-genital sex is known the world over as Frenching, while positioning two lovers head-to-tail was originally called *soixante-neuf*—French for 69.

When did this reputation begin? It certainly existed more than 200 years ago, when the British dubbed the newly invented prophylactics “French letters.” Even though the condom was invented by an Englishman, the then-shocking idea that someone would actually *plan* to have sex had to be blamed on the French.

According to some sources, the legend that French girls prefer oral sex goes back 2,000 years, to the time when the ancient Gauls were invaded by boatloads of horny sailors from Asia and

Africa. With that wonderful French talent for simultaneous accommodation and resistance, the Gallic girls insisted on satisfying the invaders by mouth so they would not become pregnant.

Nowadays, the French are really more hung-up than anyone might imagine, torn between their wanton reputation and their love of respectability. By contrast, the people of ancient India were less hung-up than we might imagine. Sexuality, like every other facet of life and art, was integrated into the Hindu quest for ecstatic union with the forces of the divine.

Sex energy was considered a sacred force of nature; to become one with it was to be in the presence of God. In the ancient classical dance of India the temple maidens performed sex as part of the search for religious bliss.

There are still students of Tantric yoga who keep the tradition alive today. Among their famous postures is one in which the woman leans over backward on her hands and feet, limbo-style, then sticks her head between her thighs so as to take alternate strokes in mouth and vagina. Another position has the girl standing on one leg while she wraps the other leg around the man’s waist.

According to Dr. Alex Comfort’s *Joy of Sex*, “The best Indian accomplishment . . . is the most-sought-after feminine sexual response of all.” Originating in the Tamil region of southern India, it is the ability to close and constrict the vaginal muscle until it is as strong and sure as “the hand of the Gopala girl who milks the cow.”

One Oriental stereotype many American men still cherish is that of the adoring Japanese woman who waits on her man, massages and bathes him, and subordinates herself to his every whim. While many modern Japanese ladies refuse to buy that package, the feudal tradition of Samurai warlords continues there—for a hefty price.

At the Hotel Hanjun in Tokyo a man can experience his greatest male chauvinist fantasies. The client removes his clothes and is dressed in the costume of a feudal warlord. Elegant Japanese ladies in exquisite kimonos treat him as king-for-a-night. His every sexual wish is their command.

A knowledge of various sexual attitudes and practices can enhance and enrich your own lovemaking. And if the “practices” aren’t enough, virtually all major American cities have a wide assortment of potential lovers from every corner of the globe. So no matter where you live, with an open-minded, unprejudiced approach and a creative imagination you can go around the world without ever leaving your own bedroom.

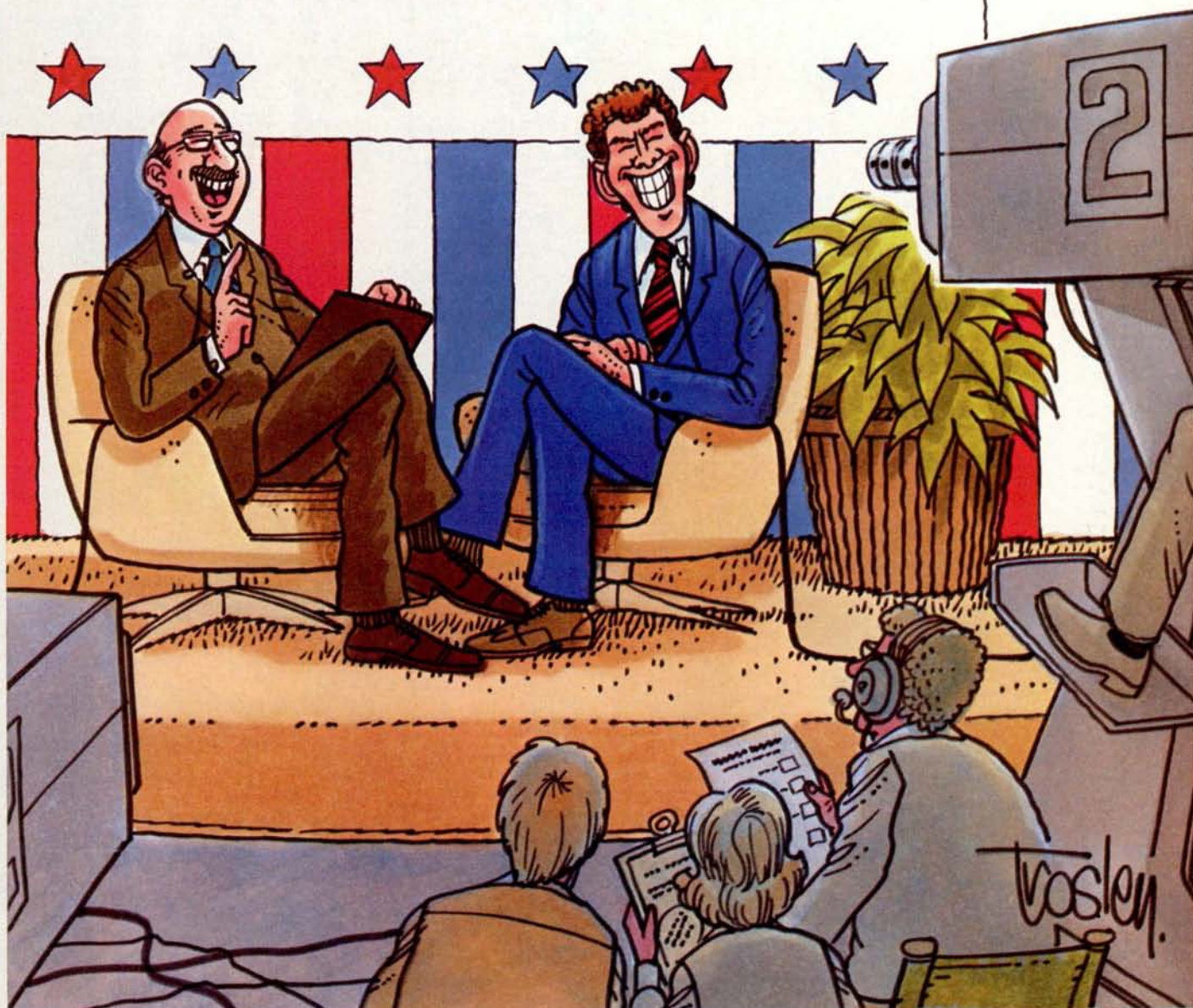


“Gee, Mindy, maybe we oughta lay off the oral sex till my braces come off.”

Bullshit

THE

NATION



"So tune in next week, folks, when another prominent politician will . . .
'Bullshit the Nation'!"

7TH ANNUAL REVIEW OF MEN

BY GERARD



During the past decade Gerard Damiano has produced, directed and written more than a dozen sexually explicit films distinguished by high-quality production values, imaginative scripts and—best of all—attractive actors and actresses. He has probably done more than anyone else to transform underground “blue” movies into sumptuous popular entertainment, bringing a new respectability to porn with such productions as *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones*, *Memories Within Miss Aggie* and *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*. He was the first filmmaker to make a clear distinction between “dirty” and “erotic” in X-rated cinema, imprinting his unique sense of style and wit on the notoriously heavy-handed skin-flick industry.

Deep Throat, the landmark production that featured Linda Lovelace’s amazing penis-guzzling talent, was filmed in six days—mostly in Florida motel rooms. It cost only \$22,000 to make and has grossed more than \$100 million. “I had no idea it would catch on,” recalls Damiano, 53, a high-school dropout who previously worked as an X-ray technician, beauty-salon owner and nightclub photographer. “But Al Goldstein



UNBIASED 'S MAGAZINES

DAMIANO



gave it a rave review in *Screw*, and suddenly I was famous. That was the beginning of porn chic."

Success also made Damiano an easy target for censorship and government harassment. He was frequently hauled into court on obscenity charges, but never convicted. "I was even called to testify at hearings that tried to determine whether organized crime had infiltrated X-rated movies," he remembers. "One prosecutor asked what association one of my partners had with an organization with an Italian name. They wanted me to say something like 'My uncle's in the Mafia.' Instead I said, 'I think he's a Roman Catholic.'"

Damiano's one regret is being branded a pornographer rather than a legitimate filmmaker. "I'm much better than 90% of those guys spending \$20 million to make shit in Hollywood," he insists. "Most of them suck. They steal ideas. They have no creativity."

His latest production, *All the Men of Giovanna*, is scheduled to be shot entirely on location in ancient castles near Naples, Italy. Giovanna was a 13th-century Italian queen whose sexual activities are comparable to the excesses

of Empress Catherine the Great of Russia. "It's more than the usual kind of fuck-film fare," Damiano promises. "It took me ten years to get out of motel rooms and into a castle. Now I've got respectability."

As one of the pioneers in popularizing sexually explicit entertainment, Damiano qualified as the ideal candidate to conduct our *Seventh Annual Unbiased Review of Men's Magazines*. Not surprisingly, he turned out to have some strong ideas on the subject. "In recent years sexual repression in this country has declined greatly, thanks to the efforts of people like *Screw*'s Al Goldstein, *Playboy*'s Hugh Hefner and *HUSTLER*'s Larry Flynt," he declares. "But we still have a lot more work to do. With the Moral Majority trying to tell women whether they can have abortions, and children what they can read in school, the threat of government repression and censorship is still real. We've come a long way, but we have a long way to go. We can be thankful that men's magazines are doing their part to enlighten and inform."

Fourteen titles were spread out on his desk as he spoke. "I feel like a kid in a candy store," Damiano beamed. Here's what he had to say about each of them.

PLAYBOY When I was a boy, the only thing to jerk off to was underwear ads. The hottest publication around was *Esquire*, and it didn't even have real girls; an illustrator named Vargas drew "The Girl of the Month." Hugh Hefner's inventive genius was starting a magazine with real girls, real tits and ass—a monthly dedicated to sexual awareness and sexual fulfillment. He laid all the groundwork and set the standards for every stroke book to follow. But then Hefner got rich, maybe even lazy. The truth is, *Playboy* hasn't done anything new for ten years. It has settled back to where *Esquire* used to be in the '40s. *Playboy* has become the *Reader's Digest* with pictures. It no longer reviews fuck films—too crude, don't you know? On the September cover there's some real celebrity cooze—Bo Derek and a hot-looking ape. Bo is the one on the right. Unlike Raquel Welch, Bo is not afraid to sell her tits and ass. Nor is *Playboy*. But now it's respectable tits and celebrity ass.

What's so bad about that? Nothing, I suppose. But what about all the in-betweens—the fuck-film family. If Bo Derek is a 10, so are Hillary Summers and Tiffany Clark. I can sum up my feelings for *Playboy* in two words—the best, as it has been since its inception. The magazine publishes the most-beautiful girls, the best writers, the finest articles, the funniest cartoons and the best jokes. But its editors should be wary; others are gaining on them.

PENTHOUSE There is no such magazine as *Penthouse*. Publisher/photographer Bob Guccione does not exist. *Penthouse* is a three-month-old *Playboy* with a different name and a new cover. Guccione is a Hugh Hefner clone. His genius was in recognizing Hefner's genius long before anyone else did, and imitating Hef so well that in many ways the copy is better than the original. Like *Playboy*, *Penthouse* has the most-beautiful girls and the best photographers, writers, illustrators and cartoonists money can buy. But *Penthouse* has nothing to say that hasn't already been said, nothing to do that hasn't already been done. I'm not saying this is all bad. Two great magazines are better than one, even if one is a mirror image of the other.

One thing that bothers me about *Penthouse* is the column in which editors write letters signed "Name Withheld by Request." These tidbits usually make astute observations like

"Keep up the good work" or "I really like your magazine." It gives the editors a chance to use words like *interesting*, *enlightening* and *you really hit the nail on the head*. All this proves is that everyone who reads stroke books wants to jerk off—even the editors. And mental masturbation is better than no masturbation at all.

HUSTLER *Playboy* built the house but left the door open. Larry Flynt walked in, and *HUSTLER* became the *Playboy* of the '70s. *HUSTLER* opened up the pussy and showed us pink. It was beautiful; sex without guilt. Most people, gynecologists excluded, had never seen the inside of a cunt before. "Look, Henry—there's nothing to be afraid of. See, no teeth!" The trouble with innovation is, you have to go against tradition. People are afraid of the unknown. You have to drag them into the light. But there's no way *HUSTLER* is a drag.

Unlike *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, the magazine is not afraid of fuck films. In fact, it publishes penetrating reviews of X-rated fare—so much so that unscrupulous theater owners often take advantage. Some theaters never take down signs indicating *HUSTLER*'s highest rating (a fully erect penis)—not even when they change the program.

HUSTLER's October jelly-bean cover is cute. I know most pussy is edible, but this "Special Political Issue" is fattening. Besides an insightful editorial by Publisher Flynt on senseless slaughter in the name of religion, all four picture layouts are first-rate in every respect—photos, color, production value, beautiful models and pink, pink, pink! The magazine's satirical *Bits & Pieces* section can always be counted on for great fun. It's stuff like this that helps us laugh at ourselves and deal with our inhibitions. *HUSTLER* is great. It makes you laugh and jerk off at the same time.

CHIC I hate the title. I feel the same way about *Oui*. I don't like worrying about how to pronounce the name of a magazine. Aren't there enough *English* words to choose from? Other than that quibble, *CHIC*'s November cover is great—good photography and a hot ass peeking out of panties entwined in high heels. I see from the cover that I can look forward to articles on Presidential assassins, the Mexican Mafia and erotic fiction.

Is this a stroke book or a political primer? The first inside page reveals it's a stroke book—thank goodness for small favors. A full-page ad showing a cute little blonde almost wearing a postman's uniform proclaims that "CHIC Delivers!" Now that's what I like—a mailman with great tits and ass. In the *Evening in Morocco* photo-layout there's a sultry black seductress with long legs and—would you believe it?—a shaved pussy. Will wonders never cease? This is a hot photo-set, one of the best I've seen.

The centerfold, *Yolanda*, is a long-legged fortune-teller with tantalizing eyes, hip-high black boots, stiletto heels and Tarot cards. I'm in love again. In one shot her inviting ass is pointed right at me—pink lips dangling, long black tresses hanging loose. Well photographed, great color reproduction and signed, no less: "I predict a hot and passionate future." Let's not worry about the future, *Yolanda*. Just help me make it through the night. *CHIC*, I don't care how you pronounce your name. I still like your magazine.

oui Get ready for the heavy stuff. Pretty girl on the September cover, bulky-knit sweater pulled halfway down, revealing great cleavage. Not bad. What does that banner say? "The 20 Best Record Stores in the Whole

U.S.A.!" I've heard of tits and ass selling records, but this is the first time I've seen an assessment of the 20 best record stores trying to sell tits and ass. Is there *anything* in this magazine I can jerk off to? The first things I notice inside are advertisements for home phone computers, tequila and stereo equipment. No dildos or split-crotch panties here. This reality is the big time.

This is supposed to be a men's magazine, but somehow I keep getting the feeling I'm reading a Sears Roebuck catalog. I just can't wait to get to the underwear section. But first, the best record stores, a bullshit pictorial of storefronts. Finally, on page 58, there's a beautifully photographed girl named "Debbie." She's sexy—but no pink. I could make her a star. Then comes a whole bunch of stuff worthy of *Sports Illustrated*, right next to another cigarette ad. I flip through this shit fast, and finally come to "Penny—The Sporting Life." Here we go again: gorgeous model, well proportioned, nice tits and ass, bright eyes—but no pink. I feel cheated.

The trouble with intellectual stroke books like this is too much intellect and not enough stroke. *Oui* is too busy trying to mimic *Playboy*, which recently sold the magazine to another publisher following many years of red ink. Hefner admitted he never read *Oui*. He didn't miss much.

GENTLEMAN'S

COMPANION

A September cover banner proclaims, "Impotence: Getting It Up When You're Down." What about getting down when you're up? I can't wait, either way. On the contents page all kinds of good stuff—from *Fetishes* to *Fun & Games*. I flip the page and what happens? A sick cartoon—a woman shaving her legs cuts one of them off. I just lost my hard-on—but not for long. Here's a girl-set that gets me going. *Toni* is a melancholy babe with sad eyes, satiny skin, well-rounded ass and—joy of joys—a shaved pussy. She sleeps with her eyes closed and her cunt lips parted. Subtly adorned in silk underwear, black pearls, she dreams—of me. I know she waits for the moment when I'll awake her with a kiss on the lips. The photographs are simple, soft, lovely. I'm in heaven.

A full-page ad for GC titled "Sugar and Spice"—and everything nice, I might add—is better than a lot of girl-set photos in other magazines. One model wears pink bows in her hair, little white panties, ballet shoes and white socks—a teeny delight. The other model is "Madame Nasty," with whips, chains, buckles, high boots with nine-inch heels, and thorns around her crotch. (What a way to go!)

I sometimes wonder why men's magazines clutter up their pages with articles and short fiction that are mostly nonsense. Let's face it: Beautiful girls, tits, ass, fucking—something to keep the energy up—are what sells magazines. The rest is all bullshit. If you want to read, get a library card. GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION is a winner—especially in its attractive women. No wonder its sales are rapidly climbing.

HARVEY
FOR LOVING PEOPLE

Cute young thing on the October cover. Eyes closed, mouth open, a blond hair stuck in her mouth. The caption reads, "Why Is This Girl Sucking on Her Hair?" Who cares why?—I'm glad she is. A banner headline announces this is the "Jack Off Fall Special" issue. Okay, I'm ready. Cock in hand, I read on. Inside, it's easy to see why covergirl Penny Powers sucks on her hair. She sucks on anything she can get her hands on. So far, *Harvey*, you're a winner. Next is an article, "Everything You Want to Know About Threesomes." There's nothing I particularly want to know about threesomes. I'm monogamous now and totally in love with my wife. A one-on-one relationship is the best sex

I've ever had. So I'll skip the threesomes article and go on to some more pink pussy.

In an ethnic photo-layout the color is so far off that *everything* is pink. On to "Candice," a doe-eyed brunette with a bushy black cunt and a pouting mouth. Now, this is something I could sink my teeth into. An article called "Shove It Up Your Ass," by Suzanne Felzen, cites some real advantages of taking drugs up the bottom end. "If you find that hard to believe, then read on." I read on, and I still find it hard to believe, Suzanne, but I'll tell you what. Next time I take a crap, I'll wipe my ass with your article and see if I can get high off that. On to "Liza and Lynne." Good photographs, pretty girls, but again the color printing is terrible. *Harvey*, you charge \$3.50 for this shit. Spend 20¢ more and send your book to a good printer.

VELVET

Two girls on the October cover are up to their tits in a swimming pool tonguing each other. Almost makes it, but not quite. A Betty Grable lookalike is advertised on the cover. Inside, the girl looks nothing like Betty Grable. She looks a lot nicer—all dressed up in hot, wet-look black leather. I love it! She's gorgeous, peering through dark glasses. This kid even has nice teeth. Next comes "Orgy Maximus"—a photo-spread depicting how Roman wives and maidens fiddled around and let their passions burn. Beautiful women, lovely costumes, but the color sucks. When the photographer sees what they've done to his work, he's gonna shit.

In a special report on celebrity nudes, *Velvet* proves it will do almost anything to print photos of celebrities with their pant(ie)s down. Ever since *HUSTLER* watched its circulation soar after publishing nude photos of Jackie Kennedy Onassis back in 1975 (which, by the way, *Velvet* reprints here), magazines have been featuring tits, ass—even a naked shoulder—of any and every celebrity. Another photo-spread showcases a beauty with knockout tits, great ass, her mouth open, her eyes looking at me pleadingly—"Take me, take me." I'm in love. This is more like what I had in mind: a beautiful young woman, no pretense, just wanting to be fucked. But all too often, *Velvet's* color is all over the place. A magazine devoted to photographs should get its shit together. *Velvet*, you made me miss a stroke.

cheri

The first couple of pages of the September issue tell the reader what a great magazine *Cheri* is. Well, if they don't beat their own meat, who will? Much of this issue seems devoted to getting porno celebs into *Cheri* T-shirts. If the magazine ever goes under, it can always open up a boutique. Major coverage is devoted to the Miss Nude Evansville Pageant, in which small-town lovelies take it off. It's also another excuse to plug *Cheri* T-shirts. In a photo-spread on two lesbian lovers, guess what they're wearing? That's right—*Cheri* T-shirts. The two blondes also take turns shoving croquet mallets up each other's cooze. That takes a lot of balls. I was especially impressed by an Oriental aptly named "Bone China" in one of September's six girl-sets. As she romps by the seaside with oil and sweat covering her body, it's enough to make my eggs roll.

Then comes "Look, But Don't Touch"—a collection of poolside sun sirens heating each other up. I'm hot too, examining all the grease and sweat and tits and ass. One caption reads, "I watch her oiling up her golden bronze body until I just can't stand it. When Linda starts playing with herself, I just have to join in." Linda is lovely, with a clit that is so erect, it's obscene. But then cuties like this *should* be obscene and not heard. A later photo-set about a gym teach-

er—"Fizz Head"—is a big winner. This broad must be at least 20. But I don't care—she's shaved where it counts (to me). All in all, I had a ball with *Cheri*. I think I might even go out and buy one of those T-shirts.

club

The October issue has a tame cover but all kinds of banner grabbers ranging from a billion-dollar Beverly Hills sex boutique to Marilyn Chambers—whose face appeared on Ivory Snow boxes before she revealed her own box (and much, much more) in porno films. Chambers turns out to be *Club*'s answer to Dear Abby. What a disappointment. I was hoping to see Marilyn's shaved cooze; instead I got her half-assed views. A more provocative photo-spread, "Puss 'n' Boots," shows three lezzies decked out in lace and exotic footwear. Good photography, especially if you're into teenage girl-girl action, and who's not? Now on to "Maria," a hot-looking brunette. Again, well photographed—I love 'em greased up and sweaty.

A photo-special called "Nell for Leather" features a bike broad and a rubber suit complete with split-crotch panties. Who could ask for anything more? I could. Although well shot, *Club* misses on this one. The color reproduction makes body tones look yellow. The girl has stubby fingers that would go unnoticed, except that every shot has them shoved into her cunt. *Club* also runs swingers ads. A lot of hot pix here, some of them undoubtedly real. All in all, *Club* measures up. A bargain at \$2.95.

High Society

High Society has become famous for printing photographs of nude and seminude celebrities, no matter how poor the reproduction quality. They range from Cher roller-skating in a see-through blouse to Elizabeth Taylor wearing a see-through slip to tired old black-and-white shots showing glimpses of the muffs of Carmen Miranda, Margaret Trudeau and Marilyn Monroe. At the same time, the magazine has exposed itself to a series of lawsuits. In July 1981 it published a ten-page photo-spread titled "Tarz and the Apes." (The layout was, in fact, a ripoff of a July 1979 *CHIC* feature.) When the corporation representing descendants of Tarzan's creator sued, *High Society* was ordered to recall the offending issue from the newsstands.

So far, nobody has complained about the magazine's September contents, which include nude shots of actress Barbara (*Masada*) Carrera as well as several photos of Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland sucking each other off. I couldn't believe my eyes. You can actually see his sniff in her quiff. *High Society* is better off when publisher Gloria Leonard, a porn star herself, prints photos of other members of her profession. September features the outrageous breasts of Annie Ample, Cherry Bomb, Vanessa Del Rio, Candy Samples and Annie Sprinkle. That's gotta be a titillating ton of tittie. Later, Annie—she of golden-showers fame—reveals how she got into the smut business, and Candy Samples talks about trying a hot-tub sperm swim and a pussy feast. I like this format, with the girls who are so much a part of the suck-fuck business opening themselves up. Even though what they say is 90% bullshit, it's still fun. Way to go, *High Society*.

Gallery

This is another publication filled with product advertising. There's a direct relationship between the advertising and the sexual turn-on—or lack of it—in men's magazines. The more so-called straight ads (booze, cigarettes, stereos), the less pink, open cunts and split-crotch panties. If the ads are for dildos, Spanish fly and prick enlargers, the magazine is likely to be a turn-on. A monthly

Gallery feature called "People, Places and Things" is sort of an "Everything You Wanted to Know About..." people I don't really want to know shit about.

At last, on page 40, we see our first girl-set, called "Baby Makes Two." A seductive little thing is reading a men's magazine. Naturally, it's *Gallery*. I assume she wants to buy a stereo or an automobile, but anyway, she's got fabulous tits and ass. No pink here, but the first couple of ads were a dead giveaway; so I'm not surprised, just disappointed. On the fiction opener it says, "The train was a long time coming." So am I, at this point. "The Girl Next Door," *Gallery*'s amateur photography contest, is probably the hottest stuff you'll see in this magazine. In general, its professional photographs are good. But I'd love to see the ones the editors were too chickenshit to print. Compared to everyone else, *Gallery* is no bargain at \$2.95.


GENESIS

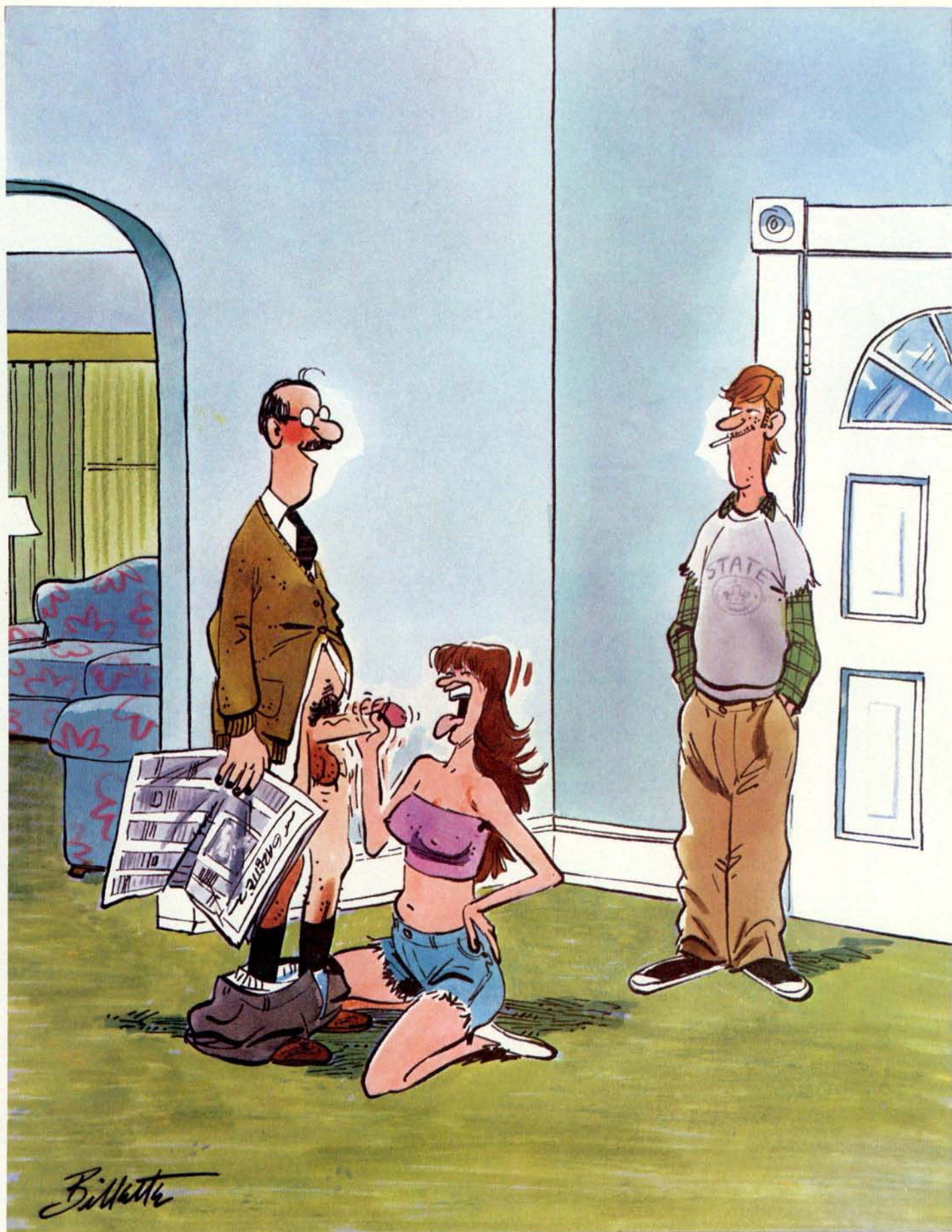
The September cover is a winner, a beautiful blonde looking right at me, soaping herself up, covering up her buxom boobs with lather. The inside cover is an ad for speakers—really hot sound. I guess you buy the stereo components from *Gallery* and then get the speakers from *Genesis*. Then come ads for whiskey, cameras, your favorite photo enlarged to a poster, bikes, T-shirts and another hi-fi system. You're sinking fast, *Genesis*. Next is an ad for the magazine itself featuring a little tits and ass. No psychological bullshit here; just flesh. Finally, the first photo-layout arrives on page 31, spotlighting "Bunny," a cute, pouting blonde with a white towel draped seductively around her otherwise-naked form. Very artsy. Nice, if you happen to like beautiful girls with great tits, fantastic asses—and no cunts.

One thing about not showing pink: It makes the photographer and the model work a lot harder. Later photographs of another model—"Winnie," the covergirl—are fresh, alive and a pleasure to look at. While Winnie wasn't adventurous enough to shave her pussy, she did shave her pussy lips. I'm in love. "Marcie"—a stunning blonde with gray eyes—is breathtakingly photographed but erotically dull. *Genesis* is a well-put-together magazine for men who want to be titillated but not aroused.

SWANK

The September cover gets a rise out of me. A young California-looking thing with tanned body and blond hair is facing away from the camera. But just enough of her ripe buns are showing to make me want to flip the pages. Right away I come across an article called "Female Fantasies." A beautiful girl with her ass aimed at the reader looks back and says, "Hi! I'm Janice—why don't you share your fantasies with me, the hotter the better?" I thought this was supposed to be about female fantasies. Janice's lovely nude shots make it all worthwhile. Then there's a lovely photo-spread depicting two ebony beauties—"Lulu and Zuzu"—humping each other, their asses delicately pointed in my direction. It reminds me I haven't had lunch yet.

On to softer things: "The Leopard Girl." You can spot the well-photographed temptress a mile away, long, lean and leggy. "I can't help myself when my animal instincts take over," she says, captioning an outstanding double-page shot of her trying to shove a bamboo pole up her ass. Why not? Sometimes you have to use anything you can find. Then comes an article, "In Search of the Perfect Tit." (I thought that was *my* quest.) Beautiful busts of all sizes, shapes and colors. This layout is bound to titillate. 



"I like your girlfriend, Son ... she's outgoing."

Magic Nights




[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)



Photography by Matti Klatt





Paulette didn't believe the fable about the flying carpet, but she decided to go along with Tamara anyway. Both girls took off their clothes, then said the magic words. In seconds they were whisking through space, lost in fantastic pleasure. Never had each other's bodies been so tasty, so succulent. Lips met lips; thighs tingled and shook as the two women made exquisite love. Tasting the sweet juices of excitement, the two lovers zoomed to new heights of pleasure. It was a high neither had ever reached before.









MARTY ROBBINS

A Country Singer's Battle to Survive

The trouble started with a terrible pain in his chest as the band's bus sped through rural Ohio. He couldn't hear what the other musicians were saying, nor could he feel their hands supporting his slumping body. His skin turned orange and red. He gasped for breath. He was having a massive heart attack.

"I felt like I was a hot dog ready to pop open," says singer Marty Robbins, recalling that fateful day in 1969. "I thought I was going to die. So I started praying. I felt like I was in hell, and the flames were up to *here*." He pauses a moment and gestures to his chin. "I just told God, 'I don't want to die! *Please!* Let me live so I can testify!' As soon as I said that, the flames started going down. Now I'm a believer."

At the time of his coronary, Robbins' recording career was in full swing. He'd broken into the national spotlight from the stage of the Grand Ole Opry with his first hit, "I'll Go On Alone." From then on, he'd been consistently at the top of the country and pop charts. His crystal-clear singing style on hit songs like "A White Sportcoat (And a Pink Carnation)," "Singin' the Blues," "Don't Worry" and "El Paso"—along with his rugged good looks and dynamic stage presence—had made him an enduring favorite.

During the late 1950s his annual income

soared past a half-million dollars, and it had stayed there ever since. Still, the naturally athletic and chronically restless Robbins was in constant search for new thrills beyond the high-adrenaline rush of winning over thousands of fans night after night. In his late 30s, at an age when most men turn to golf or similarly subdued pastimes, he had taken up the daredevil sport of auto racing. Driving fast cars on dirt and asphalt tracks around the mid-South, he'd broken a few bones, cracked several ribs and suffered a couple of concussions.

Once, Robbins had to stop in the middle of a race because of a mysterious, lingering pain in his chest. He considers that a small price to pay for a sport he loves so much. "What I like about it most is the sense of freedom," he says. "It's like walking a tightrope. I don't know what I could ever find that I would enjoy half as much."

He had, in fact, become almost obsessed with racing. And why not? Time seemed to be on his side. At age 44 he felt at least 25 years younger, and he still had the trim agility and lightning reflexes of a man half his age. Granted, he sometimes ate more than he should, but he neither smoked nor drank. So with his racing, as with his eminently successful recording career, he continued to careen recklessly ahead, taking a bump here and

Profile by Bob Allen

Illustration by Roger Bergendorff



there, but always moving forward... until that day on the bus back in 1969.

A hospital physician determined that he had suffered a heart attack. Robbins was flabbergasted. "I told him that was impossible. I told him all the things I didn't do. I didn't smoke, didn't drink, wasn't overweight. I didn't do dope of any kind."

Robbins was told he would have to remain overnight for observation. "But I had a show to do that night," the singer recalls, "and I was determined to make it—chest pains or no chest pains. I talked the doctor into letting me go by promising him I'd go straight to Cleveland and take a plane to Nashville and check into a hospital there. He finally agreed, and gave me a shot and some pills for the pain. Instead, I went on and did my show anyhow. I had a big time that night, jumpin' all around on the stage. I found out later only half my heart was beating. The other half had stopped."

As the medicine wore off and the pain once again became unbearable, Robbins quickly checked himself into a Cleveland hospital. After undergoing extensive tests in the intensive-care unit, he received the bad news: Years of compulsive eating had severely damaged his heart, perhaps beyond repair. Choles-

terol deposits clogged its three main arteries. Two of them were 100% blocked; the other, 75%. Doctors said his life was "hanging by a thread." They felt he had only a 50-50 chance of ever walking out of the hospital—a horrifying prospect for a physically active man who prided himself on fitness.

"Oddly enough, my only thought was racing," he recalls with an ironic laugh. "Because even then it hadn't really dawned on me how serious it was. I remember asking one of the doctors if I'd ever be able to race again, and he said, 'No, from here on out you're going to have to live a quiet life.' That's when it really hit me hard."

Fifteen days later, Robbins was transferred by plane to a Nashville hospital, where the doctors' prognosis was equally grim. They gave him three to six months to live. However, there was one ray of hope. The patient could undergo a then very new and very risky triple-artery-bypass operation. But, they cautioned him, the open-heart surgery was still so experimental that, once again, the odds of survival were only 50-50.

"I was scared, to say the least," Robbins says. "The night before I had to decide whether or not to go through with the operation, I prayed and prayed that regardless of what happened, my soul would be saved."

Awakening the next morning, he felt a strange sense of peace. "I had the answer," Robbins remembers. "I told the doctors I wanted to have the operation as soon as possible."

He spent several hours in surgery. At one point, Robbins' heart was actually removed from his body as veins taken from his legs were sewn to his aorta to replace diseased ones. It took 900 stitches to sew him back together again (including some heavy metal sutures to pull together the breastbone, which is split in such operations). While recovering, the pain was excruciating.

But Robbins, in characteristic fashion, pulled through in record time. Four weeks after surgery he was back on his 250-acre farm outside Nashville, doing light work.

"The first thing Marty asked for, as soon as he could raise his hands, was a guitar," recalls Don "The Ox" Winters, who has sung in Robbins' band for the past 20 years and is also his closest friend. "Then he wrote some of the most beautiful songs he's ever done."

Within a few months Robbins resumed his hectic touring schedule and his restless lifestyle. Then, a year later, against the sometimes-angry objections of his wife and friends, he returned to auto racing with a renewed fury and passion. This time he ventured on to the high-speed, high-stakes Grand National circuit to compete against professional race-car-driving buddies like Bobby Allison and Richard Petty.

During the 1970s, as Robbins entered dozens of Grand National meets, the fear everyone expressed for his well-being was often justified. Like a cat with nine lives, he walked (and in a few cases was carried) away from numerous potentially fatal pile-ups. He ended up back in the hospital more than once with fractures and concussions, once totaling three \$30,000 cars in three consecutive races. But those mishaps seemed only to whet his appetite for the dangerous sport.

Despite his relative inexperience behind the wheel, Robbins made some impressive top-ten showings at various events across the country. In 1973 he was even named the Southern 500's "Rookie of the Race." "Marty is every bit as good a race-car driver as he is a singer," Bobby Allison, his good friend and 1981 Grand National points leader, once remarked.

Still, his greatest triumphs were on the stage and in the recording studio. Remarkably, while many of his contemporaries were burning out on booze or pills, or were fading into obscurity be-

(continued on page 58)



HUSTLER'S Christmas Gift Guide

You say the only thing you gave your girlfriend last Christmas was a case of the clap? As tasteless as that may be, it's still more thoughtful than the overpriced, useless junk Madison Avenue pushes every season. This year's advertising blitz will have our kids throwing tantrums for everything from official Star Wars wookiee-shit to computer games we couldn't figure out if scientist Carl Sagan was explaining them. And our

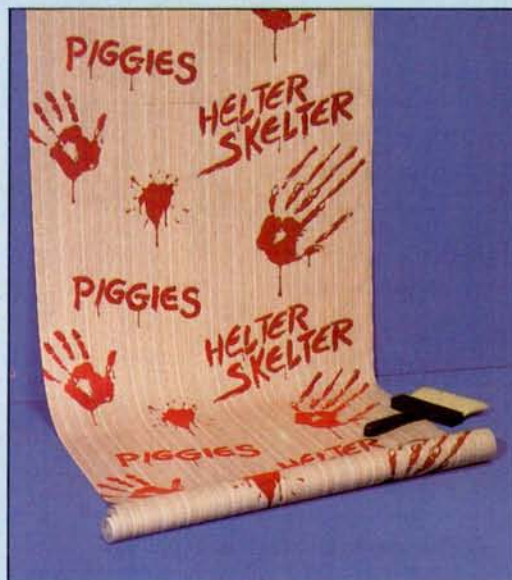
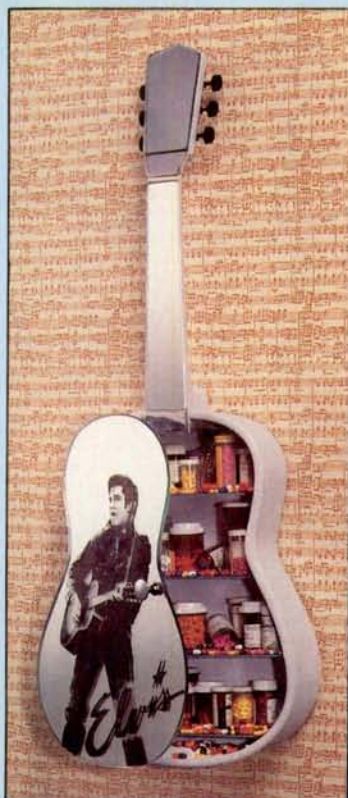
wives will be holding out in bed for microwave corn poppers and General Hospital jeans. The spirit of the holiday has changed. It's gone from the joyous "12 Days of Christmas" to "30 Shopping Days Till Hell." That's why we provide our own outrageous gift suggestions every year—to point up how totally absurd the buying and selling of Christmas can get. Besides, when it comes to tastelessness, HUSTLER will not be outdone.



THE "CAN-BARELY-WALK, MAN" PORTABLE STEREO

You can't blast the jive if you don't have the size. That's what makes this "full-sound" portable stereo so great. Residents of ghetto-bordering, middle-class neighborhoods will be able to hear that heavy disco beat just as if it were right next door. Forget those tinny little headsets and miniature speakers. The 8" woofers in this baby will blow the Afro-Shoen right off your "do." Can be hot-wired to any car battery, and comes with a self-starting gas engine for extended spins.

Produced by Bruce Helford,
Ralph Fowler and Gordon Bowman.
Photography by Ladi von Jansky.



What would the holiday season be without dead-celebrity collectibles? **ELVIS PRESLEY MEDICINE CABINET**—Now anyone can store pills like the King. Enough room for more medications than your doctor can illegally prescribe. And it has separately marked shelves for uppers and downers so you won't mix 'em up like you-know-who. **SHARON TATE WALLPAPER**—This is wallpaper that just screams out for eye-catching attention. Designed exclusively by Charlie. **MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. MOUNTAIN CLIMBING KIT**—The perfect gift for those who have "been to the mountaintop" . . . and want to get down.

TOXIC-GAS-LEAK TRAIN SET—Now your kid can play with dangerous chemicals just like the crazy idiots who run real-life railroads. Each set is built to derail and tip over flimsy tank cars full of toxic gas. Dead people and animals included. It's guaranteed to provide moments of noxious fun—until the family has to evacuate.





MATCHING "MOMMIE DEAREST" T-SHIRTS

Once upon a time there was a mother named Joan and a daughter named Christina. But they didn't live happily . . . ever. In the '80s, when everybody's T-shirt has something to say, here's a couple that are painfully clear. Comes with a bumper sticker that asks, "Have You Slugged Your Kid Today?"





UNWANTED-PET DECORATOR PHONES—There's nothing sadder than the destruction of beautiful animals at shelters and pounds across America. Thousands of perfectly good dog and cat carcasses that could have been turned into terrific telephones are being tossed away *daily*. The "Fe-line" (ideal for those "catty" phone calls, girls!) and "His Master's Voice" phones are functional objets d'art that will serve you loyally forever. Throw away those leashes and let your fingers do the walking!



HIROSHIMA FIREBALL FIGURINES—Gracefully sculpted and then cooked at unbelievably high temperatures like the real victims of the A-bomb at Hiroshima, these porcelain figures are reminders of a tender moment in Japanese history. The talented craftsmen of the B-29 bomber fleet surpassed themselves in capturing this instant of exquisite pain as a living monument to the artistic possibilities of the explosive equivalent of 10,000 tons of TNT.



THE ENEMATE—Can't talk your regular girl into a healthy colonic irrigation? Need the satisfaction that comes with emptying a friend's bowels? Why do without? Here's the plastic pal who always takes a flood up the ass with *no* complaints! The Enemate is an artificial behind that simulates enema action just the way you like it! Fits comfortably on a table, bed or lap, and has the patented Perverse-Reverse™, giving an outward flow that no other enema simulator can match. Don't find yourself up Shit Creek without a bladder—date an Enemate! Also available with a four-hose party attachment (as shown).



PROFILE: MARTY ROBBINS

(continued from page 52)

cause of overexposure or other hazards of the music business, Marty Robbins continued to forge ahead.

By 1980 he had amassed a series of career milestones that was virtually unparalleled: 18 number-one records (12 of which he'd written himself); more than 70 LPs; two Grammy Awards (including the first one ever given to a country artist); at least one song in the top ten every year from 1959 to 1980, with only one exception; and 18 years as the audience's overwhelming favorite on the nationally broadcast Grand Ole Opry program. With his smooth, confident singing style and his youthful good looks, Robbins had endeared himself to three generations of Americans.

Late last year Robbins was, as always, restless and in nearly constant motion, touring extensively and still racing when he had the time. Having suffered from chronic insomnia for most of his life, he seldom slept for more than two or three hours at a stretch. Admittedly, he was pushing himself awfully hard, but why not? The last time he had been to the doctor, his blood pressure, heart rate and other vital signs had all checked out. His circulatory system was running smoother than a Swiss watch.

Mentally and physically, he felt on top of the world.

When New Year's Day 1981 rolled around, however, Robbins expressed a nagging remorse that he'd been letting himself slide for the previous year or so. He had gone off the strict low-fat, low-sodium diet necessary to counteract his body's unnaturally high cholesterol level. Breakfast would often consist of six, eight, even a dozen fried eggs with bacon. In the course of a long evening he'd sometimes put away five or six bowls of cereal topped with a syrupy mixture of whipping cream and sugar.

He'd also strayed from his daily workouts with the weights that he kept downstairs, next to the piano, in his comfortable Nashville home. And he'd noticed lately that his pants were beginning to fit just a little tighter around the waist than they should.

Robbins arrived home in the early morning hours from a New Year's Eve show in Evansville, Indiana. As he watched a football game on TV, a headache and mild stomach pains reminded him he'd overdone it again. He didn't know whether he felt bad because of the junk food he'd gulped down while on the road, or the New Year's dinner he was still digesting, or because he'd gotten little sleep the night before.

Gradually, the dull, gnawing pain

spread upward into his chest, and the headache developed into one of the worst he'd ever had in his life. "I thought my eyes were actually going to pop out of my head," Robbins says. When he took six aspirin and a prescription painkiller, the agony finally subsided. He shrugged off the incident and went back to following the football game.

Two days later he taped a performance for an NBC television show that was being produced in Nashville. But after another two days had passed, he again felt miserable. *What in the world did I eat to mess me up like this?* he wondered. Robbins finally called his doctor. After describing his symptoms over the phone, the singer was ordered to come in at once.

"It was really kind of embarrassing," Robbins admits. "I went on down to the doctor's, thinking he'd just give me a routine checkup. I was dressed in my blue jeans and cowboy boots and a big ol' straw cowboy hat. But as soon as I got there, he called an ambulance and made me lie down. The ambulance attendants put me on a stretcher and wheeled me right out past all the people in the waiting room."

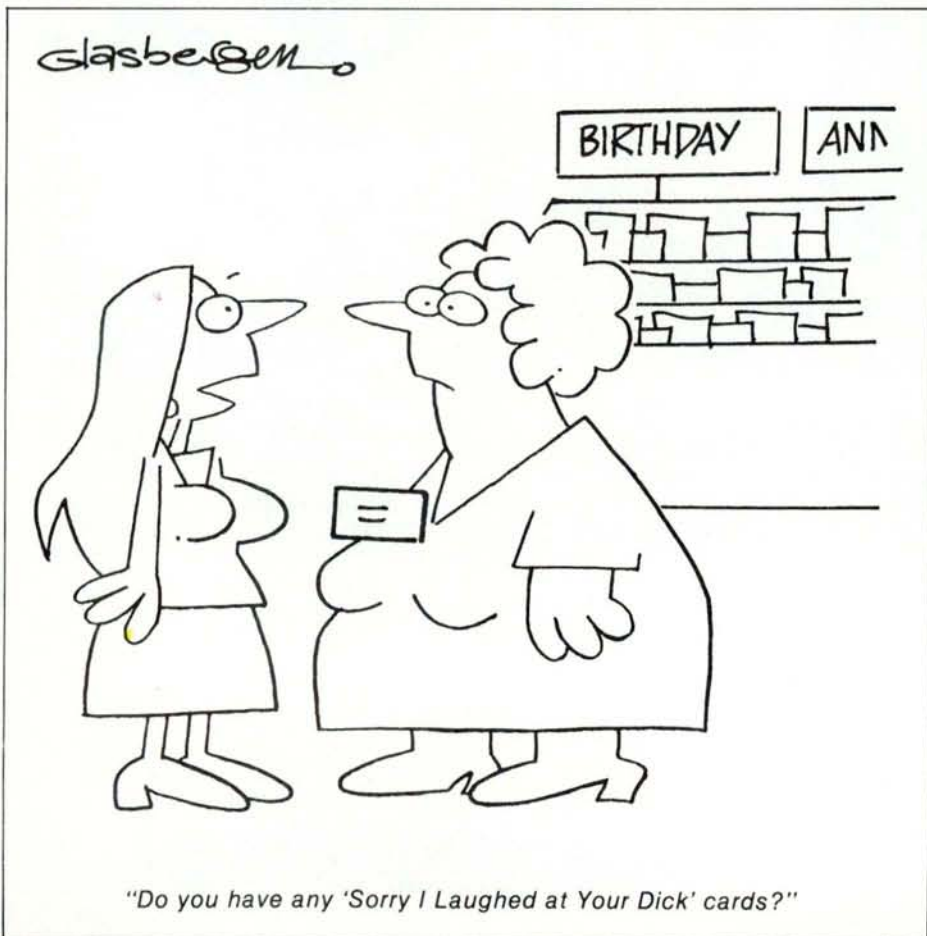
As happens to thousands of Americans every year, Robbins had suffered a heart attack without realizing it. A wave of anxiety and concern spread among his fans and friends as the news was released the next day. Robbins was ordered to suspend all activity for 60 days. No visitors were allowed. A hospital spokesman told reporters he might have to again undergo heart surgery. Beyond that, though, nobody was sure what the outlook would be for this energetic performer who'd already fought one long, hard battle with the same crippling and depressing disability.

A few weeks later, in the midst of his 60-day rest period, Robbins was lost in thought as he sat behind the large desk in his Nashville office. Nearby were shelves and display cases full of gold records, racing trophies and bound volumes on the Old West.

It had been determined there was no need for a second operation. Despite obvious frustration over his forced inactivity, Robbins seemed unusually calm.

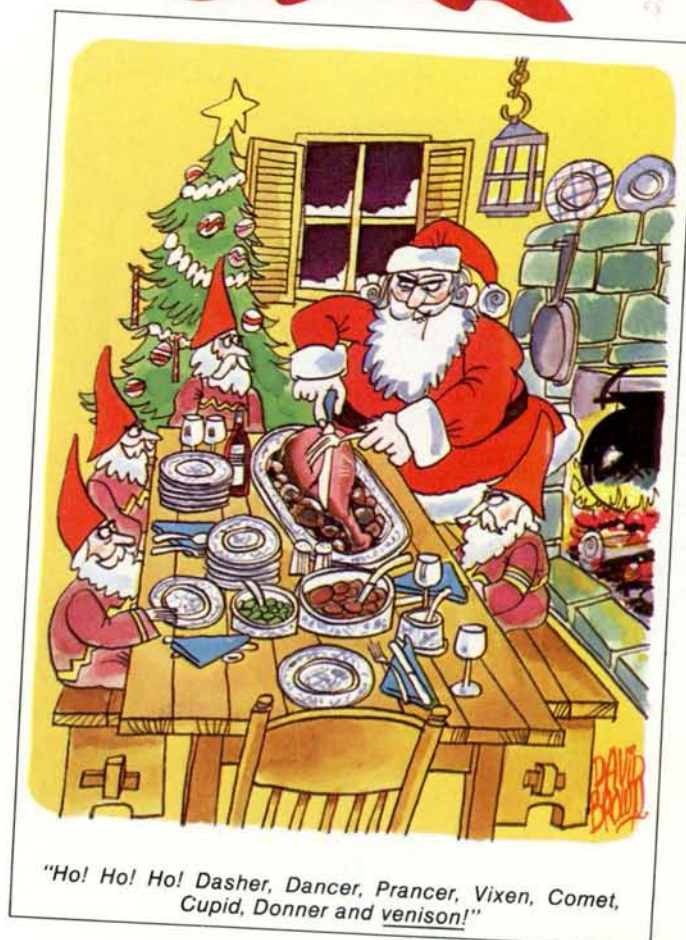
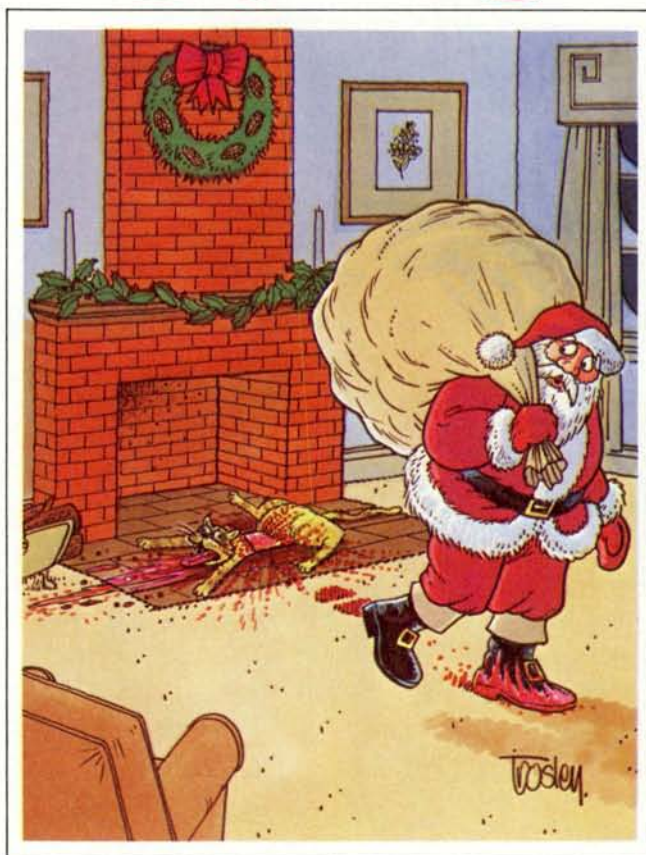
"I know a lot of things don't seem fair in life," he shrugged, speaking in soft, measured tones. "But it all depends on how you believe and how you accept life. I don't know why God lets me go on living, but He has. When I found out I wasn't going to have another operation, I was almost disappointed. The truth is, I've experienced death so many times, I

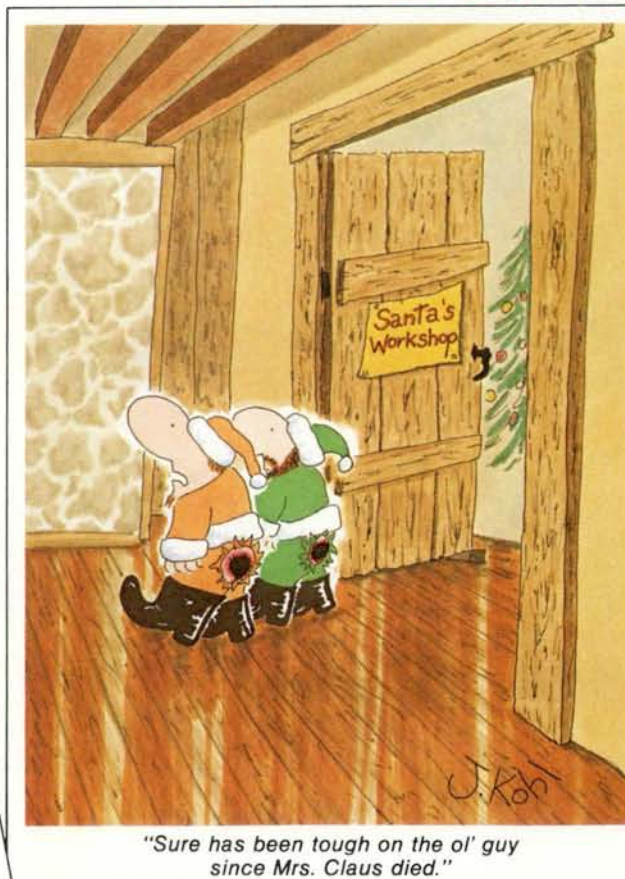
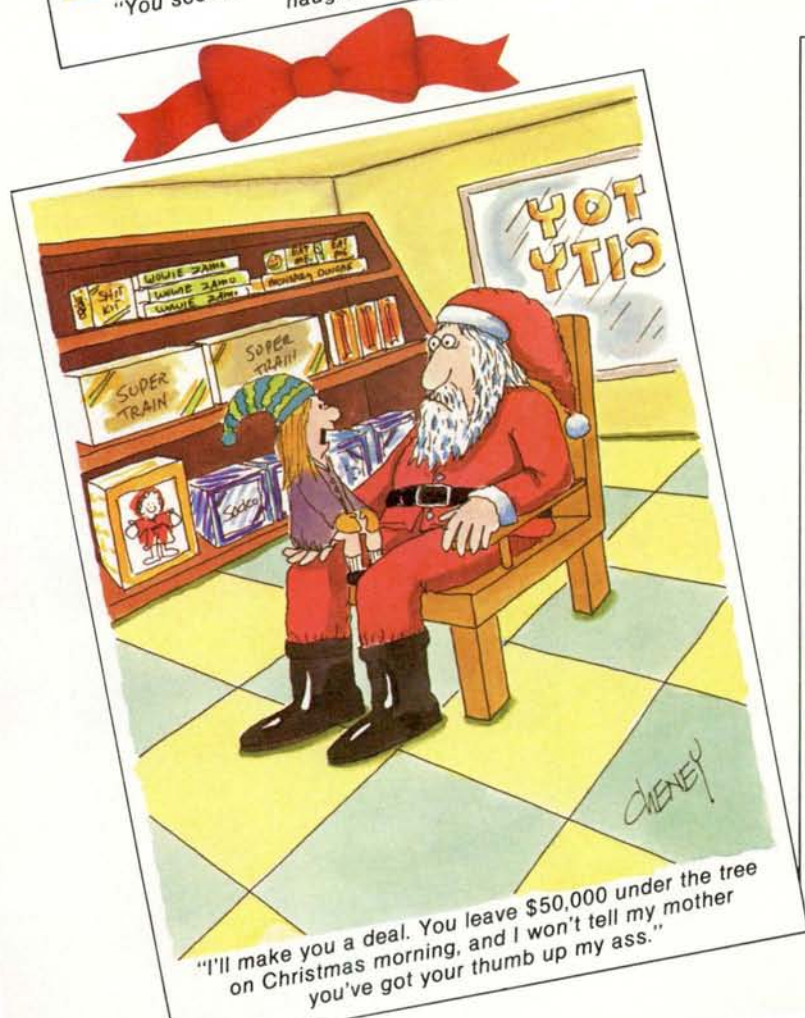
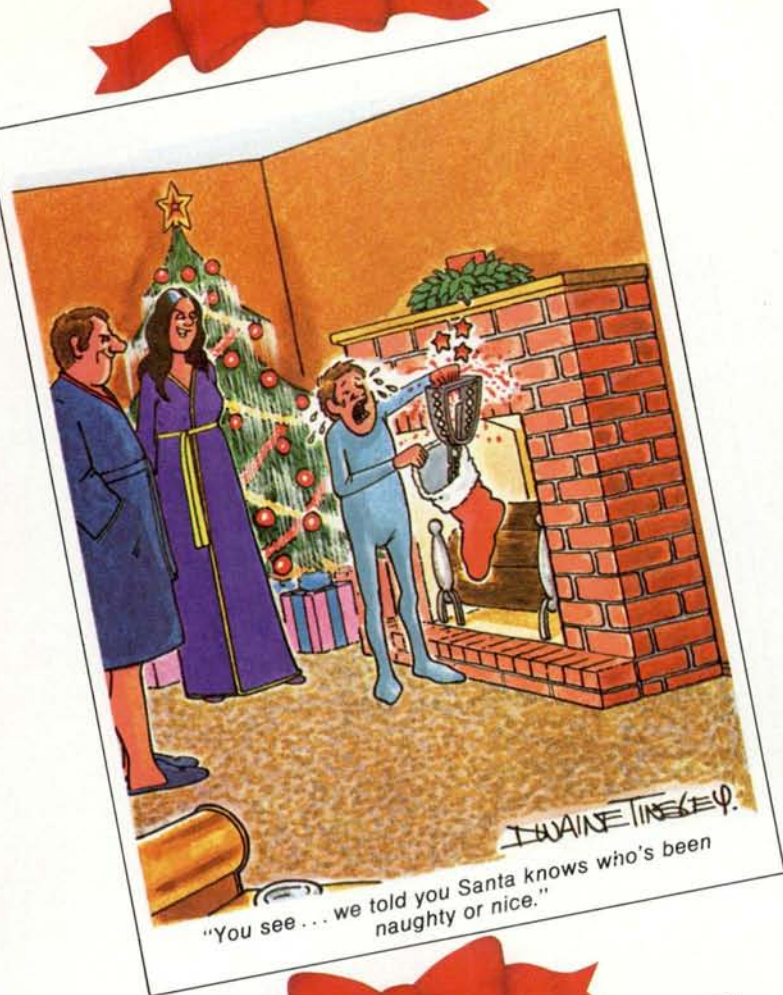
(continued on page 62)

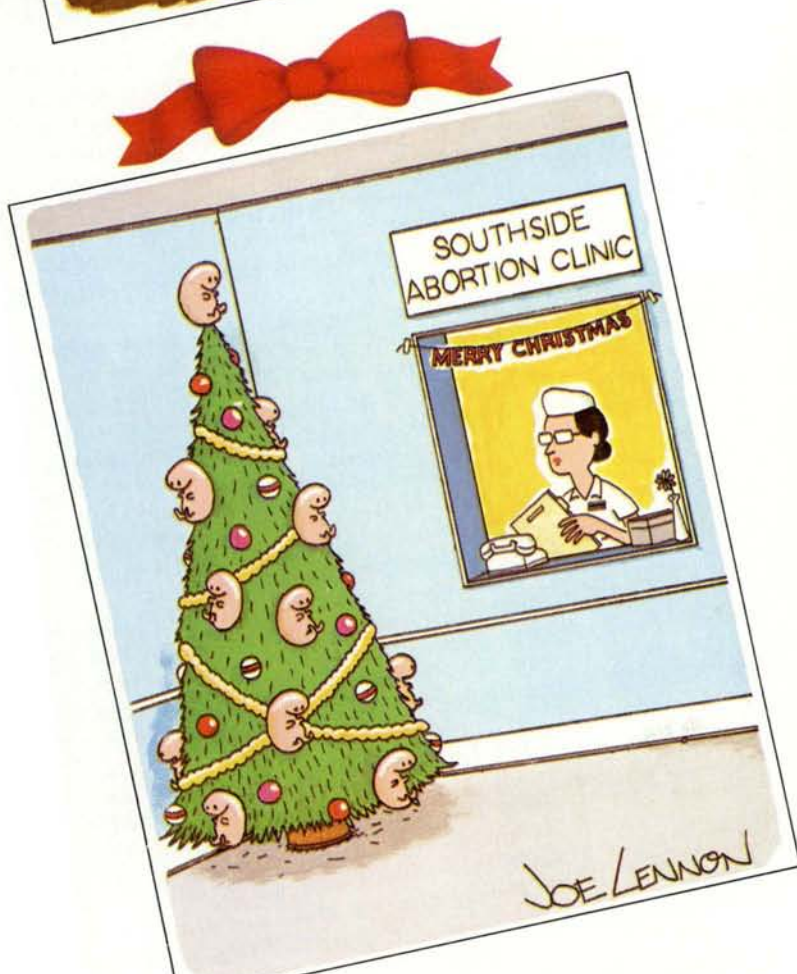


WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT CHRISTMAS?

"You better watch out / you better not cry / you better not pout / I'm telling you why / Santa Claus is dead." That may be the first sick Christmas humor you ever heard, but it won't be the last. Not as long as our cartoonists are allowed to play with sharp, pointed instruments. So enjoy this X-rated cure for your pre-Christmas blues. If Santa really knows who's been bad or good, we wouldn't suggest these mad doodlers hang anything larger than ankle socks over the fireplace.







PROFILE: MARTY ROBBINS

(continued from page 58)

should be dead. I've had wrecks at 187 miles an hour; I had the open-heart operation where I almost lost my life. But always, there has been just a fraction of a second when it all went through my mind, and I've always had time to say, 'Not yet, God!'

A thin smile crossed his face. "Sometimes it's nice if you can take a long time to pray—but other times, a quick prayer will do."

Outwardly, Robbins appeared to be as strong and healthy as ever. His brown eyes had a steely, penetrating sharpness to them. His skin showed a robust glow. His thick reddish-blond hair was swept back boldly over his high cheekbones and handlebar mustache.

The only flaw in his features was the long, crooked scar snaking jaggedly down his forehead to the bridge of his slightly flattened nose. Both the scar and the crooked nose are souvenirs of a mishap several years ago at the Charlotte Speedway in North Carolina, where he hit a wall at 150 mph. "It took 37 stitches and some plastic surgery to correct it," he explained. "I just never got around to going back for the last operation to get it finished."

As the afternoon wore on, Robbins

seemed oddly detached from the daily business routine around him. The jokes and lighthearted banter offered by his friends and long-time employees barely penetrated the cloud of unease and mild gloom hanging over him.

When someone asked if he'd watched Richard Petty's seventh career win at the nationally televised Daytona 500 stock-car race the Sunday before, he merely shook his head and walked down the hall. "No, I couldn't stand to watch it," he said softly. "I just wanted to be in it so bad."

Back at his desk, Robbins sipped a cup of warm water in place of the coffee he can no longer drink. His foot tapped restlessly on the floor, signaling his lingering frustration. Looking wistfully out the window, he had the air of a man with time hanging heavy on his hands. "Will I ever be glad to get going again," he sighed with a trace of dejection. "This is the longest I've ever had to stay off the road in nearly 30 years, except for my first heart attack."

He folded his hands tensely on the desktop stacked high with unopened get-well cards. "When I was in the hospital 11 years ago, right after my operation, that was about as close as I've ever come to giving up," he admitted. "I was on the fourth floor, and it would have been really simple to have dived

through the glass. I wanted to get out—just like I do now."

Several weeks later the day Marty Robbins has been so anxiously awaiting finally arrives. His bags are packed. Outside his office in the early-evening darkness a \$150,000 Silver Eagle touring bus idles, ready for the 650-mile journey to Saginaw, Michigan, for his first show in more than two months. Now in better spirits, Robbins is still uneasy. There'll be a lot riding on this appearance. "Saginaw's never been right for me," he murmurs. "Every time we're up there, there's always a blizzard or something. I've never worked for these promoters before either."

The results of his most recent heart X-rays show continuing recovery. But, Robbins realizes, if he tires too easily onstage, he might have to drastically rethink his future plans.

Now members of his band are kissing their wives goodbye and climbing sleepily onto the bus. The last to arrive is trumpeter Wayne Jackson. Carrying a half-empty fifth of Jack Daniel's and a couple of cans of beer, he sullenly staggers into the back compartment. "Wake me when we get to Saginaw!" he shouts, slamming the door closed.

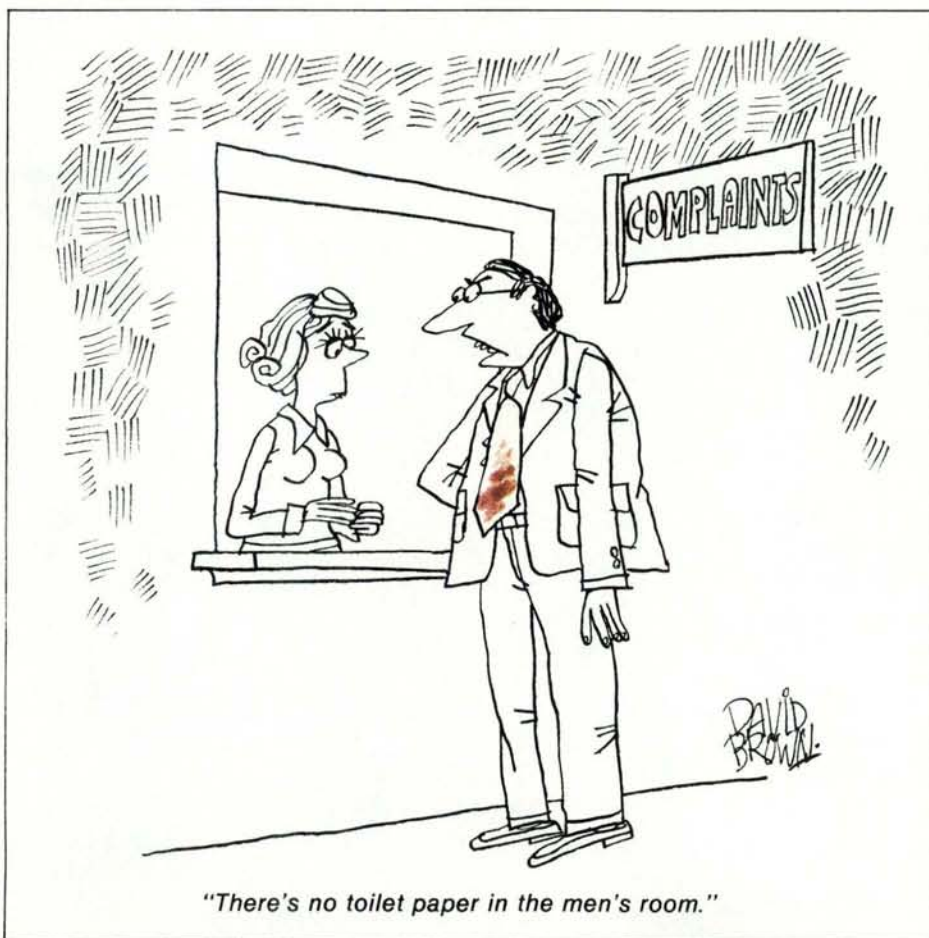
The Silver Eagle pulls out of Nashville and rolls northward across the interstate highways leading out of Tennessee and into Kentucky. The giant bus is equipped with all sorts of gadgets to make the endless hours on the road more enjoyable: coffee machine, microwave oven, stereo system, TV, videocassette recorder, nine bunks, and a refrigerator stocked with baked chicken, fresh fruit and vegetables and other items to enable Robbins to maintain his strict low-fat diet.

"C'mon, you guys, who's gonna help me pay my diesel bills?" he hollers, brandishing a worn deck of cards and a stack of 100 \$1 bills. For the next several hours Marty and his musicians play countless rounds of Match Your Hole (a variation of seven-card stud) and Guts (a form of five-card draw poker). The stack of dollar bills in the middle of the table grows larger with each hand.

During a break, Robbins looks longingly at a Snickers bar being munched by singer Don Winters. He settles instead for a raw carrot from the refrigerator. "One time we were in Toledo, Ohio, in the dead of winter, and I bet Don \$250 he wouldn't shave his head," Marty recalls. "He went out and did it. Weirdest-lookin' thing I ever saw. Reminded me of an ox. That's what we've called him ever since."

One by one, the musicians drop out

(continued on page 120)



**HOTEL
REGENCY**

**MOTOR
INN**

WELCOME
ARCHITECTS
& CONSTRUCTION
ENGINEERS
CONVENTION

ENTER
←

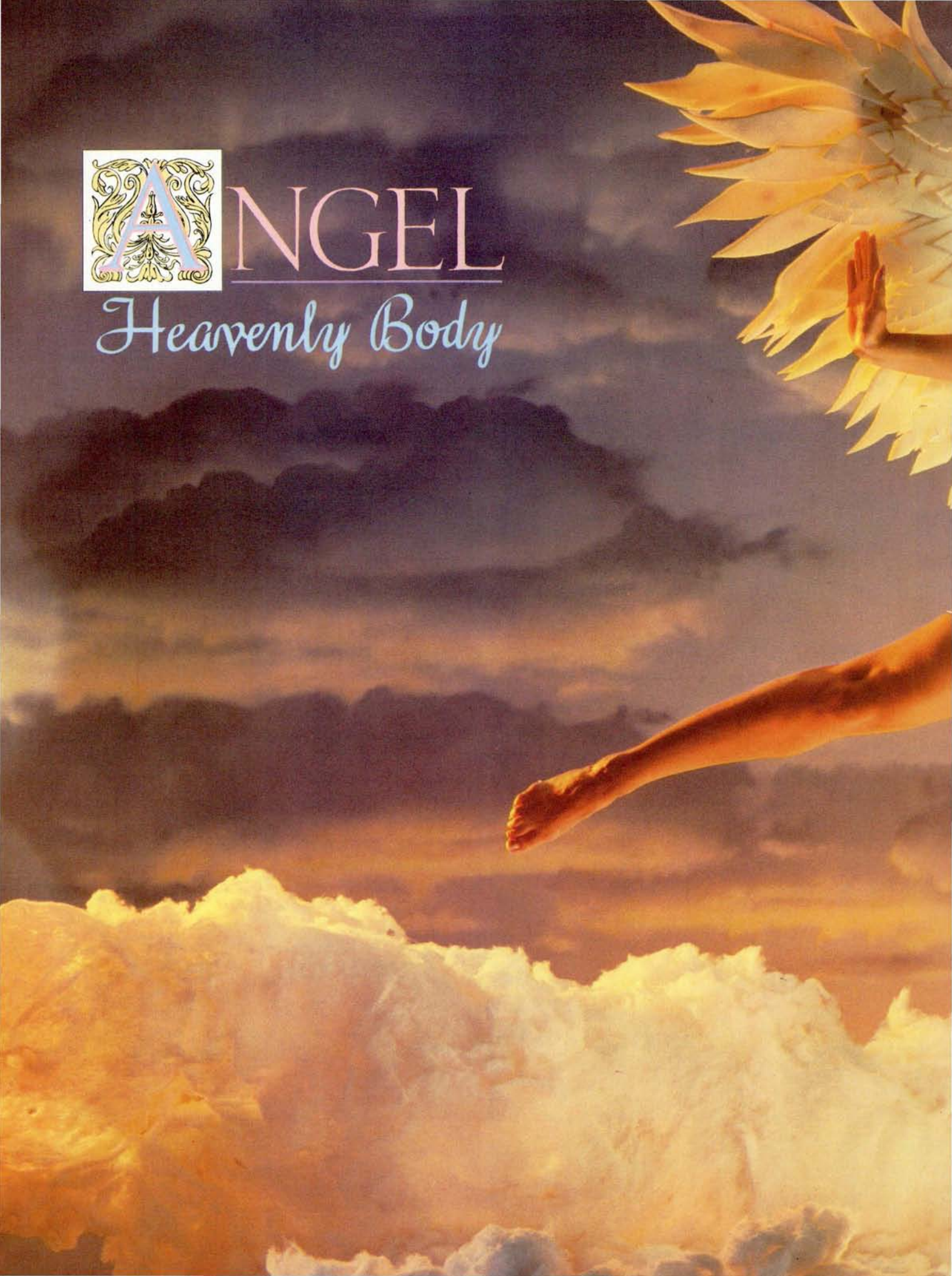
Collins





NGEL

Heavenly Body





Photography by Matti Klatt



IMPORTANT — TO
REMOVE LIFE-SIZE
POSTER WITHOUT
DAMAGE GRASP THE
ENTIRE 16-PAGE SEC-
TION AND YANK
STRAIGHT OUT!

















HUSTLER'S HONEY • JANUARY 1982



my holiday
wish is a
peace for
all mankind
Angel

Stan and Ralph were close buddies. Naturally, when Ralph got married, Stan was the best man. There was a big wedding and a reception with a polka band and lots of beer, liquor and food. Ralph was having a wonderful time getting drunk, when he began to miss his new bride. After looking all over, he staggered across the highway to their honeymoon motel room. Opening the door quietly, he saw Stan wildly fucking the bride.

Giggling, Ralph ran back to the reception and shouted, "Hey, everybody, you gotta come see Stan! He's so drunk, he thinks he's me!"

Question: How is a loose woman like a warm toilet seat?

Answer: It feels good, but you wonder who's been there before you.

A fellow stood on the curb and watched an unusual funeral procession go by. Leading the way were two black hearses followed by a man in a black suit with a large dog on a leash. Behind the man and dog were 11 other men marching single file.

The fellow got in step with the man walking the dog. "Who died?" he asked.

"My wife and mother-in-law," said the man in the black suit.

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry. How did it happen?"

"My dog killed them!"

"This one here?" asked the fellow, pointing to the canine trotting beside them.

"Yep," the man replied.

"Listen, do you mind if I borrow your dog?"

"Get in line," came the reply.

A call girl and a psychiatrist had just completed a session on the doctor's couch, but neither made a move to leave. The two of them sat quietly, simply looking at each other. Finally, and simultaneously, they broke the silence. "Fifty dollars, please!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *K-Y Jelly* as: penis butter.

One day out in the country, two women were strolling down the railroad tracks on their way to town. Before long, they came to a spot where a freight train had struck a horse. The railroad workers had cut up the animal to make it easier to remove the carcass from the tracks, and in their haste had left the horse's cock and balls behind.

The women stared at the mess when one of them spotted the cock. "Oh, Lila Mae," she shouted to her companion. "I do declare! The train done run over our minister!"

A young woman was having a physical examination and was very embarrassed because of a weight problem. As she removed her last bit of clothing, she blushed. "I'm so ashamed, Doctor," she said. "I guess I let myself go."

The physician was checking her eyes and ears. "Don't feel ashamed, miss. You don't look that bad."

"Do you really think so, Doctor?" she asked.

The doctor held a tongue depressor in front of her face and said, "Of course. Now just open your mouth and say moo."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *pimp* as: a nookie bookie.

Santa Claus came down the chimney, and to his surprise saw

a beautiful blonde lying on the sofa. Santa put the presents under the tree and was starting to leave when the young woman woke up. Seeing Santa, she began to untie the top of her baby-doll negligee and asked, "Wouldn't you like to stay with me tonight, Santa?"

Santa said, "Ho! Ho! Ho! Santa's got to go. Santa's got to deliver toys to all good girls and boys."

Then the blonde let the top of her negligee fall to the floor. As she stood there with only her lace panties on, she asked, "Wouldn't you like to stay with me tonight, Santa?"

Again Santa said, "Ho! Ho! Ho! Santa's got to go. Santa's got to deliver toys to all good girls and boys."

Finally, the blonde pulled off her panties, lay down on the couch and spread her legs. "Wouldn't you like to stay with me tonight, Santa?" she cooed.

And he replied, "Hey! Hey! Hey! Santa's got to stay! Santa can't get up the chimney with his dick this way!"

Question: Why do cowboys make lousy lovers?

Answer: Because they think eight seconds is a good ride.

One morning a little boy saw his naked father coming out of the bedroom, holding a rubber filled with cum. "What's that, Daddy?" the youngster asked.

Thinking fast, the man said, "Oh, I use these to kill rats."

"Wow, Daddy. What do you do, fuck 'em to death?!" the boy exclaimed.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054. If yours is selected, we'll send you \$50. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.

HUSTLER HUMOR



...and if you think
that's funny...

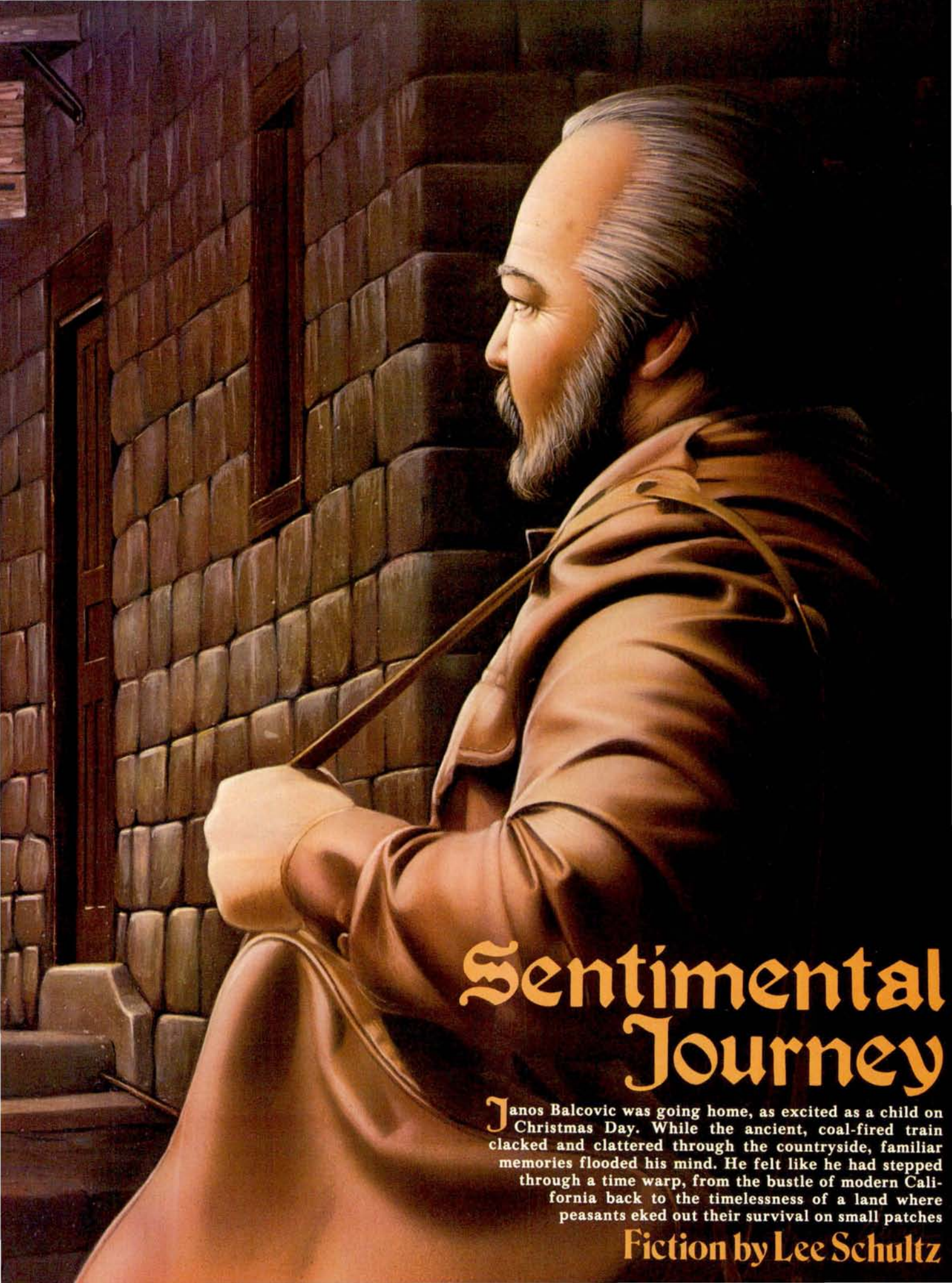
CHESTER & HESTER



"Oh, goody-goody! A box of your old, smelly drawers! Just what I wanted!"



Illustration by Pat Dunn



Sentimental Journey

Janos Balcovic was going home, as excited as a child on Christmas Day. While the ancient, coal-fired train clacked and clattered through the countryside, familiar memories flooded his mind. He felt like he had stepped through a time warp, from the bustle of modern California back to the timelessness of a land where peasants eked out their survival on small patches

Fiction by Lee Schultz

of earth, using oxen—or their own backs—instead of tractors.

Janos thought back to his village, a tiny mountain hamlet where, as a child, he had tended his father's goat herd, milked the frisky females, and helped make the fragrant cheese and tangy yogurt that were staple foods in his homeland. He faintly remembered his mother, Maria, a drab, worn-out woman who toiled from cock's crow to dusk, tending the little garden plot, coaxing scraggly vegetables from the rocky soil.

A frown flickered across his pudgy face as he recalled his father, Petros, a stern, humorless man who beat his son for the slightest misbehavior. When 15-year-old Janos had announced his intention to leave the village and seek his fortune, Petros had raged and fumed.

"You ingrate of a son!" he shouted. "How can you forsake your family?"

He had ultimately banished young Janos from his home, forbidding the youth to ever again show his face at the door. There was also the memory of his mother, weeping as she embraced her only son in farewell, thrusting his yellowed, creased baptismal certificate into his hand, whispering, "Never forget where you came from, my beloved."

Janos had worked for his passage to

America on a merchant ship. Years of struggle and backbreaking labor followed. While making the long, arduous climb up the ladder of success, he had diligently practiced his adopted language until he could speak it perfectly with no trace of accent. And eventually John Baker—he Americanized his name during the second year in his new land—had become a very rich man.

You've come a long way, baby, he thought to himself, patting his rotund middle as the train neared Zadar. His waistline was made even bulkier by a specially made money belt filled to capacity with wads of currency, both American and that of the Balkan nation whose borders he had crossed earlier in the day.

The belt also contained his prized possession, the only relic of his past he had retained—the baptismal certificate given to him nearly 30 years earlier. He had always kept the soiled, yellowed document near him as a symbol of what he was working for, his reason for the endless hours and the grinding toil. He had never forgotten his roots.

John Baker smiled happily as he pictured the forthcoming reception. "Janos!" his mother would shout in astonished joy at being reunited with the son

she never expected to see again. Even his father would welcome him, as soon as his greedy eyes fell upon the undreamed-of wealth John would present to him. He would shower his family with gifts and money and bask in their admiration and approval.

The man who was on his way home to share his fortune, to gloat, to parade his success in front of his father, bore no resemblance to the muscular lad who had left in disgrace. John Baker was pudgy—if not obese—from too much good food and drink, and from having others perform physical tasks for him, paying them with the flood of money that continually came his way. His red face was topped by a receding hairline showing strong traces of gray. The carefully groomed beard that covered his lower face—and extra chins—was almost silver.

He was dressed in an expensively tailored suit that fit his bulk perfectly, and soft, buttery leather boots caressed his feet. John Baker looked every bit the successful man he was.

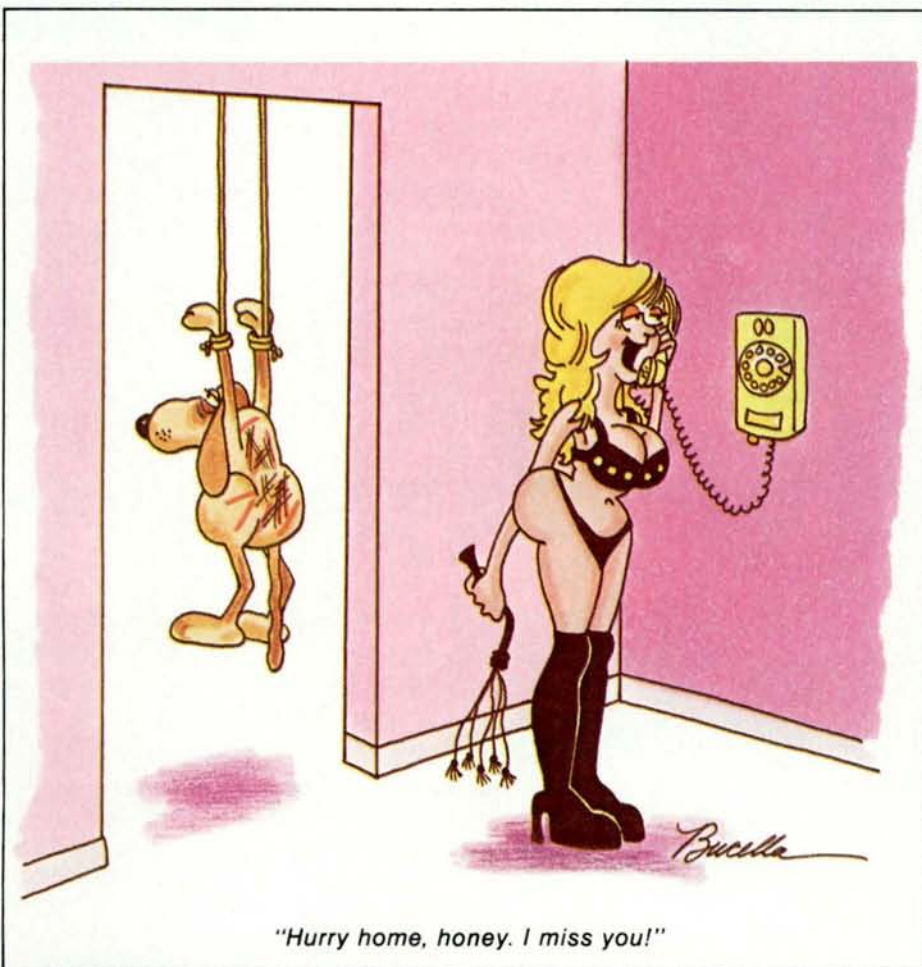
"Next stop, Zadar!" the conductor announced. The train slowed as it approached the town at the base of the mountain. With rising excitement, Baker peered through the soot-streaked window, trying to find a familiar landmark. Immediately, he recognized the hotel—more of a boardinghouse, really. But it had not changed a shingle since he had spent a night there on his way to America, exchanging his labor for a pallet in the storeroom and a meal of leftovers.

At the dingy railroad station, Baker stepped down from the car, and an elderly porter wheezed up to him—anticipating a goodly gratuity from the obviously prosperous stranger. The porter escorted Baker and his two leather valises half a block down the street to the hotel, depositing him in the care of the innkeepers.

"Much obliged," the porter murmured, gratefully accepting the bill handed to him. Shuffling away, he beamed at the equivalent of a week's wages he had just received as a tip.

The proprietors—a gnarled old woman accompanied by a cadaverous, stooped man who apparently was her husband—conducted their guest and his baggage up a creaking flight of stairs. Baker shuddered involuntarily as a huge yellow-spotted spider scuttled to shelter in a large crack where the stair met the warped wall. The carpet runner was frayed from the thousands of weary feet that had trod upon it throughout the years.

Baker wondered if the couple could





"Don't do this; don't do that. Boy, what a stick-in-the-mud!"

possibly be as old as they looked. Now they were shuffling along a dark, dreary hallway, the darkness not quite disguising the stained wallpaper and the worn path in the dark-wood floor.

"This is our best room," the old woman said, opening a door at the end of the hall. "For special guests only."

He tipped them generously with a flourish, enjoying the look of greed that flashed in their eyes as the woman snatched the bill from his hand and deposited it in the depths of her skirt.

Baker closed the door as they retreated into the hall, and then stood for a moment, surveying the tiny, shabby room. A yellow washbasin was set into one corner, rusty circles defacing its bowl. A small iron bedstead held a single-size mattress, and even the down quilt, the only real sign of comfort in the room, couldn't hide its lumps.

He sat gingerly, testing his weight, and the ancient springs squeaked in protest. Recalling the ugly spider on the stairs, he peered under the bed, searching for any uninvited guests lurking beneath. To his relief, all he saw was dust balls.

If this is their best, he wondered, what is their worst like? Shaking his head resignedly, he began to remove his clothing, intending to take a nap before dinner.

Out in the hall, the elderly woman crept soundlessly back to his door and bent to the keyhole. She watched as Baker removed his jacket and shirt, and nodded her head as what she saw confirmed her hunch. She straightened and hurried down the stairs.

After Baker awoke from his nap, refreshed and hungry, he dressed and went downstairs to ask for the name of a suitable place to eat. The closet-size lobby was deserted.

"Is there anyone here?!" he bellowed. There was no answer. Baker shrugged and walked outside, unaware of the eyes watching from a crack in the door of the innkeepers' apartment.

Oh, well, he thought, maybe I can find a good restaurant myself. Perhaps I'll be fortunate enough to also find the company of a woman.

For the past 15 years, John Baker had routinely traded money for love. For an hour, a day, a weekend, there was no shortage of beautiful, charming women willing to massage his ego, make him feel like a sexy, desirable man. In the back of his mind he knew it was pure professionalism on their part, but his cock didn't care. Even as he grew heavy, padding his frame with the softness of wealth, they treated him as they might have a film star—with respect, adoration and tenderness.

Baker knew why he avoided most women; the scathing attacks on his manhood by his former wives frightened him badly. But that didn't stop his blood from heating up or his desire from building to a head-splitting pitch. When that happened, it became almost a matter of self-preservation to seek out yet another professional with whom to forget, someone whose expert hands and mouth and body would bring the satisfaction he needed.

These women passed through his life like shadows, being seen briefly, then vanishing forever. Afterward, relaxed and confident in himself, he could attack his work with renewed energy, fighting off competitors who would willingly topple him from his perch.

Trudging along the grimy streets of Zadar, Baker realized that here he was just another ordinary man, although a distinctive one reeking of money. Maybe he could find a woman who would not laugh at his miniature cock, someone with whom he could share briefly his excitement about coming home.

He walked for a quarter of an hour before he found himself in front of a small tavern. Inside he adjusted his eyes to the gloom, noting with satisfaction that the bar was clean and tidy, if showing signs of deterioration. He approached the counter and signaled its sole occupant, who was polishing glasses and stacking them in a neat pyramid.

"Pardon me. Is it possible to obtain supper?" he asked in his native tongue, certain the man would not understand English.

"Of course," he replied in a friendly tone. "We haven't a large menu, but what we do have is prepared by my wife, the best cook in the valley."

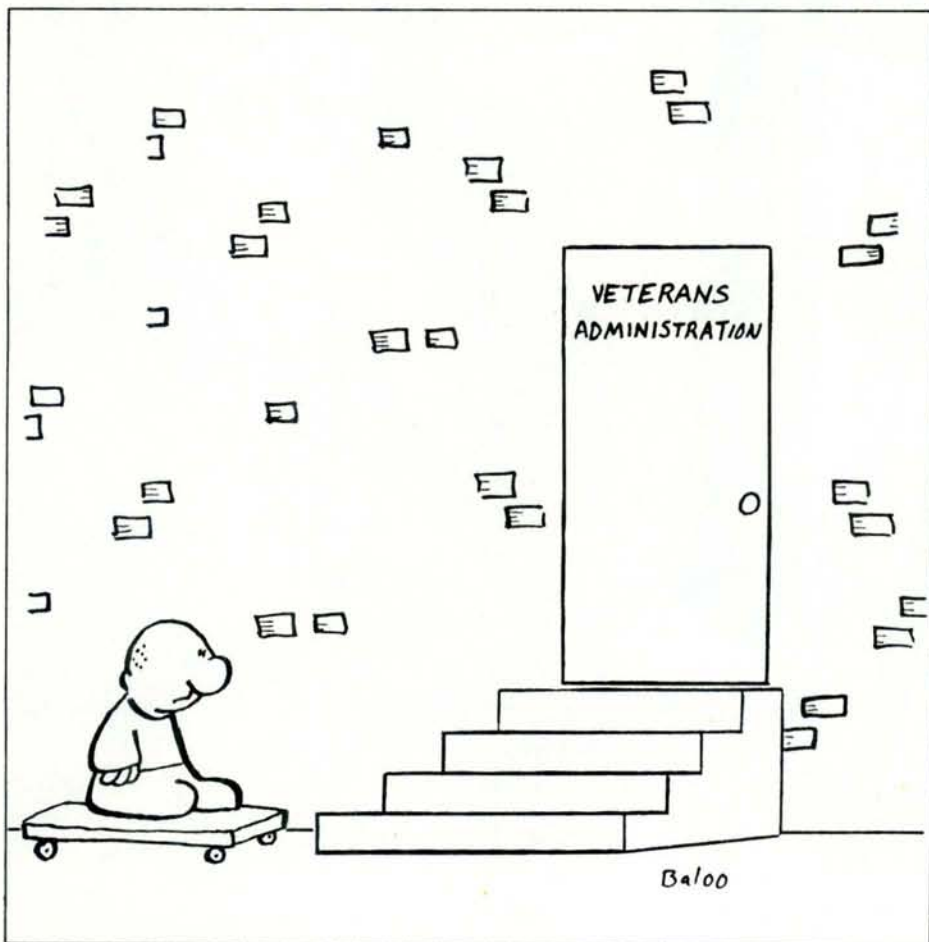
Baker settled on the lamb stew, whose savory aroma he detected wafting from the kitchen. He ordered a glass of the fine local brandy. It flowed over his tongue and down his throat like honey, warming him to the core, and he asked for another. By the time his meal arrived, he was on his fourth brandy, and on such good terms with the proprietor that he asked about the village from which he had come so many years before.

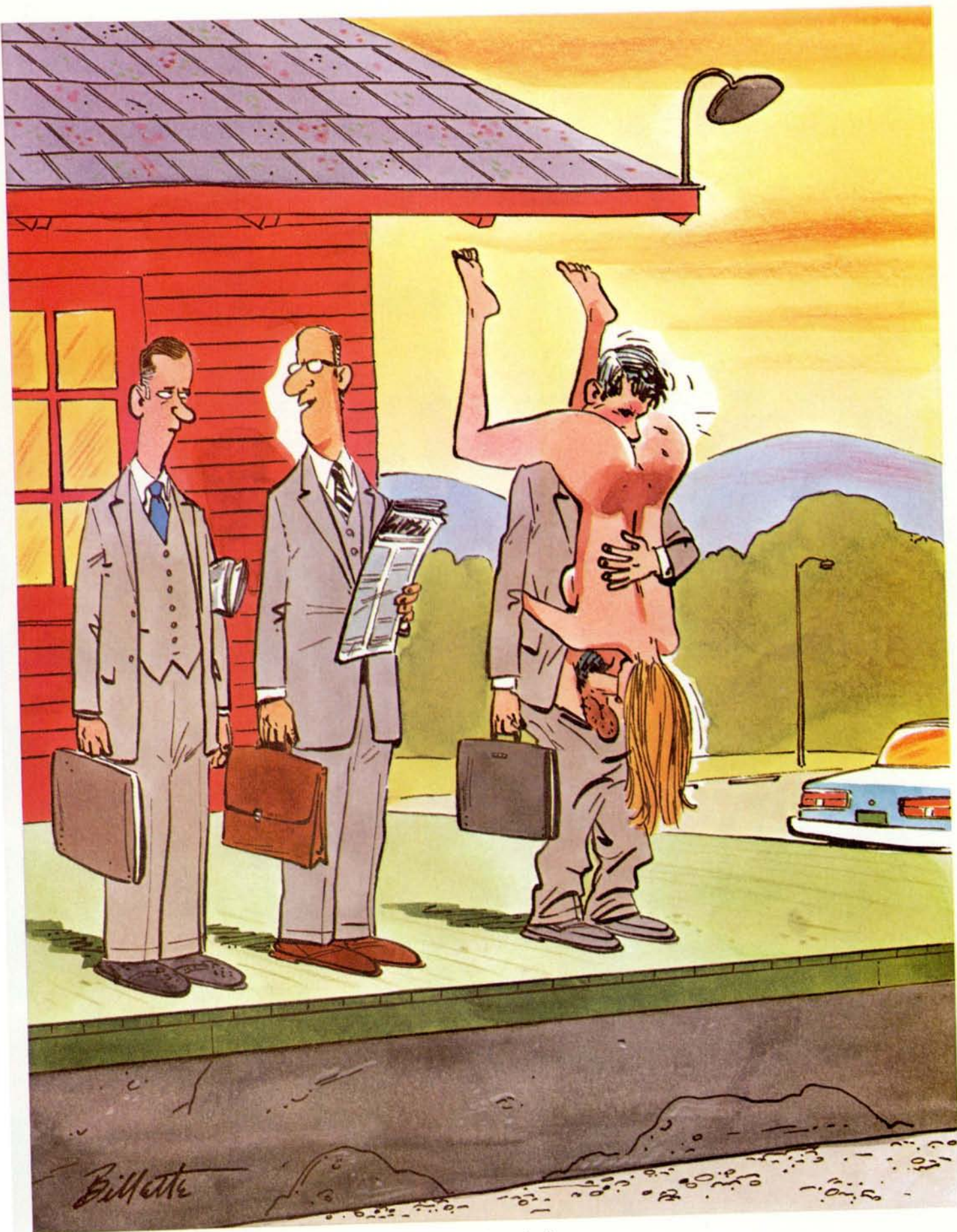
"Ah, yes," said the man, nodding, "the small one about halfway up the mountain. I remember going there as a youngster to buy a goat kid with my mother. A sad, sad thing." He shook his head sorrowfully.

"A sad thing?" Baker asked, frowning his brow. "What is this sad thing of which you speak?"

The man took a sip of the brandy poured for himself at his guest's insis-

(continued on page 102)





"Newlyweds."





Office
Party





R

on and Debbie found the office party too crowded; so they put the elevator on hold and moved their sexual romp away from the crowd. "Anyone in here going down?" giggled a girl in green as she was carried through the door, and in no time, inhibitions were shed, along with clothes. The small room echoed with the slurping and sucking of sexual lust brought on by holiday spirits. Then the police arrived. Angry at first, they soon joined in the general merrymaking as the six bodies writhed and wiggled in ecstasy. When the six new friends came in soul-satisfying release, the girl in the green sighed, "Now I *really* know what they mean when they sing, 'O Come All Ye Faithful.'"









YNT
ONS

HAPPY NEW YEAR
FROM
LARRY FLYNT
PUBLICATIONS





SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

(continued from page 90)

tence. "The village no longer exists. The war, you know."

Baker felt as if an iron fist had smashed into his soft belly, crushing the breath from his lungs and making his ears ring. He sat stunned, gaping at the man in shocked silence.

"But... but—" He could hardly choke out the words. "But I was told... they said... it had been spared any damage in the war." His voice squeaked like an adolescent's.

Encouraged by another brandy, the man continued. "During a ruthless search for members of the underground Resistance," he said, "enemy troops destroyed the village, burning it to the ground. Every living thing was shot, right down to the last chicken and house cat."

"Did anyone escape the slaughter?" Baker asked in stunned disbelief.

"Oh, yes, there were a few sympathizers who were forewarned and fled in advance of the troops. But no one knows who they were. There were no survivors to tell the tale, and those who lived have hidden their identities all these years."

Baker stared into his drink, as if searching for answers in its bronze-

colored swirlings. During the years in his adopted country he had kept track of his family through an acquaintance whose brother lived in Zadar. With great effort he lifted his eyes to meet those of the proprietor.

"What can you tell me of a man named Vladik? Rad Vladik. He was supposed to have lived here for many years."

The man snorted with disgust. "Vladik! That bastard! He was a traitor, a collaborator. He sold out our people to the enemy." He waved a hand in agitation, as if reliving the horrors of the war. "Many of the Resistance were slaughtered on information provided by that—that—whose's shit!" A grim smile spread over his face. "But he paid; oh, how he paid."

"He paid?"

"After the defeat of those swine, members of the Resistance strung him up in front of the church they used for their headquarters."

"He's dead?" The man's stunning revelations were overwhelming his mind. "When did this happen?" A sick feeling rose in his stomach; he already anticipated the answer.

"Three days after the war ended."

Baker closed his eyes, trying to blot out all those years of receiving Rad's so-called "reports" from Andros Vladik,

who accepted the money on behalf of his brother. All those thousands of dollars traded for information. All the lies.

Another shot of the exquisite brandy helped cool his anger. The proprietor went about his business as Baker brooded into his glass.

Stumbling back in the direction of the hotel several brandy-soaked hours later, Baker drunkenly cursed the twist of fate that had deprived him of the chance to celebrate his success. There were no villagers upon whom to bestow his generosity, to ooh and aah over the prodigal son returned home. No awe and admiration from the village children. No tearful welcome from his mother. No acknowledgment from his father, nor the long-anticipated apology for his misjudging the young Janos. They had been dead and turned to dust for all those years he had struggled to impress them.

By the time he reached the street where the hotel was located, he was sobbing openly, cursing the gods who had snatched this dream from his grasp. He had gone only a few more yards when a figure emerged from the shadows.

"Got a light, mister?" He judged the woman to be 28 or 29. Her fair hair appeared to have been freshly washed, and it cascaded down her back nearly to her waist. Reflected in the street lamp's light, her blue eyes appeared larger than they could possibly be. A small, well-shaped nose, a generous mouth and a square, determined chin added up to a pretty—no, an interesting face.

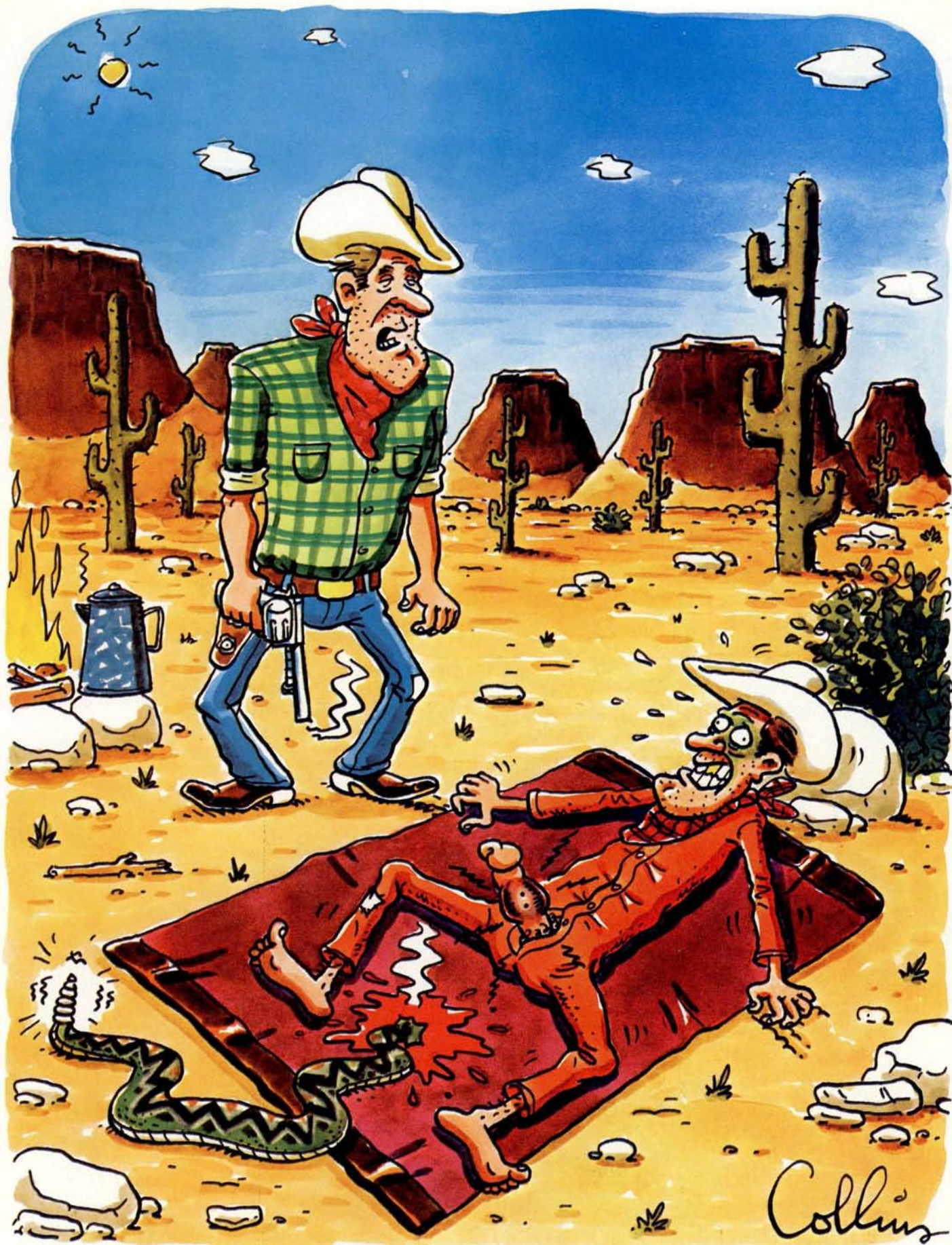
Baker's grief subsided, and suddenly he was overcome by hunger for the woman. Already his body was responding to her presence. He took out his initialed gold lighter and lighted her cigarette. She looked up at him through her eyebrows as she cupped her hand over his and inhaled deeply. Her soft touch had the desired effect, for his loins throbbed into heat. All he wanted now was to be with her, to bury his sorrow and disappointment inside her, to revive his strength through her.

"Shall we go to your place?" the woman whispered, putting her hand on his arm. He nodded, and the two crossed the street to the shabby hotel. She held his arm lightly, pressing her breast against it. Baker's head was buzzing from the combination of the liquor he had consumed and the woman's sensuality, which seemed to envelop him like a fine mist.

They climbed the worn stone stoop of the hotel, and he pushed open the creaking door, allowing her to enter first. As they walked up the aged staircase, two

(continued on page 112)





Collins

"Sorry, Tex, but there ain't no way in hell I'm gonna suck out the poison."



Shannon

Kind of Blue



"Blue's always been a turn-on color for me," says 20-year-old Shannon, who is an aspiring interior decorator from Kenosha, Wisconsin. "I've even fixed up a special 'blue fantasy' room, where I can relax and enjoy myself." HUSTLER watched as she sprawled across the lush blue velvet, allowing the slippery metallic strands of her dress to caress every soft, tasty part of her body. A smile appeared on her pouting lips as she gently rubbed and teased the furry valley between her succulent thighs, until she erupted at last in ecstasy.















THIS MONTH IN CHIC

JANUARY ISSUE ON SALE NOW



SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

(continued from page 102)

pairs of eyes glowed from the ajar door of the innkeepers' apartment. The only sound besides the quiet creaking of the steps was a suppressed chuckle.

Baker said nothing to the woman as they entered his "for special guests only" room. Shutting and bolting the door, he switched on the single bare electric bulb, which cast a dim, brownish glow. The woman sat on the sagging bed and removed her much-mended woolen coat, folding it carefully and hanging it over the iron bar at the foot of the bed.

"How much?" he asked, wanting to get the bargaining done so he could lose himself in her pleasures.

"One hundred dinar," she replied.

He took out his monogrammed kid-skin wallet and removed five times the amount, handing it to the woman. Her eyes widened as she accepted the money and slipped it into the pocket of the coat.

When she stood up and began to remove her blouse, Baker watched with growing excitement. She removed each item of clothing slowly and deliberately, folding the garments neatly and stacking them in a tidy pile on the bureau. For a woman of apparent experience, not exactly a youngster, she had a fine body. High, proud breasts, a tapering waist that flared to voluptuous hips, and long, shapely legs with just a hint of extra flesh inside the thighs. Baker stared hungrily at each new piece of bared flesh, until finally she stood in total nakedness, arms hanging at her sides. She looked steadily at him, watching his eyes as they traveled over her body.

"Well?" she asked.

Baker began to fumble with his shirt, his shaking fingers missing the buttons. She walked the few steps to him and without a word completed the task. As she was folding the shirt and laying it on the dresser, he suddenly remembered the money belt concealed underneath his trousers. He would have to get rid of her so he could hide his treasure; one could never be too cautious.

Baker held out his plush red-velvet robe and nodded toward the door; the woman seemed to understand. She slipped into the robe, running her hand over the smooth fabric, caressing it like a cat. Then she turned and left the room for the bathroom down the hall, leaving the door open a crack.

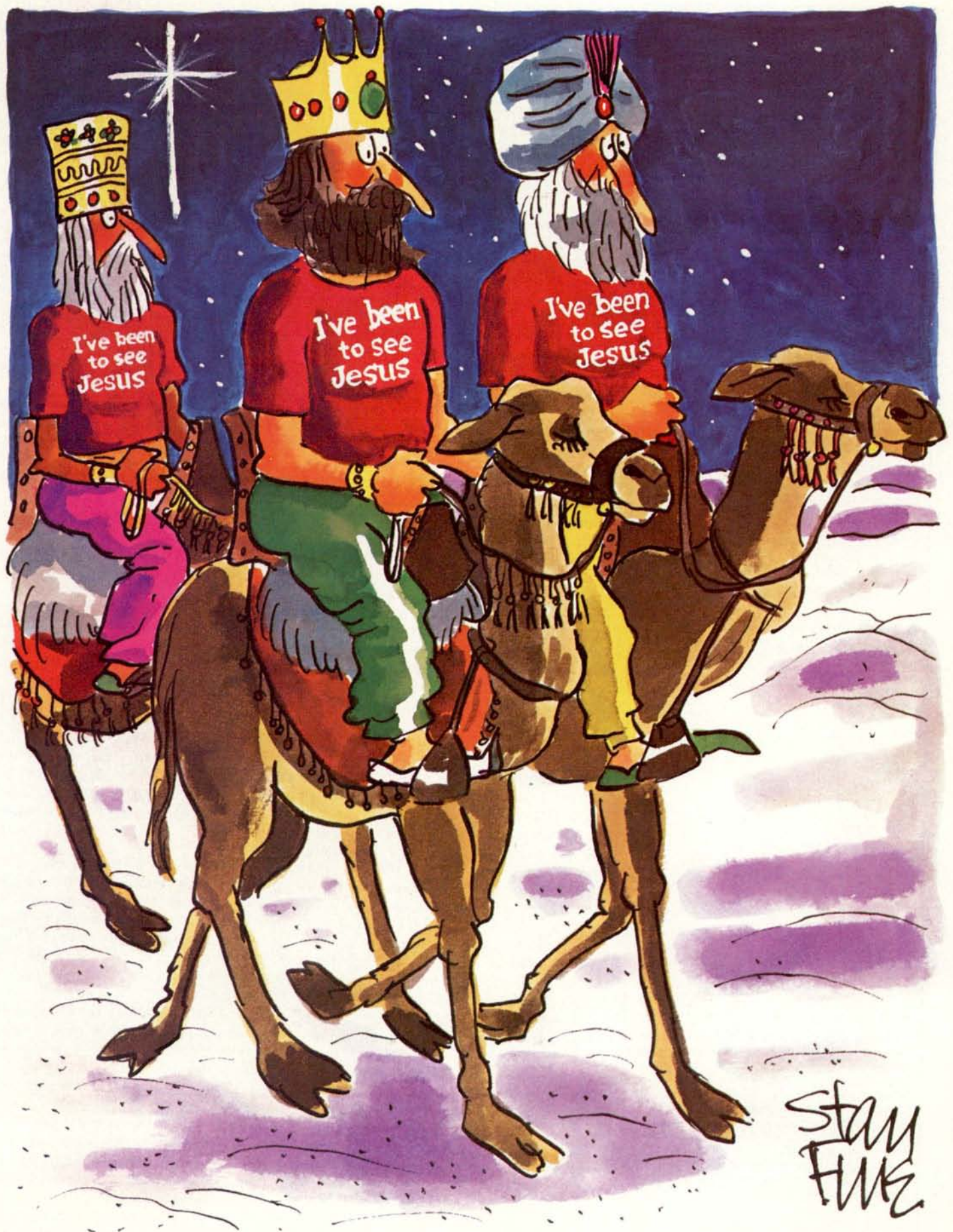
Baker waited for a moment before unbuckling the fat money belt and slipping it under a pillow. Satisfied the woman would not discover it there, he

ATHLETES' TIME BOMB—To be a top-notch performer in modern sports takes discipline, stamina, willpower and—according to coaches, team doctors and athletes themselves—drugs. The effects of such substances as anabolic steroids and amphetamines are obvious: bigger, stronger, quicker men and women. Yet severe injuries, mental illness and even deaths have occurred because being competitive requires ingesting a capsule or receiving a shot. Investigative reporter Gary Selden examines the controversy surrounding jocks and drugs in this intriguing and startling article.

UNDER SURVEILLANCE—She is young, attractive, independent—just the sort of girl the Park Slasher has been raping and murdering. By dressing skimpily and jogging alone at night, she almost seems to be setting herself up to be victimized. Indeed, someone *is* watching her. But is he out to offer protection, or does he want to add her to his list of prey? Lizze James offers suspense, terror and eroticism that nearly burns through the page in a spellbinding short story.

DR. IRENE KASSORLA: HOW TO TURN ON "NICE GIRLS"—The author of the best-selling book *Nice Girls Do* claims women can have literally *dozens* of orgasms in a single lovemaking session. She also says that most of us have been conditioned since childhood to fear and dislike our sexual organs and functions. In this candid conversation with freelance writer Marie Moneysmith, Kassorla tells how both men and women can free themselves from the shackles of a repressive past and enter a wonderful new world of sexual liberty.

PLUS—The wild and the weird in **ODDS & ENDS**, a mini-profile of a bare-all entrepreneur in **CLOSE-UP**, over-the-counter sex aids that can maim and kill in **SEX LIFE**, a passel of playful people in **CLASSIFIED FOR SWINGERS**, and our own lusty lineup of the most beautiful women in the world.



HUSTLER

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest—see page 115. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to:

☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

Model's Social Security Number

removed the rest of his clothes and got into bed. The springs protested faintly.

She came back after a short interval, carefully folding the robe and laying it on the dresser. Turning out the single bare bulb, she crept into bed. Baker trembled with anticipation as she molded her warm flesh against his bulky body. Already his cock was hot and hard with excitement. He reached for her and crushed her to his chest. It felt good to have a woman's softness next to him.

He began to kiss her neck, his hot breath moving the fine hairs at the base of her skull. He let his lips wander along the curve of her shoulder, exploring the satiny flesh under her arm, the hollow of her neck, and then the rich roundness of her fine breasts. He felt the hardness of one nipple against his cheek as he buried his face between the firm mounds. Passion shuddered through his body as he took the nipple between his lips and sucked gently. He felt her hand close around his proud, demanding penis, and she showed no sign of surprise at the smallness his former wives had ridiculed.

He thought he would burst as she slowly ran her thumbnail around it, probing the sensitive spots. His searching hand found her legs open to him, her secret places warm and damp and inviting. With a groan he lifted himself onto her and adjusted his bulk. She helped guide him, and with a sudden urgency he plunged into her cunt and felt her close around him, imprisoning him tightly in her warmth.

Panting now, he began to move his pelvis, wishing he were young and slim again. He slid easily back and forth, feeling her hips move to meet his thrusts, her breath quickening to match his as the tension in his balls increased. Now she was moaning passionately. Her head arched back against the pillow. Her breasts thrust upward against his chest. Her fingernails raked his back.

With a huge groan he pumped his juices into her, and she began to gasp a strange sobbing sound while her fingernails tore into his shoulders. Together they rode the wave of ecstasy until at last it receded like the tide, leaving them panting for breath, limp with sweat, sticky with loving.

She caressed his back tenderly, smoothing over the scratches her nails had made moments before. When his heart finally slowed its pounding, he rolled over and pressed against her, stroking her breasts with his free hand, embracing her with the other.

He did not speak; neither did she. Baker had completely forgotten she was a whore, bought and paid for. *At least*, he thought, *my journey has not been a waste*.

He was snoring softly as the woman slipped quietly from the bed with scarcely a sound from the ancient springs. She quickly dressed and then tiptoed to the door, carefully unbolting it.

"Mama?" she whispered into the hallway.

The crone and her aged husband crept stealthily into the wealthy traveler's room.

"He's asleep. I did what you told me. The money is under the pillow."

"You did well, Magda," she replied, patting her daughter's arm. The old man approached the bed silently with a large, wedge-shaped kitchen knife in one hand. He cautiously slipped the other hand under the pillow cradling Baker's head, tentatively touching the leather money belt with his thumb and index finger.

He stiffened for a moment, raising the knife as Baker twitched and snorted in his sleep. When Baker's breathing settled back into a regular rhythm, the old man lowered the weapon and began tugging at the belt.

Suddenly, Baker's eyes fluttered open, and a cry of alarm started deep in his throat. With incredible speed for one so aged, the man quickly plunged the rusty, chipped knife deep into the victim's chest. Spurts of blood spilled onto the stained sheets. A look of shock and surprise crossed Baker's face. His body tensed and then abruptly went limp as the light extinguished in his eyes.

"What did you do that for, you fool?!" the old woman hissed. "Now we've got to find somewhere to put him!"

"Shut up, woman!" rasped her husband, pulling the fat belt from the pillowcase. "We put him in the alley. Everyone knows it is a place where thieves lurk."

Minutes later, in their tiny, cold apartment, the couple cackled with glee as they counted out more money than they had seen in their entire lives. Magda leaned idly against the wall, watching with greedy eyes as each new stack of currency was removed from its zippered hiding place.

"What's this?" asked the crone, puzzling at a piece of ragged yellow paper she found folded inside a white-silk handkerchief.

And then the room reverberated with agonizing shrieks from the very depths of the old woman's soul. In her trembling fingers Maria Balcovic held the very baptismal certificate she had given to her son nearly 30 years earlier. Her body convulsed, and tears dribbled down her sunken cheeks as she sobbed uncontrollably, grieving for her beloved Janos lying dead in the alley.

Beaver Hunt

'Tis the season to be jolly and join in the holiday cheer. So why not sing Christmas carols, break out the eggnog and snap a festive color photo of your favorite Beaver? HUSTLER will stuff your stocking with \$50 if the picture is printed. Plus there's always the chance your Beaver will be selected for a photo-feature at professional-model's rates. All submissions

become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Be sure to use the model release on the opposite page, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Harry Malahowski



Debbie, 24, a medical technician, likes to raise men's temperatures by flashing her beaver. The Rosemont, Illinois, resident wants to make love with as many men as possible and be a HUSTLER Honey centerfold.

Photo by Friend



Twenty-eight-year-old Patricia Rowland is a Lafayette, Indiana, housewife who likes to boogie. Her sexual fantasies are "everything."

Photo by Dennis Julian



Sucking cock is the primary interest of Judy Sallee, 28, of Modesto, California. This housewife would like to double her pleasure by screwing two men at once.



Paula, 18, of Akron, Ohio, is a cashier who'd love to pose for a HUSTLER centerfold. Her hobbies are lifting weights and riding motorcycles.

Photo by Andy Mathis



P. J., 18, is a full-time student from the Deep South. She spends her time thinking about making love with her boyfriend on a moonlit beach.

Photo by Jerry Sallee

Photo by Uncle John



Savage the Stud likes to watch football games and sniff out pussy. He'd love to show his team spirit by nailing a four-legged bitch while the Oakland Raiders cheer him on.

Frankie from Fridley, Minnesota, is an 18-year-old artist. She collects Elvis Presley memorabilia, and dreams about appearing in a HUSTLER photo-feature.



Photo by Boyfriend

Photo by Jerry



Housewife Jeanie fantasizes about making love on the beach with a well-hung, tanned, broad-shouldered stranger. This 33-year-old resident of Fort Walton Beach, Florida, enjoys waterskiing, tennis and ceramics.



Photo by Don



Spartanburg, South Carolina, is home to Nancy, a 20-year-old housewife. Whether sunbathing, swimming or playing tennis, she fantasizes about getting it on with three men as her husband watches.



To grace the pages of HUSTLER in an erotic photo-spread would fulfill the dream of Teri B., a 20-year-old homemaker from Macclenny, Florida. Her hobbies include sunbathing, sex and flashing truckers and hitchhikers.

Photo by Husband



Housewife Laura of El Paso, Texas, is 20. Her hobbies include art, gymnastics and swimming, and she fantasizes about making love in the water.

Photo by Husband

One for the Ladies

Photo by E.V.



Swimming and skydiving are hobbies of Rob Baron, 34, of Tucson, Arizona. Rob's a sales representative who fantasizes about riding his bike stark naked. Mister Godiva!

Twenty-six-year-old Karen of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is a secretary who enjoys tennis, dancing and motorcycling. She dreams about getting laid on a warm, sandy beach.



Photo by Mike

Photo by Dick Turner



C. S., 22, a bilingual secretary from Staten Island, New York, is a swimming buff. Her fantasy is to fuck in the ocean or the rain.



NEW

AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING VIBRATOR

If you've been wondering what those unemployed, space-age engineers have been up to lately, here's the answer. They've brought their lunar landing techniques to the world of sensual pleasure and given us the amazing new Hot Stud... the greatest advance in sexual aids since the invention of the battery.

You'll be a space pilot of pleasure. The control console you see pictured at the left is the operations center of this remarkable new vibrator. Just by sliding the control levers in the appropriate directions, you can adjust each of the exciting functions of your new Hot Stud.

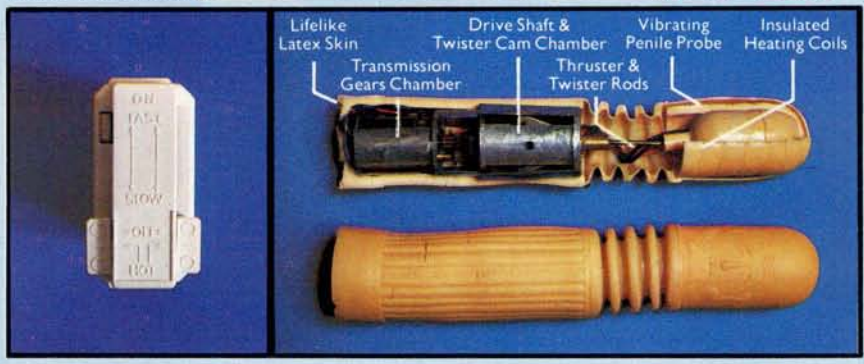
The most erotic feature is its soothing heat control - that's right, the tip of your Hot Stud gets warm even before you touch it to her sensitive, secret parts. The effect is overwhelming for even the most experienced sensualist you know. And if you want to see the look of unexpected and joyous delight, just watch what happens to her face as you plunge it deeper and deeper into a greedy and moist vagina.

It thrusts - yes, the accordion folds just behind the head of this scientific breakthrough let your Hot Stud thrust in and out, in

and out, just like the real thing. It probes all her secret places and, what's more, the head doesn't just stay in a fixed position. While the thrusters are hard at work, the twister rods, controlled by specially designed cams, are rotating round-and-round, finding new erogenous zones she never knew she had. And all the time it's vibrating - from a gentle buzz to a mind-bending throb - and the vibration control lets you set the pace, from slow to fast, teasing and tantalizing her to create a fever pitch of passion and an explosion of orgasmic delight.

Our Unusual and Unique Guarantee
If the Hot Stud isn't everything we say it is, if you and your increasing number of personal admirers aren't totally delighted and thrilled with what the Hot Stud can do for your personal sexual satisfaction, just return it in 14 days for a prompt, complete refund.

Just \$29.95 plus \$2.00 postage & handling



If coupon is removed please send \$29.95 plus \$2.00 for postage & handling to: Valentine Products, Inc., 175 Fulton Ave., Hempstead, N.Y. 11550

Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. HT284
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022

I've enclosed my check or money order for \$29.95 plus \$2.00 for postage and handling. Please rush my Hot Stud to me immediately. I understand that if we are not delighted with the hot results I can return Hot Stud to you for a complete refund, no questions asked. (CODE 845)

Name _____ Signature _____
(I am over 18 yrs. old. Sign as on credit card)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Bank Americard (Visa) ☐ Master Charge

Interbank _____ Exp. Date _____ Mo. _____ Yr. _____

Canadian residents send orders to: Valentine Products, Inc., P.O. Box 4077, Postal Station "A" Toronto M5W2A6.

FREE GIFT

If you order now. Send your order in now and we'll send you - absolutely free - a full-color catalog of the latest in sexual aids and devices from around the world. It's a \$2.60 value and it's yours to keep... FREE.

PROFILE: MARTY ROBBINS

(continued from page 62)

of the game and head off to catch a few hours' sleep. Alone again, Robbins becomes quiet and reflective. He takes two of the mild sedatives a doctor has prescribed for his chronic insomnia. Then he pulls his Martin guitar out of a luggage compartment and sits strumming softly, staring through the misted windows at the dark Indiana countryside rushing silently by.

"Tonight is going to show me a lot about what I can do," he says softly, his brow furrowing in mild concern. "I guess this is the longest I've gone without singing since I was a kid. So I really don't know how it's going to go."

When Robbins finally lies down in his bunk to try to shake his lingering insomnia, light snow flurries whip past the windows, and the first fingers of a gray dawn reveal themselves over the desolate landscape.

Considering all the energy and style he brings to performing, along with the importance they've come to play in his life and emotional well-being, there is very little in Marty Robbins' early life to suggest he would one day distinguish himself as an entertainer. Martin David Robinson (his given name) was born in 1925, amid the dust and scorching heat of the desert near the small town of Glendale, Arizona. There were nine children in the family, counting half sisters and half brothers. Almost from the start, the cards seemed stacked against Marty's ever escaping the grim poverty and obscurity he'd known as a child.

Robbins' mother was of mixed European, Paiute Indian and Mexican ancestry. His father, a first-generation American born to Polish immigrants, was an itinerant worker. When he went too long between jobs, the family would often live in a tent and go without meals.

"We were about as poor as you could get," Robbins recalls. "I know what it's like to be laughed at because your shoes don't have soles on them."

When Marty was 12, his parents separated, and he moved to Glendale with his mother, who supported the family by taking in neighbors' laundry. There was no love lost in the wake of his father's departure.

"I never was one of his favorites," Robbins says. "He had a bad temper, and he'd whip me for nothin'. One time he got after me for somethin', chased me and threw a hammer at me like a tomahawk. I stopped, picked it up and

(continued on page 140)

I guess I'm just like a lot of young, single, average-looking guys—constantly horny. I must spend about 23 hours of every day thinking or dreaming about women, and yet the harder I try to score, the less luck I seem to have.

I can't spend *all* my time hanging around expensive discos and other places a guy might meet foxes. For one thing, I've got to earn a living. Right now I'm only a menial clerk without a college degree. That leads to my other problem: Who has the *money* to hang around clubs all the time, buying drinks and impressing likely targets by wearing flashy clothes and driving a fancy car?

Still, I do the best I can with what I've got. Mostly I spend a lot of time riding buses and looking up girls' crotches—and then pretending I'm not. But a few weeks ago a guy in a bar gave me a tip that makes me think things are about to improve.

Sometimes I go to this tavern to unwind after ogling the tits and ass on the street. It's a friendly place with a predominately male clientele. A friend of mine mentioned there was an exhibit of erotic sculpture at the local museum. The way he saw it, since only erotically minded people would visit such a show, it would be a great pickup spot.

That Saturday, I put on a clean pair of jeans and a fresh shirt and caught a bus to the museum. My buddy had been right. The exhibit was so crowded, I could hardly get in. So I decided to wander over to a permanent collection of Impressionist paintings.

I stood in front of a picture of some ballet dancers by Degas for about 15 seconds before I was joined by an absolute knockout with shoulder-length brown hair. I glanced her way and smiled. She returned my glance and smiled back. We both looked back at the painting. "I really admire the way he

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



MUSEUM PIECE

by Chuck Fenner

handles color and form," I said, not having the slightest idea of what I was talking about, but repeating some BS lines my pal had suggested.

"Very sensuous," my fellow culture vulture replied. Now, cruising singles bars has taught me one thing: *Sensuous* is a code word used by classy broads who love to fuck. They can't bring themselves to use more earthy terminology, but they're dying to give you the signal anyway.

As I turned and took her all in—the chocolate-brown eyes, the high, rounded titties beneath a sweater as tight as her skirt, the legs so smooth and perfect that she didn't need stockings—I had

the strangest thought. What if women like this come there for the same reason I did—deliberately, to get laid? I could tell by the glimmer in the girl's eyes that she didn't know any more about art than I did.

Who cares? I decided. I asked her name—Stacy—and soon we were strolling lazily from picture to picture, yakking away like a couple of long-lost friends. When Stacy put her arm in mine, and my elbow pressed against her firm, braless tit, I knew I was rounding second base and heading for third. The two of us agreed to have something to drink in the museum's basement cafe.

Over coffee, things went really well. Stacy laughed and giggled over almost everything I said, which made the small, hard points of her nipples wiggle tantalizingly beneath her sweater. She was quick-witted and curious, full of questions and chatter, and at first my only problem was wondering why I'd never thought of this ploy before. If you want to find class, you go where class hangs out. All the suspicion and resistance that girls seem to throw at you in bars never arises in such a high-brow joint.

Speaking of joints, I was beginning to think ahead to the moment I'd be showing Stacy mine. Not having a car worried me a little though.

Would she want to ride over to my place on a crowded bus? Fuck no—who would? Did she live close enough so we could walk there and screw?

I seemed to have my answer when Stacy announced that what she really wanted to do was go back and browse through the museum some more.

She clasped my hand in hers. As we left the cafe, our arms were around each other's waists. And then, as we reached a deserted, dimly lit hallway, she surprised me by pressing her lips abruptly against mine. Soon our tongues were struggling hungrily. I thrust my hands under her sweater and grabbed both her tits at once, squeezing each

nipple between my thumb and forefinger as my palms pressed her flesh.

She was holding back nothing, and in less than a minute we were gasping for air and pawing each other like a couple of animals. Her hand was in the crotch of my jeans—groping for the outline of my hardening prick—and her breath was coming in hot spurts. After I pulled her skirt up and grabbed for her panties, she spread her knees wider to give me access. Stacy pressed her cunt against my hand as she bit at my lips and earlobes. I stroked her slit with my middle finger, then worked the nylon aside so I could feel her wet clit.

Rough, throaty growls were coming from her lips as she struggled away from my finger and pressed my shoulders back with her hands. She began to unbuckle my belt to get my cock free, but then her head turned this way and that. She took me by the hand, and we hurried down the hallway. At the far end there was a phone booth beneath a stairway.

Stacy lost no time cramming herself inside and pulling me in after her. I searched for her mouth with mine in the half-darkness and pulled her sweater up, releasing her lemon-shaped breasts. She yanked her panties down and off and then went to work on my blue jeans.

When she had my jeans and underwear down at my knees and my stiff shaft pointed at her like a pistol, she eased back into the corner and pulled her skirt up above her waist. I moved forward, and as Stacy pressed against the walls of the booth—her smooth thighs spread as far as they would go—I guided my prick toward her cunt.

"Oh, baby," Stacy whispered, wrapping her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist to get a better angle. "Give it to me! Give me your cock good and hard!"

Without delay, I slid into her hot, juicy lovebox and began banging away like this was the final fuck of my life. I slammed my full length into her again and again, and the harder I pounded, the more she seemed to like it. Her fingernails were digging into my skin now, and we were shaking and rocking the booth so much, I was afraid for a second it might tip over.

Her mouth was on my ears, my cheeks, my lips as she struggled frantically to meet my thrusts with the pressure of her hips. Her fingers gripped my hair, and her eyes closed tightly as I slammed one last time into the deepest reaches of her slick, quivering heat. Stacy lost all control as I came inside her, and she began to moan and shud-

der and twitch in a sort of wild convulsion.

It was such a great fuck, it left us both gasping for breath like a pair of marathon runners at the finish line. I leaned against her in total exhaustion, pinning her into the corner. She slid off my cock and tried to pump the last drop of jism out with her hand. Then she took some tissues from her purse and wiped off her cunt with one wad and my prick with another.

She was going to carry the goop-soaked wads away and look for a receptacle down the hall, but I suggested we leave them there on the floor as a signal to others that here was a fantastic place to screw.

We somehow managed to get our wobbly knees coordinated enough to pull our clothes back on, then stumbled upstairs to the museum lobby, arm in arm. We exchanged phone numbers before going our separate ways with a long, passionate kiss. To be honest, though, I really doubt I'll call Stacy. I figure classy broads who haunt museums looking for action are more than happy with one-shots. Besides, I've got another great idea.

Can you imagine the kind of fox I'll meet hanging around the Indian exhibit—with all those bearskin rugs?

Get The Ultimate Symbol of Love! ZODIAC LOVE PENDANTS

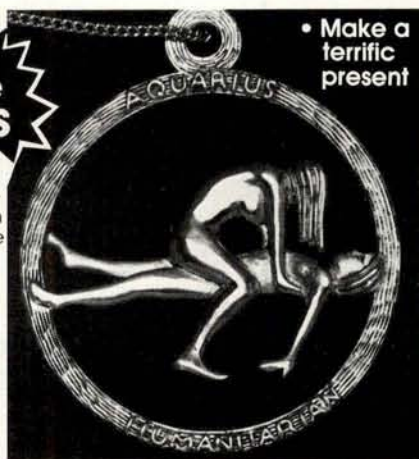


**Act Now
and receive
2 FREE GIFTS**

This charming love pendant exquisitely designed in real gold finish. Actual size is 2 1/4" in diameter. A super value at only \$14.95.

Available in twelve different designs.

Order today and receive a **FREE 17"** Neck Chain and a versatile Key Chain.



• Make a terrific present

D.O.M. Associates P.O. Box 218 Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010
Save time Call Toll Free 800-453-4000 Ext. 6
and use your Master Card or VISA.
In Utah call 800-662-8666 Ext. 6

Please list Quantity <input type="checkbox"/> Aries <input type="checkbox"/> Taurus <input type="checkbox"/> Gemini <input type="checkbox"/> Cancer <input type="checkbox"/> Leo <input type="checkbox"/> Virgo <input type="checkbox"/> Libra <input type="checkbox"/> Scorpio <input type="checkbox"/> Sagittarius <input type="checkbox"/> Capricorn <input type="checkbox"/> Aquarius <input type="checkbox"/> Pisces	Send to: D.O.M. Associates P.O. Box 218 Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010 <input type="checkbox"/> Check or Money Order <input type="checkbox"/> Master Card <input type="checkbox"/> VISA Yes! Please send me the ZODIAC PENDANTS I have checked off. Also send me a FREE 17" chain and key chain. If not completely satisfied I may return the Pendants within 14 days and the key chain and neck chain are all mine to keep. Please enclose \$1.95 for each Pendant to cover shipping & handling. N.J. residents please add 5% sales tax. Total amount enclosed \$ _____ Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Signature _____
--	--

Honey

ALL ACROSS AMERICA, HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES ARE BEING SHUT OFF DUE TO CUTBACKS IN THE FEDERAL BUDGET. HERE AT AN ORPHANAGE IN HONEY'S HOMETOWN, SOME PARENTLESS WAIFS ARE ABOUT TO GET THE OLD HEAVE-HO!





CUM ALL YE FAITHFUL...

THAT'S BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT WAS OVERSPENDING.

MAYBE ZE FIRST LADY COULD GIVE UP A FEW ITEMS FROM HER WARDROBE TO FINANCE ZE MEDICAID, HMMM?

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR INTERRUPTS THE TALK OF POLITICS.

BUT THE GOVERNMENT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO FINANCE THE POOR...

KNOCK, KNOCK!

... AFTER I ANSWER THE DOOR, WE'LL FINISH THIS.



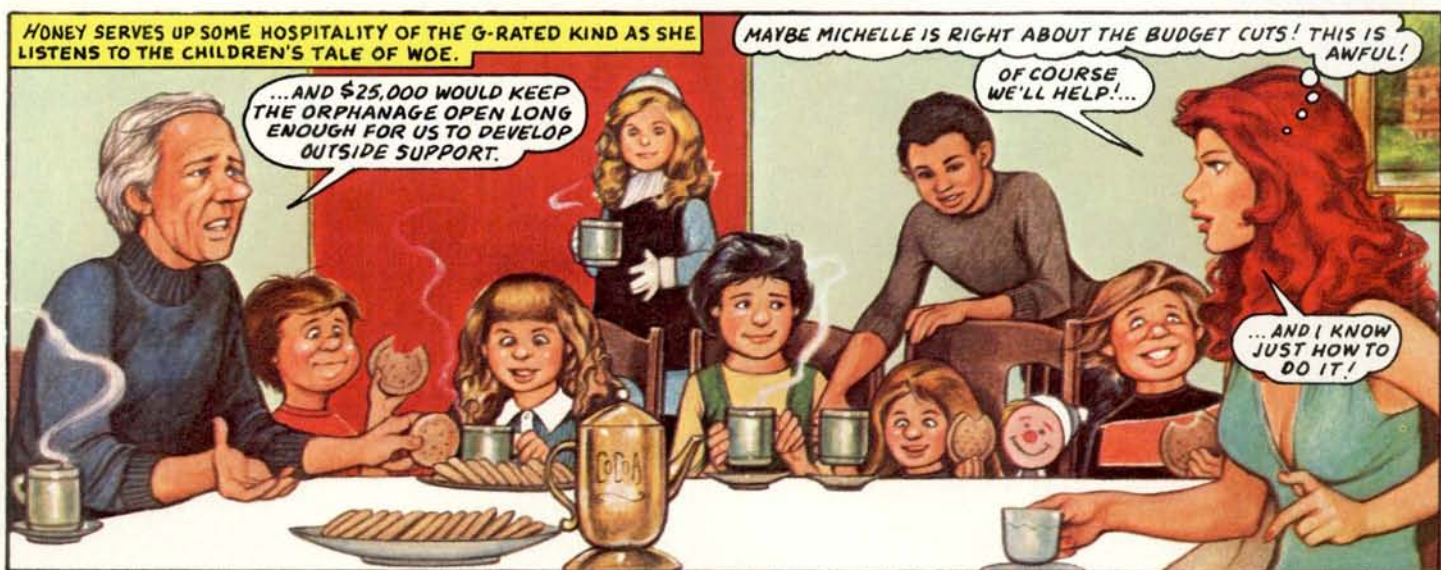
HONEY'S EYES MEET A PITIFUL SIGHT AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF GUSTING SNOW!

WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU COULD CONTRIBUTE TO OUR CAUSE. WE'VE BEEN KICKED OUT OF THE ORPHANAGE. OR... ER... AH... PERHAPS WE COULD LIVE HERE!

IF YOU DON'T HELP US, WE'LL BE EATEN BY WOLVES, AN'...

... AN' FREEZE TO DEATH, AN'...

PLEEEEEEZE!



HONEY SERVES UP SOME HOSPITALITY OF THE G-RATED KIND AS SHE LISTENS TO THE CHILDREN'S TALE OF WOE.

... AND \$25,000 WOULD KEEP THE ORPHANAGE OPEN LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO DEVELOP OUTSIDE SUPPORT.

MAYBE MICHELLE IS RIGHT ABOUT THE BUDGET CUTS! THIS IS AWFUL!

OF COURSE WE'LL HELP!...

... AND I KNOW JUST HOW TO DO IT!

BUT LIKE ALL IDEAS WHOSE TIME HAS COME, HONEY'S FUND-RAISER MEETS WITH RESISTANCE—THE TOWN COUNCIL!

BIG FUCKATHON For HONEY'S KIDS

All Proceeds Go To
THE
ROCKABYE HOME
FOR ORPHANS!

ONCE INSIDE, HONEY GETS
READY TO START THE
MARATHON OFF WITH A
BANG!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! YOU CAN'T USE MONEY GAINED
IN THIS WAY FOR CHARITY!

WHAT BETTER
PURPOSE WOULD YOU FIND FOR IT—
YOUR CAMPAIGN FUNDS?

LOOK, GENTLEMEN, AREN'T YOU GOING TO GO IN THERE
AND DO
YOUR CIVIC
DUTY FOR
THOSE KIDS?

WELL, FELLOW COUNCILMEN, LIKE
I ALWAYS SAY, "IF YOU'RE NOT
PART OF THE SOLUTION,
YOU'RE PART OF
THE PROBLEM!"
SO...

AND DO
YOUR CIVIC
DUTY FOR
THOSE KIDS?

...LET'S
GO!

TWANG!

OK, GIRLS, THIS IS IT! WE'LL BE
TURNING TRICKS AROUND THE
CLOCK FOR THREE DAYS; SO
CONSERVE YOUR ENERGY...
ON YOUR MARKS... GET LUBRI-
CATED... GO!

I THINK MY LIPS ARE GETTING ZE STRETCH MARKS!
I'M TOO POOPED TO PUCKER!

FORTY-EIGHT
HOURS LATER...

I KNOW HOW YOU
FEEL! BUT I'M GOING
TO KEEP TORTURING
MY CUSTOMERS TILL
THOSE TYKES
HAVE ENOUGH
MONEY TO KEEP
A ROOF OVER
THEIR
HEADS!

SEVENTY-ONE HOURS AND A WHOLE LOTTA SORE LABIA LATER...

POON, WE'RE SHORT ABOUT \$5,000! WE AREN'T GOING TO MAKE IT!

HONEY'S BEEN IN WITH ONE CUSTOMER ALMOST 20 HOURS NOW! SHE COULD'VE BEEN WITH ENOUGH GUYS TO MAKE THAT MUCH EASY!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW SHE COULD LET THOSE KIDS DOWN!

BUT AT THE END OF THE FINAL HOUR, THE GIRLS' WORRIES ARE DISPELLED BY HONEY'S VICTORIOUS EMERGENCE!

HERE'S \$5,000! AND I DON'T WANT TO LIE DOWN FOR A MONTH!

BUT WHO... WHO PAID THAT MUCH?

THE ANSWER COMES WITH THE MYSTERY CUSTOMER'S ENTRANCE!

SANTA CLAUS!!!!

HO! HO! HO! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO WORK THAT BELLY OFF FOR YEARS! DON'T WANT TO GIVE MY DEER HEART ATTACKS, YOU KNOW!



♪ DASHING THROUGH THE SNOW... ♪

WHEN I SEE THOSE KIDS' SMILING FACES, IT MAKES ALL THE WORK WE WENT THROUGH WORTHWHILE. IF PEOPLE WOULD JUST SHARE WITH THE LESS FORTUNATE, IT'D TAKE A LOT MORE THAN BUDGET CUTS TO DAMPEN THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT!

THEIR GOOD DEED DONE AND THE ORPHANAGE SAVED, THE GIRLS SPEND CHRISTMAS NIGHT LISTENING TO A THANKFUL GROUP OF CAROLLERS!



THE END

This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, please write to HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

LEGAL-STIMULANT ABUSE

If you regularly shop in HUSTLER's *Mail-Order Mania* pages, you've probably noticed quite a few ads for legal stimulants. This business has boomed in the last two years. But with success has come abuse, and we'd like to shed some light on it.

First of all, as advertised, these drugs are completely legal. They generally contain the amount of caffeine in about two or three cups of coffee, mixed with ephedrine and phenylpropanolamine. These two chemicals may sound strange and exotic, but they're common ingredients in over-the-counter decongestants and appetite suppressants. In fact, there's little difference between legal stimulants and ordinary diet pills.

Legitimate drug manufacturers are thoroughly inspected by the federal Food and Drug Administration (FDA). The ingredients in their products must be stated on the label along with dosage instructions and a warning of potential side effects. These stimulants are known to be dangerous to those with high blood pressure, diabetes, and heart, kidney and thyroid troubles.

The big problem is packaging. These new legal drugs closely resemble illegal substances, leading many enterprising con men to buy the look-alikes in quantity and then peddle them on the streets as \$5-a-hit amphetamines (speed).

This dubious practice has developed into more than a highly profitable ripoff. Kids who got high off

weaker fake amphetamines are unknowingly taking real speed at the same dosage. The result: death. And since excessive stimulant consumption can look a lot like an amphetamine overdose, emergency-room doctors are killing people by mistakenly treating them for the wrong problem. Also, strokes and heart attacks are being attributed to overuse of the drugs.

Many groups have been pressuring the government to do something about these hazardous lookalikes. As of this writing, the FDA has yet to formulate a policy regarding legal stimulants. The Drug Enforcement Administration, which handles illegal trafficking, has its hands tied. These pills are, after all, legal. People caught selling fake speed as the real thing are guilty of only a misdemeanor.

The U.S. Postal Service has filed legal action against several lookalike-drug companies, accusing them of false advertising. And several states—including Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Maryland and South Dakota—have outlawed fake speed. More are sure to follow. Manufacturers are worried that their lucrative trade may be on the edge of oblivion, even though sales are increasing.

Until the matter is decided one way or another, we'd like to offer some words of advice. It's not our job to say what you should take, but if there's any message this column has preached, it's caution. No drug taken in excess or over a long period of time is good for you. Whether you buy it through the mail or on the street, know what you're getting and how it should be used. Life is too precious not to be careful with it.

NEW SULKA VIDEO

October 1981's *Mail-Order Feedback* column contained an item on Sulka, the famous she-male. We noted that, due to Sulka's recent leap to full womanhood, no more films would be forthcoming.

Good news! *Bizarre Video Productions* (P.O. Box 212, Dept. P, Westminster, CA 92683) has just released a new Sulka video shot right before her sex-change operation. Titled "The Transformation of Sulka—Man Into Woman," this soft-core documentary is an insightful glimpse into the life and aspirations of the celebrated transsexual.

Produced by *International Video*


Features, a newcomer to the porn market, the half-hour feature combines interviews with a journey through Sulka's daily activities. It was first planned to include a post-operation segment, but the she-male changed her mind. Although Sulka reportedly plans no more films, we predict the demands of her loyal fans will soon lure her back before the cameras.

An *International Video Features* spokesman had an interesting fact to add regarding Sulka's previous hardcore efforts. He said Sulka's cock may have been real, but her fucking usually wasn't. Because of the hormone treatments necessary for a sex-change operation, the she-male's sexual performance was erratic. Most of the penetration sequences were done in close-up by another male. If Sulka does return to films, at least she won't have to worry about getting it up ... only keeping it in.

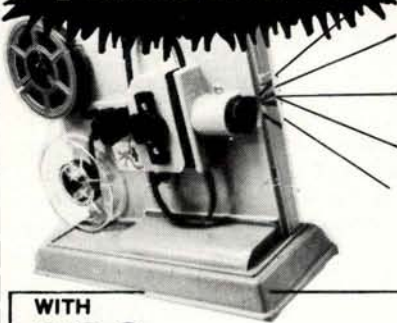
VIA FILMS OUSTED

Due to an advertisement in your magazine, I ordered \$79 worth of films from a company called Via Film Products. This order was placed more than six months ago, and I have yet to receive my merchandise. I think you should investigate the truthfulness of your advertisers. —M. S. Chicago, Illinois

This lame outfit has disappointed our readers so many times that we no longer carry ads for *Via Film Products*. But we still receive letters about that firm's inability to deliver the goods. We advise you to call the Federal Trade Commission (202-523-3598). As we have warned in numerous columns, look before leaping to buy bargain porn films, and don't buy anything from *Via*!

Due to the volume of mail we receive, it is impossible to deal with each complaint. Packages are occasionally delayed or lost even with reputable dealers. But when an ongoing pattern of fraud and misconduct is detected, we will notify our Advertising Department and send copies of the complaints to the company, demanding immediate action. If nothing is done, and complaints continue, that firm will be thrown out of our ad pages, and its faults will be publicized. As we've said many times, HUSTLER does not censor ads, but we will not tolerate our readers being cheated by bogus merchants. 

FREE!! MOVIE PROJECTOR



OR 40%
MOVIE
DISCOUNT!

200ft. SPECIAL
OFFER!



WITH
200 FT. FILM PACKAGE

Select any four hardcore movies for only \$9.95 each and receive this beautiful table model projector..... **ABSOLUTELY FREE**

Red Hot

**XXX-RATED
STAG FILMS**

FULL COLOR ONLY \$9.95
With FREE Projector

OR... In Place Of The Movie Projector
YOU MAY TAKE A 40% DISCOUNT

FILM ONLY PRICE
IN BLAZING COLOR **\$5.98**

Select From These Outrageous Orgy Films!



- 1 **BABYDOLL LUST**-The horniest chicks you'll ever see take on the hugest dicks in an all out sex party you don't want to miss!!
- 2 **ORAL CLIMAX**-Features couples, three-somes, and foursomes sucking and licking each other to full climax!!
- 3 **WIFE SWAPPING ORGY**-The entire gamut of freaky and perverted sex enjoyed by six mature swingers and their virgin newcomer.
- 4 **SEX FARM FANTASIES**-The most unusual sex acts, too strong to be properly described here. The strongest film in the entire set!!

- 5 **THE SUCKOFF CONTEST**-The wildest film ever, as clothes are ripped off, the girls go down on the boys and everybody comes
- 6 **OPEN WIDE**-See the doctor and the girls bring each other off with mouths, hands, vibrators and bouncing bottoms.
- 7 **BIGGER IS BETTER**-Three beautiful girls with massive tits meet three horny guys with massive dicks and massive appetites!!
- 8 **THE OFFICE PARTY**-Hold-up men seduce the horny secretary and the typing pool girls decide to join in.

PROJECTORS LTD. Box 35615 LOS ANGELES, CALIF 90035

CHECK FILMS DESIRED:
☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4
☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8

PRICES:

☐ Super 8 Add \$1 Ea.

Postage Add
50c Per Film

☐ WITH
PROJECTOR

COLOR \$9.95 ea.: 8 for \$75

I Enclose \$

☐ WITHOUT
PROJECTOR

COLOR \$5.98 ea.: 8 for \$45

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

Bonus

With Every Remittance
of \$20 We Will Include
a \$20 assortment of
HARDCORE
MAGAZINES
FREE!!

Live girls
with live needs
want to GET YOU OFF
REAL SEX
OVER THE PHONE

Call us
or we'll call you
either way,
we guarantee you
will CUM to love us.

CALL NOW

1-714-966-0446



SUPER STUD RARE STIMULATING
★ HERBS FOR THE SENSUOUS MALE ★
WORKOUT THE SPORTS UPPER
★ FOR MALE AND FEMALE ATHLETES ★
★ REORDER ★ DISCOUNTS ★

★ Complete Line of ADULT TOYS for the MIND and Body

90-\$14.50	100-\$19.50
180-\$24.50	150-\$27.50
360-\$39.95	200-\$39.95

HEALTH RESEARCH'S
WEIGHT CONTROL CLUB
FOR BIGGER SAVINGS!!
FIRST CLASS POSTAGE ADD \$1.00

REORDER DISCOUNTS

Professional DISCOUNTS
FOR DIET CLUBS
WEIGHT CLINICS
CHIROPRACTORS
DOCTORS
HEALTH SPAS
CLERGY

WHITE X'S ARE \$25.00 per 1000
PINK HEARTS \$25.00 per 1000

NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS
NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

HEALTH RESEARCH'S
HEALTH CARE PRODUCTS
VITAMINS, STIMULANTS & DIET AIDS
PO BOX 11063 INDIANAPOLIS, IN 46201

24 Hour Call Service PHONE 1-317-631-6718



Finally... the **MAXUM II SYSTEM**, a vacuum device that will enlarge your penis to absolute maximum size. It will give you erections that are **harder, stiffer, bigger, thicker and longer lasting**. It will also increase your control over premature ejaculation. Don't be fooled by cheap, breakable imitations. This is the original \$30 vacuum model—now available at our low price.

Send: \$9.95 to: **MAXUM Dept. 1011**
7313 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, Ca. 90046

BE A BETTER LOVER!
No Pills - No Gimmicks.
SIMPLY APPLY CREAM AND SOFT
LATEX SUPPLEMENT OVER
HEAD OF PENIS.
ADDS INCHES
IMMEDIATELY
only \$4.95
SHIPPED IN PLAIN WRAPPER

**ENLARGE
YOUR
PENIS...
SECRETLY**
NO ONE WILL KNOW
EXCEPT YOU!

**200 FT
SALE
COLOR
CATALOG INCLUDED**

**FREE
MOVIE
VIEWER**
\$1 POSTAGE
& HANDLING

**Climax
Movies**
After School Suck Off
Golden Showers Sister
Seduced Slave
All You Can Suck Mom
It's So Wet Daddy
Cheerleader Bang
ALL SIX ONLY \$5

Sian Disc. • Box 32 Dept. HU1 • N. Hollywood, CA 91602

SWINGERS

phone no's PLUS photos, personal
ads, names/addresses of girls,
couples and men in your area.

CALL NOW

1-618-875-6383

Imagine... a BLOW JOB any time you desire!

Just close your eyes and make believe it's the girl you'd most like to have wrap her slithering tongue around the part of you that appreciates it most...sucking in her cheeks, pressing with her lips, teasing with her teeth, humming with her throat.

Now You Can Have It Any Time You Wish!

And at a price less than half what you'd expect! It's no secret. The FELLATRIX-G is a knock-off! The original was invented by a competitor of ours. He charges \$24.95. By using computer technology we've learned to make the same kind of device for less than half. So now if you'd like to have that oral loving feeling any time you feel like it, you need not pay \$24.95, because we charge only

\$9.95

The FELLATRIX-G is so lifelike can give you the feeling a real expert blowjob. It has a built-in electronic hummer to give you tiny tingles that send you up the wall. Any you control how fast it sucks and hums...go for a quickie, or make it last all night. So if you want a blowjob and can't wait till she gets in the mood, you need the FELLATRIX-G right now!

RESEDA SUPPLY, Box 3000, Dept. 564, Reseda, CA. 91335

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Please send _____ FELLATRIX-Gs @ \$9.95 ea. \$ _____
Also send _____ tubes of Lubri-gel @ \$2 ea. \$ _____
In California add 6% sales tax. \$ _____
Add \$1.00 for postage & packaging. \$ 1.00
Total amount enclosed. \$ _____
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order



Deluxe FELLATRIX-G...\$9.95
(Easy to Keep Clean/Lasts for Years)
Tube of Lubri-Gel
(Like Warm Saliva)...\$2 ex.

FROM THE **TIJUANA 8-PAGE** **SEX COMICS**
YOUR FAVORITE
CARTOON
CHARACTERS
IN WILDLY FUNNY
EXAGGERATED
SEX ACTS!

OUTRAGEOUS 100 FOOT
COLOR \$3 EACH
12 Films \$20
HARDCORE MOVIES!

☐ BIG DICK THE TEASER
☐ TERRY & THE PREVERTS
☐ TOOTS AND JASPER
☐ MUFF AND JEFF
☐ PRINCE VIOLENT
☐ JOE PALDOZZ
☐ ITILLY THE TEASER
☐ ORPHAN FANNY
☐ BETTY BOOBS
☐ POOPYE
☐ CLONOID
☐ OUR GANG BANG

CARTCO. DEPT. HU-54
BOX 85051 L.A. CA 90072

**I NEED
IT-BAD**

Sometimes I get the itch
so bad that all 113 pounds
of me cries out to be
crammed full of your love.
Are you man enough for
me? If you think so, I'll
send you 8 photos of me
nude, posed just the way
you'd want me. Please
enclose \$3 to cover the
costs. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE,
P.O. Box 483-N-27
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912
(P.S. I'm not a pro, but a
real small town girl with
an itch for the big time.)

Love Easy

**GIRLS, COUPLES
AND GUYS IN
YOUR AREA WHO
WANT TO MEET
YOU. CALL EASY**

1-901-327-8811
P. O. Box 22695
Memphis, TN 38122
**SWINGERS PARTIES
EVERY WEEK IN
MEMPHIS CALL**
1-901-324-5975
**SEXY RECORDED
INFORMATION**

NEW!

**A LONGER
THICKER
PENIS**

This PROVEN NATURAL WAY

Penis enlargement is now possible with our new
TRANSVERSE VACUUM ENLARGER — a precision
instrument, easy to operate, extremely durable and
scientifically designed to make the male organ
LONGER and THICKER. Also helps control pre-
mature ejaculation. See results the first time you
use your enlarger. See how really BIG... how
FAT... how LONG... how HARD and STIFF
your own penis can get! And it feels so good to use!
Reg. \$35 • Our factory direct price only **\$19.95**

FACTORY, Dept. 1011
9903 Santa Monica Bl., Beverly Hills, CA 90212

SPECIAL OFFER

Less than catalog prices.

FREE

full-color 32-page
catalog with your
order. Or catalog alone
\$3, refunded on first
order.



*Buy the Champagne
with the savings!*

Sensuous, sexy underthings,
play-wear and good nighties, direct
from Europe to you. Order now!
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

(A) LISA
A naughty little number, with
peak-a-booms, compliments every
curve. Snow-white. Sizes: P S M L.
ONLY \$25 (postage incl.)



(B) DELICATA
Wonderful wispy little show-off.
Fits like a tan. White. One size
fits all.
ONLY \$15 (postage incl.)

(C) PARADISO
Classic negligee, a filmy see-thru
trimmed in lace. Smoky black.
Sizes: S M L.
ONLY \$25 (postage incl.)



Send check or money order (no CODs) to:
NightClub Dept.
P.O. Box F-130
Blaine, Wa. 98230
Canadian customers send to:
Box 91790, West Vancouver, B.C. V7V 3N6
HU-201

20 SIZZLING HOT & HARD COCK-STIFFENING MAGAZINES



for as low as

\$2 EACH
cover prices
up to \$25

Here are 20 **BRAND NEW** magazines that are as hot and hard as they come and deal with just about every aspect and area of sex! From plain old-fashioned fucking to cock-sucking, from swinging and swapping to ass-banging, from pussy-eating to — subjects we don't dare to discuss in print. Torrid, blazing and explicit full-color and black and white photos come thru clear, crisp and sharp and each is a guaranteed cock-stiffener! Regardless of the cover prices on these magazines, and they range from \$10 to \$25—you pay as little as \$2 each plus postage & handling. Now—look over the files and check our fantastic prices—you won't find a better deal anywhere on the **real-stuff!**



- Super Hard
- Seka Special
- 3-Way Cum
- Best of Suck
- Porno Superstars
- Oriental Suckers
- Diamond Collection
- Hot
- Colorama
- Eat My Pussy
- Giving Head
- Lesbian Lust
- Tit Fuckers
- Incest
- Anal Sexpots
- Sex Pets
- Cunt
- Lusty
- Young Pussies
- Up the Ass

- any 1 magazine \$7
- any 2 magazines \$10
- any 5 magazines \$20
- any 10 magazines \$30
- all 20 magazines only \$40

LIMITED SUPPLY! We reserve the right to substitute magazines of equal or greater value.



TRY
BEFORE
YOU BUY!

The best scenes from 5 **HARD, COLOR FILMS...** all on one **BIG 200ft. reel PLUS** a 200ft. film viewer.

We've selected the hardest and raunchiest parts of 5 color films in which you will see Seka, John Holmes, Candy Samples, Bobbi Hall, Serena, Uschi and other porno superstars fuck and suck their way thru every frame of film. We also include a 200' film viewer for those without a projector and we offer all of this at practically our cost just so you can sample a few of the dozens of **ROCK HARD** films we have available. (It's a \$42.90 value)

- 200' reel + 200' film viewer + color film catalog . . . only \$19.95

FOR FASTER SERVICE...USE ENTIRE AD AS YOUR ORDER FORM.

**ADDITIONAL
SAVINGS
YOU CAN SAVE AN
EXTRA \$13.95**

■ When you order:
All 20 mags \$40.00
6 films & viewer \$19.95
Postage \$4.00

Total \$63.95

you pay ONLY \$50
(a \$13.95 savings)

WINDSOR & MERIT Dept. 1011
7313 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Ca 90046

Gentlemen: Send items indicated. I enclose \$_____ as
PAYMENT IN FULL.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I enclose \$5 to cover postage & handling only. Canadian orders payable in U.S. funds.

POSTAGE & HANDLING: Orders up to \$20 add \$2 P&H • Orders from \$20.01 to \$30 add \$3 P&H • Orders from \$30.01 and up add \$4 P&H.

NAME (print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax • Use ZIP code

Bridget's

Fantasy
Hotline

VISA/MC

I hear you've got fantasies! So do I. I'm Bridget.
Cum Fantasizing with me. One ring brings instant climax. Call me.



(213) 653-1481

MAKE HER HOT

**FREE
RUBBER
PENIS**

FOR SEX!

**FREE
POWERFUL DIALECTIC
SPANISH FLY
SEX FORMULA**

RECEIVE BOTH ITEMS
ABSOLUTELY FREE WHEN YOU
SEND JUST \$2 FOR OUR GIANT DISCOUNT CATALOG!

**FREE
VIEWER!**

8 DIFFERENT
MOVIES
AND VIEWER
FOR ONLY
\$4.95

**8mm
color
stags**

ORGYS • GROUPS
L. & C.
Box 85051
HOLLYWOOD
CALIFORNIA 90072

SMALL PENIS? ERECTION PROBLEMS?

LINGA-100 is the pure, natural laboratory blend designed to actually enlarge the penis and induce & maintain multiple, long term erections. LINGA-100 allows a more intense, deeply satisfying male climax while developing sexual power, physical strength and mental alertness. LINGA-100 was developed by top Swiss scientists involved in natural sex hormone research. Thousands of European men have experienced dramatic results. Impotency overcome. Increases in organ size of one-to-two inches not uncommon. LINGA-100 is perfect for the older man's problems. Studies reveal women definitely consider the penis as the real measure of the man. Let LINGA-100 increase your sexual power and size. Only \$8.95 postpaid. Order now!

CERTIFIED MEDICAL LAB

Dept. G164 Box 1758, Burbank, Calif. 91507

Passionate Phone Affairs



Paulette and her sexy friends want to cum with you. We'll do it "all" 24 hrs.

Don't be alone call us on our phone.

213-677-6168/213-677-6169

Mastercharge & Visa cards accepted.

VERIFIED SWINGERS' HOTLINE

**NO MORE LETDOWNS
OR WRONG NUMBERS
THE NATIONAL VERIFIED
SWINGERS ASSOC.**

**HAS ONLY GOOD
NUMBERS OF GIRLS,
GUYS AND COUPLES
WHO ARE ANXIOUS
TO MEET YOU**

• ALSO •
**OUR TRAVELERS CARD
FOR THOSE ON THE GO**

• ALSO •
**FEATURING
OUR NEW PHONE SEX
CALL 24 HOURS,
7 DAYS AT**

(816) 233-4956

SWINGERS LISTING SERVICE

Call the S.L.S. for
Up to Date
Phone Numbers and
Addresses of
Couples & Singles
Waiting to Meet You.

**LIBERAL DISCOUNTS
FOR GIRLS**

Also Offering Live
Phone Conversations
for Members &
Non Members

**CALL 24 Hrs. - 7 Days
at:**

707 - 544-5151

WORLD'S FIRST & ONLY

SNAPPING PUSSY DOLL

**HER VAGINA ACTUALLY CONTRACTS &
EXPANDS LIKE THE REAL THING**

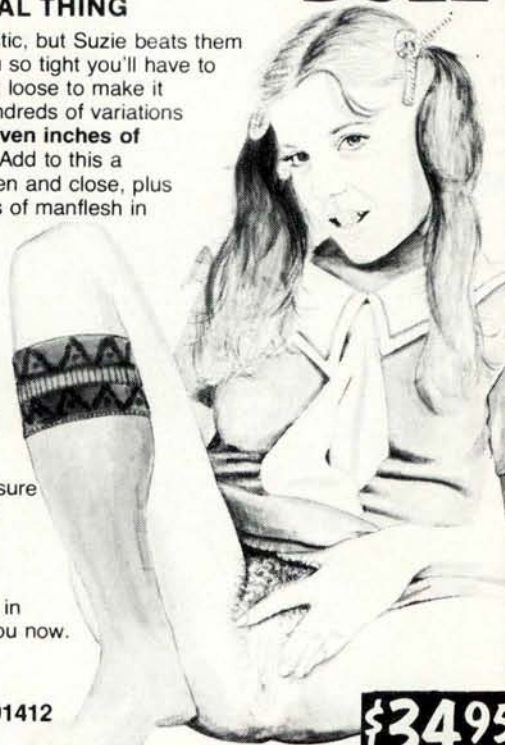
Some sex dolls may claim to be realistic, but Suzie beats them all. On command her vagina grips you so tight you'll have to struggle to withdraw . . . or she can let loose to make it smooth and easy stroking . . . with hundreds of variations in between. **It's the most exciting seven inches of womanflesh you've ever imagined.** Add to this a realistic, girlish face with eyes that open and close, plus lips that open to accept up to 6 inches of manflesh in deep throat fashion, and you've got all the bed partner any man could desire. And Suzie never "has a headache." She's ready to go, night after night, time after time.

**TIGHT FITTING
'GREEK' FEATURES, TOO**

For those who like a little more variety in their sexual approach, Suzie has a tight little ass that can take whatever you have to offer and give all the pleasure you'd expect. To top it off, **her vagina and her ass can be made to quiver with delight**, heightening her teasing and stimulating ability to the pinnacle. Suzie's everything a man could desire in a love partner, and she's waiting for you now.

SEND ORDER TO:

**MAIL MART, INC. Dept. SP 288
Box 44241, Panorama City, Calif. 91412**



\$34.95

(Check items desired, add up, fill in total. In California add 6% tax).

- ☐ Suzie, the Snapping Pussy Doll \$34.95
- ☐ "Quiver" Feature for Love Openings. 10.00
- ☐ Pubic Hair & Lingerie Set 10.00

Extra Wigs, \$10 ea. ☐ Blonde ☐ Black ☐ Brunette
(Suzie is a natural redhead with pigtails).

TOTAL AMOUNT \$ _____ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State** _____ **Zip** _____

☐ Here's a \$10 deposit; send COD. I'll pay balance + \$3 in COD fees to postman. (No CODs outside USA or to military bases). SP288

☐ I'm enclosing an extra \$2.50 for Airmail shipment.

wet Slippery Seet

200 FT. 192 PAGE
☐ FILMS ☐ MAGAZINES

☐ Golden Shower ☐ On The Rag
☐ Swallow My Load ☐ Rear Water Sports

\$3 ea. - Any 2 \$5 - All 4 \$9
COURTESY STOCK-UP-JOCKEY CATALOG INCLUDED

Virgins & Older Men

200 ft. collection
☐ Part 1. Naughty Teaser, \$3
☐ Part 2. New Stuff, \$3
☐ Part 3. Tight Pussy, \$3
☐ Part 4. Cherry Popper, \$3
All 4, \$10

Extra thick mags.
192 pages \$3 ea.
All 4, \$10

Special! All 4 films
+ all 4 mags. \$15

200 FT. FILM NAUGHTY GIRLS

☐ Sex On The Farm (1 girl - 1 stud)
☐ Next Door Playmate (1 girl - 1 boy)
☐ House Party (1 woman - 1 boy)
☐ Mr. Buy My Cookies (2 girls - 1 man)
\$3 Each - All 4 parts \$9

TRU-VU DEPT. HU1
P.O. BOX 1835 NO. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91604

Nationwide Friends

Meet

Girls

Call Tracy and Company
(312) 262-9800

or write: More, Box 405,
Wilmette, Illinois 60091

Magnificent New Movie Projector Just \$69.95

SPECIAL DELUXE FEATURES

- Shows both 8mm and Super 8mm at the flick of a switch!
- Two free 200' reels!
- Fully automatic threading!
- Super Quiet running!
- Special Panoramic Lens gives a bigger, sharper image!
- Special Framing Device!
- Quick focusing!

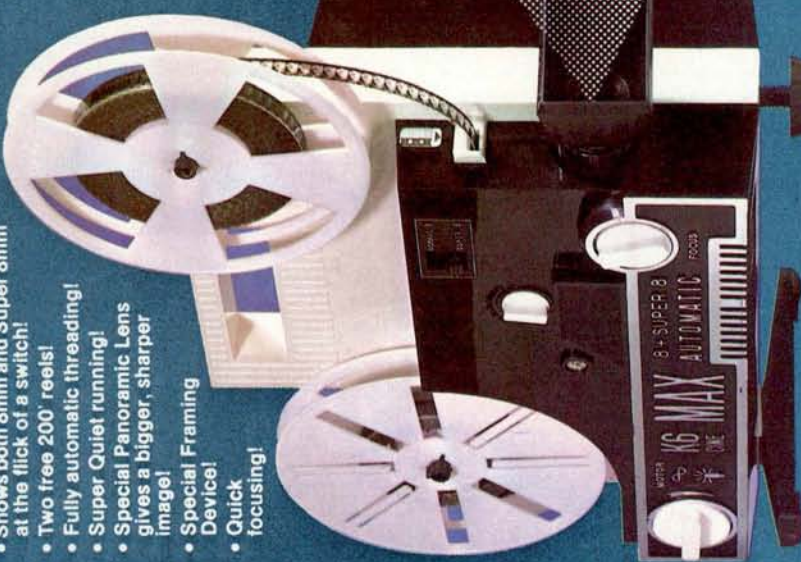
FREE MOVIE
"Cheerleaders!" ... If you like to watch those sweet young things giggling and bouncing beside the playing fields, wait till you see them in the locker room, fucking and sucking the well-hung college stud to a standstill. This is the all-time X-Rated film adventure of your life!

Regularly \$29.95
Now YOURS FREE when you order your K6 Super Projector!

NOTE
If you already have a projector, you can buy "Cheerleaders" separately, simply by checking the appropriate box on the Order Coupon.

That's right, the K6 Super Projector you see here can be yours for just \$69.95 ... and you'll even get the X-Rated film classic "Cheerleaders!" Free when you take advantage of this special introductory offer from Kenyon Video! This amazing projector incorporates features normally found in projectors costing four times as much. But Kenyon Video is making it available at this special price so they can introduce you to their special connoisseurs' collection of quality adult films and videocassettes!

Just \$69.95
Code 779



If coupon is removed send order to Kenyon Video, Inc., 308 East Hitt St., Mt. Morris, IL 61054

YOU GET ALL THIS:
Super K6 Projector
Two 200' Reels
PLUS — FREE
"Cheerleaders!"
all for only \$69.95

Kenyon Video, Inc. Dept. #R216
P.O. Box 224, Mt. Morris, IL 61054
Gentlemen: Yes, I'd like to take advantage of your special introductory offer and learn more about Kenyon Video's wonderful selection of quality adult films. I have enclosed my check or money order for the option I have checked below:

☐ **K6 PROJECTOR plus FREE CHEERLEADERS** film for just \$69.95 plus \$2.50 mailing and handling charges. (CT residents add sales tax) If I am not delighted, I may return my items for a prompt complete refund! **Code 779**

☐ **"CHEERLEADERS" film only** for the regular price of \$29.95 plus \$1.50 mailing and handling. (CT residents add sales tax)

BE SURE TO SPECIFY
☐ Reg. 8mm Code 150R
☐ Super 8mm Code 150S
☐ Super 8mm Sound Code 150SS

Name _____
Signature _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ BankAmericard (Visa) ☐ Master Charge
Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____ Mo _____ Yr _____

MICHELLE'S TELE-CLIMAX

TALK TO A SEXY GIRL NOW!

I HAVE BEAUTIFUL FRIENDS who truly enjoy sharing their fantasies or joining in yours to a satisfying climax via telephone. Call us now & use your Master Charge or Visa.



(213) 854-3425
or send \$20 to
MICHELLE'S
8033 Sunset Blvd., # 160
Los Angeles, Ca. 90046

Do you want a huge dong?



Have you ever envied those who had them...erect measurements of 9, 10, even 11 inches. We wish we could promise you that 11-inch equivalent of the Hebrew National Salami, though we'd be lying if we did. But if you are average hung **WE CAN AND DO** promise you at least an 8-inch ram-rod in less than 8 weeks. Won't she be surprised when she sees it? And won't you feel ten times the man you used to be when you slide it in and reach the end? **SAFE TO USE.** No drugs to take, no lead weights to wear, no anesthetizing creams to use. And the most amazing part is the price...only \$7.95. Imagine, an 8-or-more-inch cock in 8 weeks or less for just \$7.95...practically nothing when compared to the pleasure you and your partner will derive from it. **DON'T WAIT.** The sooner you get started the sooner you'll have your new giant ram-rod. Send \$7.95 plus \$1 postage and handling to:
EXER-TONE-PLUS, Box 55093, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413

KNOCKED UP MAMAS AND BREAST MILK FEEDERS



2 NEW MAGAZINES AND FILMS
to turn you on to horny pregnant girls and drinking mamas milk.

MAGAZINES
☐ KNOCKED UP MAMAS
☐ MILK FEEDERS
\$3 EACH — BOTH \$5

FILMS 200 ft. collection
☐ PREGNANT PENNY
☐ BIG AND HORNY
☐ MILK & COOKIES
☐ SWEET MILK
\$3 EACH — ALL 4 \$10

WEST CO. Box 1560 Dept. HU1 No. Hollywood, Ca 91604

NAMES AND PHONE NUMBERS OF GIRLS WHO LOVE IT!



Expensive, but worth it. Real hot numbers of hot women in your immed. area. Not a mimeo sheet. Each order indiv. computer matched to your ZIP code. No forwarding fees or other charges. Call them up as soon as you receive your order. Not hustlers. Real nice girls who like hearing from men for intimate conversation and dates. Waiting for your call.

HOT NUMBERS — HOT WOMEN

FREE BOOK WITH ☐ 4 NUMBERS, \$10
\$20 OR MORE "How to Pick Up Girls" by Eric Weber ☐ 10 NUMBERS, \$20
☐ 20 NUMBERS, \$35
☐ 35 NUMBERS, \$50

NUMBERS, Box 7100-C
North Hollywood, Ca. 91609

PERSONALLY YOURS

I'm a lonely divorcee who lives in a small town and I want to share my sexy thoughts with you. I have a beautiful body and love posing for intimate photos.

If you would like some of my very personal photos, and a handwritten letter from me to you please write.

I will send you two color photos of me, and a letter for only \$5.00.



SUSAN D.
P. O. Box 47043B
Doraville, GA 30362



EASY'S LUST LINE

CALL ME FOR SOME EROTIC LOVING OVER THE PHONE

CALL EASY
1-901-327-8008

FOR SEXUAL AIDS CALL
1-901-327-7839

P.O. BOX 22665
MEMPHIS, TN 38122

I'LL GIVE YOU HOUR AFTER HOUR OF ...

SOLID PLEASURE

NEW

NEW, MASS PRODUCTION PROCESS Allows for Unprecedented LOW PRICE

\$3.95 Plus Postage

RUSH SERVICE
Enclose \$3.95 plus \$1.00 postage
THE DOLL HOUSE
BOX 480638
L.A., CA 90048



LIFE SIZE REVOLUTIONARY NOT INFLATED SEX DOLL

Easy Collapsible for Convenient Storage

COMES COMPLETE WITH Pulsating VIBRO-VAGINA

Not inflated, but a Solid Lifelike depiction of a real girl! Hairy Vagina - Large Breasts - Open Mouth make her totally realistic. Not a cheap toy or old fashioned inflatable, but the most Lifelike LOVE SLAVE Imaginable!

AIR MAIL ADD \$1

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Speaking of Conversation Pieces!

... Now You Can Own a Piece of History

THIS IS THE AUTHENTIC ORIGINAL PAY PHONE — COMPLETE WITH GRAFFITI, FULLY REBUILT AND IN GUARANTEED WORKING ORDER

UNBELIEVABLY PRICED AT

Only \$89.50

WHILE SUPPLY LASTS

IMPORTANT: WHEN STOCK IS EXHAUSTED, THESE PHONES MAY BE UNAVAILABLE AT ANY PRICE!

Grand old pay phones retired from public service. Bring back memories of the 40s and 50s! Enjoy 'em as you remember 'em, with minor marks and scars of passing years. (Sorry, not responsible for graffiti!)

Parts renewed or replaced where necessary. Fully tested, guaranteed in perfect working order. No coin needed — but don't tell guests or kids! Just plug into any standard jack and save coins toward phone bill. Huge capacity for nickels, dimes and quarters.

AN INVESTMENT as well as a novel decoration. Identical phones sell for much more than our low direct-to-you price. Collector's treasure — bound to gain in value. **VERY LIMITED Supply — Order Today!**

BEIGE, GREEN or BLACK (As Available) \$89.50

EXTRA-CLEAN (No Graffiti) with ringer \$99.50

Deluxe CHROME with ringer (Very Scarce) Only \$129.50

LONG ISLAND PHONE COMPANY
969 Lakeville Rd., New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040

PM-258

Please PRINT NAME _____

Address _____

ZIP _____

Sign _____

Credit Card No. _____

Expire Date _____

READY TO PLUG-IN and USE

Compatible with all phone companies' equipment. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or return within 30 days for full refund of purchase price (exclusive of shipping.)

A TRULY UNIQUE GIFT FOR SPEEDIER DELIVERY
PHONE TOLL-FREE and CHARGE IT!
(800) 645-6276*
Sorry, No C.O.D.s
Orders Accepted 24 Hrs — 7 Days
N.Y. STATE ONLY: Call
(516) 352-7000

(Div. of Lattin Town Group Ltd.)

GOOD VIBRATIONS

PROLONG II™

PULSATING VIBRATOR with constant power

Now it's ... MULTI-SPEED!

We've reinvented the vibrator! We took all the features you like best in battery-powered vibrators — tubular shape, all over texturing, flexibility — and combined them with the high-quality construction, virtually noiseless operation, and constant, reliable power of electric vibrators. Then we made it even better! We put a silent oscillating unit inside the shaft, powered by a low frequency adjustable speed motor — the hallmark of a quality vibrator. We make it of a soft, fine quality latex so flexible it conforms easily to body contours and temperatures. And we added "Select-A-Speed" so you can adjust the intensity from a gentle tingle to a powerful throb! PROLONG II provides the ultimate in stimulation: 8 inches long with slender 12-foot cord. Just \$19.95. Your money refunded in full if you are not absolutely satisfied. FREE offer! 4-catalog subscription is free with every order.



SPECIAL CONDOMS!

Your choice of the best men's contraceptives — Trojans, Nuda, SCORE!, Stimula, and 35 other brands! Plain package, satisfaction guaranteed. Sampler pack of 22 condoms. \$5.00

BANNED!

The exclusive new Illustrated Kama Sutra is a picture book of sexual positions you will never forget! The erotic work of the ages — banned for over 70 years, now in a new explicit, illustrated edition. One of the most important works of erotic literature. Dozens of explicit photographs. Just \$2.98 (money-back guarantee)



INTERCOURSE ILLUSTRATED

A sexual masterpiece with over 200 up-close, explicit photos of erotic sex positions! Rear entry, side-to-side, standing and acrobatic positions — plus some delightful oral sex variations for you to enjoy! This incredible volume is filled with hundreds of exciting sex techniques that will bring a spontaneous, joyful excitement to your lovemaking. This oversized volume is an exclusive edition, available only from Adam & Eve. Special introductory price of \$11.95.

Send this coupon along with Name and Address to:
Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Dept. HU-19, Carrboro, NC 27510

<input type="checkbox"/> #8A Prolong	\$19.95	<input type="checkbox"/> #K1 Kama Sutra	\$ 2.98
<input type="checkbox"/> #16B Condoms	\$ 5.00	<input type="checkbox"/> #2L Intercourse	\$11.95
<input type="checkbox"/> #6N Books & Condoms	\$14.95	<input type="checkbox"/> #7N All 4 Products	\$24.98

SAVE YOUR MONEY

FREE SAMPLES OF GENUINE PORNOGRAPHY

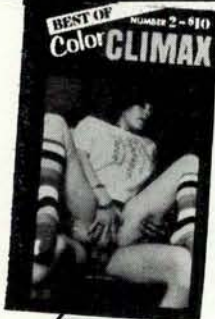
OUR MATERIAL IS SO STRONG IN EVERY DETAIL OF NORMAL AND BIZARRE SEX ACTS THAT WE KNOW ONCE YOU SEE OUR SAMPLES YOU'LL BE A STEADY CUSTOMER!!

JUST WRITE — WE'LL DO THE REST!!

We know it's hard to convince you to try mail order, we will justify your confidence in us by price — delivery — service.... **AND FREE SAMPLES!!!**

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

Simply check items below that you wish to have rushed to you by return mail. Please enclose \$1 postage and handling for each item selected, or lower bulk rates as described under titles. We will process your order within 24 hours and include a 100% refund credit slip that may be used towards any purchase from our giant discount catalog.



PORNO IMPORTED MAGAZINES

- ☐ Color Climax
 - ☐ Orgasm Orgy
 - ☐ Kinky Sex
 - ☐ Hard Sex
 - ☐ Bizarre Sex
 - ☐ Sucking Sex
 - ☐ All Six Only \$5
- Postage & Handling

NEW HARDCORE FILMS

- REG. 8—SUPER 8 100 ft.
- ☐ Muff Divers
 - ☐ Cherries & Cream
 - ☐ Meat Beaters
 - ☐ Fuck Frenzie
 - ☐ Black Shaft
 - ☐ Rear Ended
 - ☐ All Six Only \$5
- Postage & Handling

GET HER HOT SEX AIDS

- ☐ Rubber Penis
 - ☐ Orgasm Intensifier
 - ☐ Penis Enlarger
 - ☐ Climax Delay
 - ☐ Hardon Helper
 - ☐ Leg Spreader
 - ☐ All Six Only \$5
- Postage & Handling

If You Choose All 18 Items You Need Only Enclose \$10 Postage & Handling!

DISTRIBUTORS' OUTLET - Box HU-54 - LOS ANGELES, CA 90027

Enclosed please find \$ for items I have checked. I understand my merchandise will be rushed to me with a 100% refund credit slip good on any future purchase from our giant discount catalog!!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

**G-I-A-N-T
DISCOUNT
CATALOG**

FREE

With Any
Order!

100's of
Photos!

Swingers Accept Singles.

- ★ Direct contacts just for you ★
- liberated couples
 - swinging females
 - exciting swing clubs
- get your

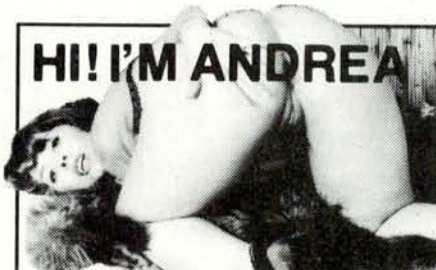
Single Swingers Contact Directory

names & addresses & phone numbers
call Bob, Sherrie, or Melinda

(312) 274-9600

or write SSCD, Box 345, Kenilworth, IL 60043

HI! I'M ANDREA



I'm a bored housewife, and I'd love to get you off over the phone. Call me now and talk to me or my horny girlfriends. Use your Master or Visa Card, or send \$20 to

ANDREA
8033 Sunset
Blvd., #112
Los Angeles
CA 90046
(213) 657-5580

JULIES HOT LINE

Hi, my name is Julie. I would really like you to call me, so I have someone to share my fantasies with, via telephone.

1-415-775-6868



P.S. Make sure you are alone, so we don't get interrupted.

ERECTION PROBLEMS?

Our formula borrows upon centuries old herbal remedies. American Indians discovered so called "miracle drugs" in nature...like ASPIRIN in birch bark, QUININE in chin-chona, DIGITALIS in foxglove. Their big discovery was DAMIANA, which they used as a stimulant for long, powerful erections. Since the 8th century the Chinese have used GINSENG to increase their sexual power, while in Central America natives have used SARSAPARILLA for the same purpose. Our formula combines all of these legendary products into a single capsule for daily use. We call it **SUPER MALE TONIC**. An agency of the U.S. Govt., without clinical tests, has restricted us from labeling **SUPER MALE TONIC** as an aphrodisiac. We make no such claim. But we have had THOUSANDS OF REPEAT CUSTOMERS since we started selling it in 1974.



If you have erection worries and are looking for relief we can promise you this: You won't be sorry you tried Super Male Tonic.

- ☐ 60 capsules \$ 8.95
- ☐ 180 capsules (save \$6.90) only \$19.95

(PLEASE ADD \$1 POSTAGE, CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 6% SALES TAX)

ORGO PHARMACAL, Dept. M222
Box 30529, Los Angeles, CA 90030

LEGAL BODY STIMULANTS

BIG BLACK CAPSULES • MOL-E DEX • 355 • 335 • 127 • 18658
LITTLE BLACK CAPSULES • 18789 • 18858
18985 • 18845 • 8858 • RUS
BIG YELLOW CAPSULES • RJ8 • RVJ
LITTLE YELLOW CAPSULES
18985 • 18906 • 18704 • RJS • RUS
BLUE CLEAR CAPSULES 127
GREEN CLEAR CAPSULES 127
WHITE CLEAR CAPSULES 127
BROWN CLEAR CAPSULES 127
BLACK CLEAR CAPSULES 17875
LITTLE PINK CAPSULES 97209-63
PINK OBLONG TABLETS
WHITE W/BUE & RED SPECKLES TABLETS 2020
WHITE W/GREEN SPECKLES TABLETS
WHITE W/BLUE SPECKLES TABLETS
BLUE W/BLUE SPECKLES TABLETS
ROUND ORANGE TABLETS BT-72
PINK HEARTS TABLETS
MINI WHITE AND YELLOW CROSSES
MAXI WHITE CROSSES
GREEN TRIANGLES 165
SLEEP AIDS 122-714-10-\$5.00 more per 1,000
VITAMINS AVAILABLE ALSO.
CALL TO ORDER. OR STOP IN.
ORDERS SENT WITHIN 48 HOURS C.O.D.-U.P.S.
THOUSAND CONTAINERS
1,000 to 9,000 \$45.00 per 1,000
10,000 to 49,000 \$35.00 per 1,000
HUNDRED CONTAINERS
100 to 900 \$10 per 100
1,000 to 9,000 \$50 per 1,000
DISCOUNTS FOR VOLUME BUYERS

PERRY'S DISTRIBUTORS

YORK, PA 17401

PHONE: (717) 846-2888

CONTAINS: Caffeine Anhydrous, Phenylpropanolamine HCL, Ephedrine Sulfate.

Don't wait for our Catalog—



CREAM



Keep it up! Ultra Stay-Long cream helps you turn your most in-to-it moments into hours of sheer satisfaction! #244, \$5.95

DOLL



Dawn goes down like thunder! She's a real doll, a genuine pleasure slave. Her tits and snatch are filled with warm and juicy liquid and they're all yours! #334, \$49.95

PILLS

Spanish Fly action capsules release their sexy mood medicine little by little over time. And what you do with your time is up to you! #323, \$7.95

DONG +



Double-up will fill two holes at once! Sends thrills vibrating throughout your body by remote control—alone or with your lover. You'll never feel empty again! #312, \$29.95

Take it from here!

If you're into sex and everything that makes it more sensational, here's your chance to **get it now!**

SEX MACHINE



Deep stroke 7 1/2" piston power vibrator has ribbed necks to really turn her on. Goes in and out, or vibrates, or both—it's really got rhythm! #271, \$19.95

BOOK



Acts of Love, 256 pages filled with photos. Shows three fresh young couples explore each other in every way, helped by the latest modern equipment! #377, \$9.95

VIBRATOR



Fleshy pink, feels like the real thing, bends to any angle she wants. Just the right 8" length and width to be utterly mad-making at the flick of a switch! #311, \$12.95

SPECIAL



Butter her up with Joni's Butterfly vibrator. Gives vaginal and clitoral stimulation at her command or yours. Gets her off and gets her ready! #646, \$14.95

MASTURBATOR



Stick it in here or there! For sensational results, use this variable-speed electric vagina/anus kit, with fleshy foam outer lips for the real feel! Small enough to take on a trip. Use it alone or invite a friend. #378, \$37.95

KIT



Maxi-Mystique is a complete pleasure chest with a sleek slimline vibrator, rectal massager, fully erect penis sleeve, and sexily noded vibrator sleeve. #321, \$9.95

DUAL-MASSAGE



Vibrating cock ring adjusts to fit even big ones, sends shivers of pleasure through her and you at the same time! And, you can vary the intensity by remote control. #314, \$9.95

LOTION



Magic Potion for Instant Firmness for men. Helps firm it up and keep it up while you make her moan and groan with pleasure. She'll want more. You'll be ready. #208, \$4.95

DILDO



8" Pleasure prong—It's all things to all women—soft enough, hard enough, long enough and thick enough with nubby stimulators just right for a throbbing clitoris. Comes with variable speed control. #315, \$16.95

RECORDINGS



Sensational Sounds of Super Sex—puts you in the mood with all the sighs, slurps, moans, groans, grunts and squishes of Hot and Both-ered people doing it! Long-play record, #317, or cassette, #318, \$7.95 ea.

BEN-WA



Silver Bullet with slide control lets you control the intense deep stimulation for complete self-satisfaction. #327, \$6.95



PLUG



The Tool is soft, pliable, smoothly veined and scientifically shaped for easy insertion for its 7 1/4"x1 1/2" of fulfilling pleasure. Wide circular base lets you know where it's at. #380, \$9.95

TICKLERS



French Ticklers in a spicy set of four bestsellers with bumps, nodules, and protrusions that will send shivers of ecstasy throughout her body! Washable and reusable. #324, \$5.95 set

LEATHER



Cock O' 9 Tails helps you whip pussy! Super pleasing 6 1/2"x1 3/4" dildo with 14" leather thongs at the end—just to remind her to be nice! #326, \$35.95

LUBE



Anal Lube is desensitizing, slick and slippery. Slide in anywhere with total confidence. Natural, unscented, washes right off. #381, \$5.95

SLEEVE +



Dip-stick and sleeve combo! Happy days for you, or you and a lover—rings the bell on both front and back doors, one at a time or together. #320, \$34.95

© 21st Century Products, Inc.
2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

21st Century Products, Inc., Dept. QMH 148
2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

Sirs: I have enclosed my ☐ check ☐ m.o. ☐ Visa ☐ M.C. information. Please rush me the items marked below under a 30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Fill in item nos.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Signature _____

(I am over 18 years old)

☐ M.C. ☐ Visa

Acct # _____

M.C. Intrbk # _____

Exp. _____

Canadian orders to: 280 Havelock St., Suite 202, Toronto M6H 3B9. Add 25%.

Don't wait another instant for the world of new pleasure these products can give you!

for Visa & M.C. over \$20. only.
CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-824-7888
(In California call 800-852-7777. In Alaska and Hawaii call 1-800-824-7919. Ask for operator 69.)

COSMETIC SURGERY. SKIN GRAFTS FOR

HAIR

BOB RYAN HAS A DEMANDING JOB, A GREAT FUTURE, AND ONE OTHER THING...

A head of hair that he did not grow!! Bob is one of the millions of men who lose hair early in life. And his appearance is important to him. It's not a transplant, a wig, or a hair weave. Bob's new hair involves a once in a lifetime surgical skin graft process developed by a physician and applied by a physician. Now you can have a full head of hair in almost any style you desire.



Actual Client Photograph

For complete information plus exciting booklet with 25 colour photographs, or for free consultation, write to the location of your choice.

Patent and Patents Pending.

HU-1/82

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

Age _____

Look International Enterprises Inc.

Ste. 400, 300 Montgomery Street,

San Francisco, California, U.S.A.

94104 Tel. (415) 786-7171

Look International Enterprises Inc.

Ste. 247, 500 Union Street,

Seattle, Washington, U.S.A. 98101

Tel. (206) 582-8922

Look International Enterprises Inc.

Ste. 1700, 35 East Wacker Drive,

Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. 60601

Tel. (312) 977-0171

Look International Enterprises Inc.

Ste. 1510, 625 Howe Street,

Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6C 2T6

Tel. (604) 682-5831



BI-SEX CLUB

Bi girls, Bi couples,
near YOU. Names/addresses,
photos & phone numbers

CALL NOW

1-618-345-4314

PENIS ENLARGEMENT GUARANTEED!

YOU WILL GAIN 2 TO 3 INCHES WITHIN 48 HOURS. . . AND WE WILL GUARANTEE IT!

Now your penis can reach maximum dimensions this simple, natural way! No pills, no messy creams, no weights, no bullshit! The **DIMENSION PLUS** will make your penis 2 to 3 inches longer, also thicker and firmer. It will help you control premature ejaculation. **DIMENSION PLUS** is durable, easy to use and it is guaranteed to work. The regular price will be \$14.95. It is now sold exclusively and available only by mail at our special introductory price of only **\$7.95 complete**

The custom model
only \$10 complete

Send cash, check or M.O. to
DIMENSIONS Dept. 1011
Box 35276, L.A., Ca 90035

BEAUTIFUL GLAMOUR PHOTOGRAPHY

Exotic professional models posing for sexy sets of photos and slides. Disrobing: lacy lingerie, garter belts/stockings to nothing. Suitable for blow-ups.



Send \$2.00 for
Illustrated Catalog & New Catalogs
1 Sample Color Photo Quarterly

M W Promotions

P.O. Box 93441 • Atlanta, Ga. 30318

LISA'S PHONE AFFAIRS

Hi, are you about to do it by yourself?
So am I. Unless you P L E A S E call me
So perhaps we can do it together.

1-213-656-4042



P.S. MY NAME IS LISA

SELECT ANY 5 COLOR FILMS

From This
REDHOT 200FT
Hardcore
Assortment

FOR ONLY
\$199
EACH

AND
RECEIVE
A...

FREE VIEWER

QUIESCENT CLOSEUP ACTION

Super Fast
Same Day Service
At No Extra Cost!

Our strongest
Full Climax films
now available in:
☐ Reg. 8 ☐ Super 8

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1. 69 Suck-Off | <input type="checkbox"/> 7. Cock Crazy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2. Ass Fuck Orgy | <input type="checkbox"/> 8. Eating Out |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Hot Nympho | <input type="checkbox"/> 9. Bizarre Sex |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4. Double Suck | <input type="checkbox"/> 10. Cherry Bustin' |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5. Oral Orgy | <input type="checkbox"/> 11. First Cum |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6. Gang Sex | <input type="checkbox"/> 12. First Fuck |

☐ **SPECIAL BONUS-12 Films & Viewer-\$19.95!**
Postage: \$2.00 Covers Entire Order.

RUSH TO: MOVIEVIEW BOX 38191
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90038

PHOTO ID



IN FULL COLOR SEALED IN PLASTIC

All States and Provinces

- CUSTOM-MADE WITH YOUR PHOTO
- USE ANYWHERE, ANYTIME FOR POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION
- FREE BIRTH CERTIFICATE-

24-Hour Service
Moneyback Guarantee



SEND \$8.00, Name, Address, Sex, Height, Weight, Color Hair, Eyes, Birthdate & Small Photo.

\$6 **2 or more \$5.00 EACH**

If you want more information send 25c

CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. 317
BOX 5200 • JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA 32207

PHOTO ID

PUBLISHERS OVERRUNS
FREE \$50.00
OF ADULT MAGAZINES!

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?

WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU INTERESTED IN OUR PRODUCTS. SO... WE'LL START YOU OFF WITH FIFTY BUCKS WORTH OF ABSOLUTELY DYNAMITE MAGAZINES PLUS OUR GIANT CATALOG WHICH ENTITLES YOU TO CHOOSE MANY MORE SUBJECTS AT SAVINGS OF UP TO 70%.

HURRY. SUPPLY IS LIMITED!!!
PLEASE ENCLOSE \$3 POSTAGE (WHICH WE'LL REFUND ON YOUR 1st ORDER).

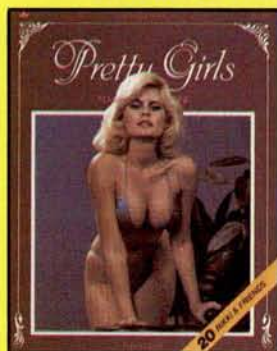
COLOR MOVIES / WE'LL SEND YOU **4 DIFFERENT FILMS \$5** FOR ONLY

SHOW TIME. Dept. HU-54
BOX 85311 LOS ANGELES, CA 90072

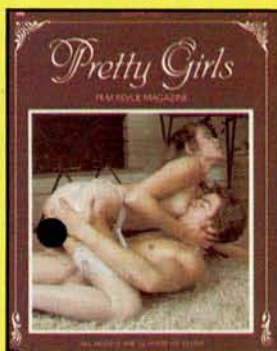
\$\$\$ SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

NO GIMMICKS • NO RIP OFFS • NO FAST DEALS

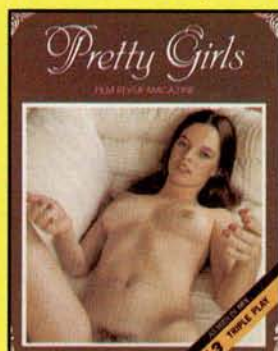
Explicit action mags & films from names you know and trust...Swedish Erotica...Pretty Girl...LTD...etc. Actual photos shown. All color, full-size editions.



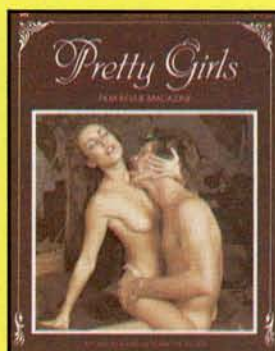
NIKKI



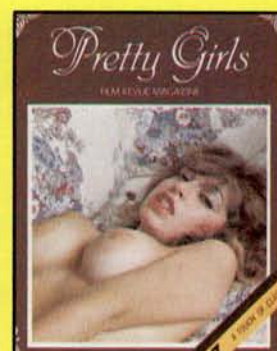
DEBBIE



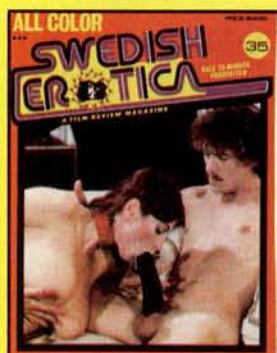
TERRY



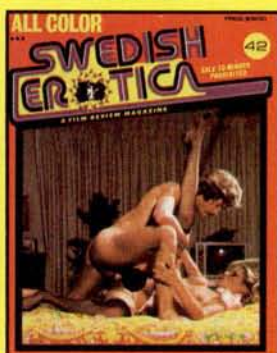
ERIN



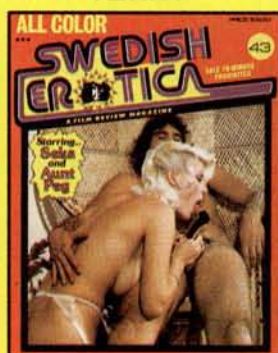
CANDICE



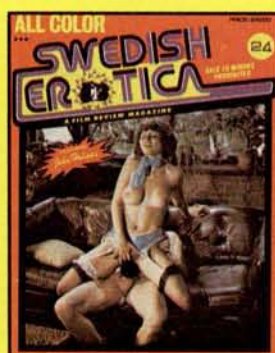
MISS JM



KELLY



SEKA



DES



RUSTY

COLOR FILM & VIDEO CATALOGS

Look Before You Buy With XXX Catalogs



SWEDISH EROTICA FILMS - 300+ color pages of sizzling action from 100's of SE films, plus 300' versions. **LTD FILMS** - 136 pages of Limited Edition loops, hot & ready! **AVC VIDEOTAPES** - 24 page display of all adult features & loops. Over 50 in all. **CCC VIDEOTAPES** - offers Swedish Erotica, Blue Video, Euro Films, Suze's Centerfolds, and more on tape. **PRETTY GIRL FILMS** - (not shown) Set of 9 color catalogs, featuring over 100 PG films.

★ **ALL FILMS & TAPES FROM THESE CATALOGS NOW AVAILABLE!**

ASSORTED MAGS

Bargain hunters delight! 3 for \$15. We stocked up on these color mags and can offer them at the lowest price possible for top quality, explicit mags.

GUARANTEE

Satisfaction Guaranteed
★ 100% Money Back
★ Dependable Dealer
★ Rush Delivery
(Checks Must Clear)

BONUSES!

FREE PG CATALOG WITH EVERY FILM.

20 PG & SE MAGS \$ 99.

ALL MAGS & CATALOGS ON PAGE \$99.

ORDER FORM:

FANTASY IMAGES R6
Box 7100
North Hollywood, CA 91609

I certify that I am over 18 years old and believe this material to be within the "community standards" of my area.

(Signature) _____

(Print) Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

• Postage, Handling & Ins. - \$2 for 1st item, 50¢ each additional item.
• California Residents add 6% sales tax.

Total amount enclosed or charged: \$ _____

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Every magazine photo comes straight from a sizzling film. Order films, mags, or both from the photos of PG & SE mags above.

ASSORTED MAGS & CATALOGS			
	Title	Price	Y Box
MAGS	Profit	\$ 6	
	Roll in Hay	\$ 6	
	Stars Collide	\$ 6	
	LTD Film Cat	\$ 8	
	Swedish Film Cat	\$12	
CATALOGS	CCC Video Cat	\$ 3	
	AVC Video Cat	\$ 3	
	PG Film Cat	\$10	
	Bonuses		
BONUS	20 SE & PG Mags	\$99	
	All Mags & Cats	\$99	

PG & SE MAGS & FILMS			
	Girl	Y Mag	Y Film
PRETTY GIRL	Nikki		
	Debbie		
	Terry		
	Erin		
	Candice		
S. EROTICA	Miss JM		
	Kelly		
	Seka		
	Des		
	Rusty		

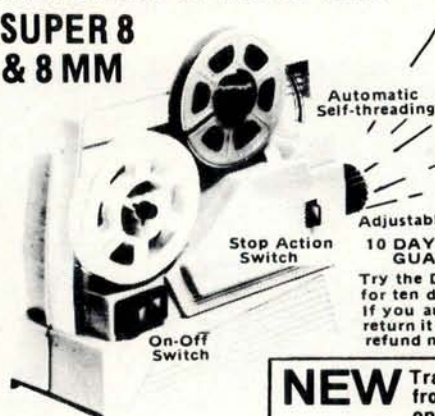
→ Films Check One: REG 8 ☐ SUPER 8 ☐



PG & SE MAG & FILM PRICES		
Quantity	Mags	Films
1	\$ 8	\$ 25
3	\$22	\$ 66
5	\$33	\$ 99
10	\$55	\$186

Our Best MOVIE PROJECTOR SHOWS BOTH COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE FILM SUPER 8 & 8 MM

ONLY \$19⁹⁵



10 DAY FREE TRIAL
GUARANTEE.

Try the Deluxe Projector
for ten days at our risk.
If you aren't delighted,
return it for a prompt
refund no questions asked!

FREE
Add three dimensional
thrills to
your viewing. 3-D
Stereo Specs make
flat, ordinary movies
seem so lifelike
that you'll want to
reach out and
touch them. You
get one pair FREE.
Additional pairs
are \$2.98 each.

NEW Transformer permits operation
from household current - Save
on batteries only \$4.50

- Luminous, hooded screen at no extra charge.
- Precision ground, adjustable lenses.
- Miracle film self-threader.
- Stop action switch for frame by frame enjoyment.
- Rugged construction for long life.

This deluxe Super 8 and 8MM home movie projector has many features you might expect to find only in projectors costing many times more. Battery operation affords complete portability. The optional transformer permits operation from regular household current and it comes with its own hooded screen to let you see movies even in broad daylight. The built-in film threader takes the hassle out of starting-up. It even has a stop-action switch to pinpoint scenes you especially want to enjoy. This rugged, long-lasting projector is only \$19.95 (batteries not included).

Honor House Products Corp. Dept 570PX20
Lynbrook, New York 11563

Gentlemen: I have read your guarantee and
would like you to send me:

- ☐ The deluxe projector. I enclose \$19.95
plus \$1.50 for postage and handling.
- ☐ The transformer. I enclose \$4.50
- ☐ COD. I enclose \$2 deposit and will pay
postman the balance plus COD charges.
- ☐ Send additional STEREO SPECS at
\$2.98 (Fill in amount desired).

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____
N.Y. State Residents please add sales tax.

PHONE CLUB

Get Off
Over The Phone

Call our sexy ladies,
or have them call you.
BOTH ways will satisfy you

CALL NOW
1-618-345-8550

BEST BY MAIL

For Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, FL 33578

*BE A RENT-A-Date girl! Anonymously-Everywhere!
Earn! Call (refundable) *Hotline: (212) 461-2421, (212)
359-6273, (212) 461-6091 Now! Or, send profile & phone
to, Hotline, POB 176, Fresh Meadows, N.Y. 11365

STOP killing plants. Stop overwatering. Revolutionary
plantfinder. Free information. Smilesunlimited,
7305(H) Masonville Dr., Annandale, Va. 22003

TATTOOING supplies color catalog, \$3.00. Spaulding &
Rogers Mfg., DepHU, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186

COLLEGE Students! Improve your grades! Term paper
catalog, 356 pages, 10,278 titles. Rush \$1.00. Box
25918(H), Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-8226.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

*RENT A Date! Everywhere America! Your lifestyle!
(Deductible) *Hotline (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-2421 Or
S.A.S.E. to: Hotline, POB 176, Fresh Meadows, N.Y. 11365

NICE girls need men, too! Mary (312) 274-9600, Box
345(HR), Kenilworth, IL 60043

FREE Partner Catalog, personalized introductions. In-
tercontact, Box 737, Ft. Lauderdale, 33302 — Box 12,
Toronto M4A 2M8

ARE YOU Lonely? Descriptions, photographs. Men,
women. \$2.00 Postpaid. Ladysmith, Box 5686(H), Light-
house Point, FL 33064

BEAUTIFUL Mexican-Oriental Ladies needing American
Husbands. Free details, photos. World, Box 685(HUST),
Hemet, Ca. 92343

SWINGERS - Sensual, sophisticated Couples-Singles.
Discreet personal introductions. Plamates, Box 3355,
York, Pa. 17402. 1-717-848-1408.

TURN her on, keep it up with magnetism, the natural
aphrodisiac! Free details, amazing Polarizer. Turn-on
Products, Box 21, Olympia, Wa. 98507

SANDY'S Photos, Letters. 1 Year. I'm The Best! \$15.00.
Box 20809(N), Atlanta, Ga. 30320

PRETTY girls will write you. Sample photo. Joni's,
Box 20809(N), Atlanta, Ga. 30320

ADULT sexual catalogs, huge selection, fantastic sav-
ing, top quality. Indicate age 21. \$3.00. AJA, Box 870,
Union City, N.J. 07087

SWINGERS' listing nationwide. Free details. Ladies
who send personal ad and photo receive free member-
ship. R. B. Enterprise, Box 2618, East St. Louis, IL 62202

BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN girls! Introductions! Photos,
information free. Latins, Box 1716(HS), Chula Vista,
Ca. 92012

FIND out why Philipinos are best lovers. Free details.
Clarks, 2930 Colorado, C-16, Santa Monica, Ca. 90404

X-RATED, Illustrated Bible Stories (adults only), \$3.00.
Discovery, Box 20331(HX), WVC, UT. 84120

BEAUTIFUL Girls, all continents, want correspondence,
friendship, marriage. Details free! Hermes-Verlag,
Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, West Germany

MEET Nudists, adventurous girls, swingers! Parties,
members worldwide. Details, "Nudist Newsletter" —
\$3.00. Fun Club, Box 428(H3), Bellflower, Ca. 90706

JAPANESE Girls Make wonderful wives. Let us intro-
duce you to an unspoiled Oriental Beauty. \$2.00 brings
photos, descriptions, application. Japan International,
Box 156(HU), Carnelian Bay, Ca. 95711

BLACK, white women date men of all races. Michelle,
(312) 262-9030, Box 300(H), Kenilworth, IL 60043

COMPARE your penis. New scientific chart: "Actual
Length Of Erections". Rate yours. \$12.00. Sciencelink,
Box 5718(D), Santa Monica, Ca. 90405

XXX FILMS 8 MM super-regular newest color catalogs.
Send \$3.00 cover postage, refunded first order. Bela
Dona, 12841 Hawthorne Blvd., Suite 647, Hawthorne,
Ca. 90250

PRIVACY - Confidential mail receiving - forwarding.
Orlando Mail Drop, Box 18039(H), Orlando, FL 32860

MEET sexy girls in your area! Tracy (312) 262-9800,
Box 405(HR), Wilmette, IL 60091

FREE erotic ads catalog. Eros Limited, 6427 Hillcroft,
Box 1029, Houston, Tx. 77081

SWINGERS Accept Singles! To get your Single Swingers
Contact Directory, call Melinda (312) 274-9600, Box
405(HR), Wilmette, IL 60091

MONEY MAKERS FOR YOU
"BEST BY MAIL" Classified Columns Appear in Nearly
all sexually oriented magazines in America. Some ad-
vertisers claim they make a living just from these
classifieds alone. Write for free huge advertising folio
to: National Mail Order Classified, Box 5, Sarasota,
FL 33578

I LIKE IT

HOT, WET & KINKY

I'm a pro, and I know just what I like. I like it hot, wet & kinky. I may look young & innocent, but don't think I haven't seen it all. I do it with boys, I do it with girls, and use your imagination after that. If you'd like to see me at my professional best, send \$3 for a sample photo set to: Sabrina Kingsley, Box 6390-016 Wheeling, W. Va. 26003 P.S. Do not confuse this ad with others like it. I am **not** an amateur.

**NICE
GIRLS
ARE
HORNY
TOO!**

Get: names - addresses -
★ phone numbers -
descriptions - and more!
call 312-274-9600
Or write **NICE** POB 345 Kenilworth Ill. 60043

**Little Magazines
and Movies** 200 FT.

THE KIND YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT. WE'VE GOT
THEM! ☐ It's So Big ☐ Can I Touch It
☐ Let Me Kiss It ☐ Feels Good

SPECIFY ☐ MAGS ☐ FILMS
\$4 EACH 2 FOR \$6 ALL 4 FOR \$10

BACK DOOR GIRLS!

GIRLS WHO BEG YOU TO SHOVE IT UP
THEIR ASS 'TIL IT COMES OUT OF THEIR EARS

☐ PHOTO BOOK \$2 ☐ MAG \$3 ☐ FILM \$3 ☐ ALL 3 ONLY \$5

girls TENDER and TIGHT

Sweet snatch. Budding tits. The
surprise passion of early climax.

REG. PRICE \$6 SPECIAL ☐ \$4 EA
☐ BOTH MAGS \$7 (New Magazines
Each Month)

HORIZON
BOX 1381 DEPT. HU1
STUDIO CITY, CA 91604

SEX CALLS

We have girls all over America
who want YOUR phone number
to get off with you over the
phone

CALL NOW
1-314-527-2470

HOT AND HORNY!



EVERYTHING FOR THE SEXUALLY SOPHISTICATED!
... DIRECT TO YOU, CONFIDENTIALLY!

HEAVEN CAN'T WAIT

"Heaven" is made to serve your every need and desire. Her entire body is your playground. You'll penetrate all her ruby lips... as you enter her from the front while you caress her breasts... torture her tantalizing mouth... or thrust into her from behind!

"Heaven" Doll CODE 06445 \$29.95

SUPER SUCK

Wet and wonderful! This one really does what only a few women alive can do for you... make you pop like you never have before and squeeze every ounce of juice from deep inside for that ultimate orgasm!

CODE 02600 \$29.95

THE THRUSTERS

They've finally come up with a magical machine that can give the horniest lady the orgasmic experience of her life! This amazing new double stud fills her from front and behind at the same time. Too much! Both of these beauties throb and wiggle and twist so you can torture her pussy to orgasmic ecstasy while you probe her anal passage at the same time. You control both sensations with the dual vibration control. She'll faint with pleasure.

CODE 02527 \$29.95

KNOCKOUT PILLS

"What happened?" is what she'll ask after a couple of these spurious persuaders. Just what the doctor ordered when the lady needs a little more coaxing!

CODE 05207 \$5.95

PENIS ENLARGER DROPS

Make a long and lasting impression when you use these spurious strawberry flavored drops that can make the difference between a standard screw and a "moment in history" for a horny girl!

CODE 08821 \$4.95

THE ARAB STRAP — LOOK LARGER THAN LIFE!

Wear this under your tight jeans and the girls will be after your cock! Keeps you thick and throbbing with a feeling of evil, powerful lust while screwing!

CODE 07989 \$12.95

STUFF 'N SUCK

Please yourself and your partner at the same time with this all-purpose orgasm producer. One end strokes and pokes while the other receives your throbbing cock!

CODE 02782 \$49.95

ERECTION LOTION ROLL-ON

Roll on this mint-flavored lotion and watch how your cock loves it! She'll love sucking you and go wild over how your bigger cock performs inside her wet and wanton pussy!

CODE 03954 \$8.95

CARESS HER WITH POWER!

Plug this one into the wall (saves batteries) and turn it up to full blast for the ultimate orgasm. It bends and vibrates any way she wants or likes it and has hundreds of tiny love bumps too!

CODE 03798 \$19.95

VIBRATING BUTT PLUG

Plug this beauty into your lover's ass just when you think they can't stand any more excitement... then switch on the vibrator and watch them climb the walls with orgasmic joy and surrender!

CODE 03301 \$16.95

EROTIC BOOKS FROM EUROPE!

Now yours in their complete European edition. Big Breasts plus Young Lovers plus Beautiful Round Bottoms and Horny Girls at Play With Each Other! For just \$9.95

DELUXE EJACULATOR! SQUEEZES AND VIBRATES!

The ultimate masturbation machine that lets you "do it yourself" with truly ecstatic results!

CODE 01610 \$29.95

SEX PICTORIAL

Mix and match couples from around the world. Beautiful specimens from every corner, race and creed show you how really hot a "melting pot" can be!

CODE 06502 \$9.95

SPANISH FLY SUGAR

The infamous spurious Spanish Fly is legendary the world over for what it can do for a reluctant lady who really wants to be conquered!

CODE 08243 \$4.95

HOT VIBRATING EGG

It's as warm as her body and soothes as it enters, but once hundreds of love bumps and vibes start to work, she'll be lost in newfound, orgasmic delight!

CODE 03202 \$19.95

ENEMA DIGEST

The most honest, explicit, outrageous book you'll ever see about the pleasures of anal sex. Pictures galore and everything you wanted to know about this most erotic of erogenous zones!

CODE 03624 \$9.95

STA-HARD CREAM

The spurious ingredients get you up and give you and her a whole "new dimension" in fucking!

1/2 oz. CODE 08003 \$4.95

1-1/8 oz. CODE 80051 \$7.95

CLIT STUD

There's nothing that won't be set tingling when this magic helper is working! The lips of her pussy, the opening, the clit are all massaged every time you thrust it home!

CODE 07757 \$4.95

FEMALE BLISS CREME

She'll never be able to thank you enough for the soothing pleasure this cream will give her after you've given her the fuck of your life! Or use it to "get in the mood"!

CODE 09076 \$5.95

Valentine Products, Inc., P.O. Box 214, Mt. Morris, IL 61054

Dept. VN346

Please rush me the items I have circled below in a plain package. Enclosed is my check or money order to cover the cost of the items plus \$1.50 for each item ordered to cover postage and handling. (CT residents add sales tax.) Please include my free copy of the latest Valentine Products catalog. ☐ I prefer not to order now. Enclosed find \$2. Please send me the latest Valentine catalog.

Code 06445 \$29.95	Code 05207 \$5.95	Code 08243 \$4.95	Code 08821 \$4.95
Code 01610 \$29.95	Code 03624 \$9.95	Code 07757 \$4.95	Code 08003 \$4.95
Code 02600 \$29.95	Code 00190 \$9.95	Code 03301 \$16.95	Code 80051 \$7.95
Code 02782 \$49.95	Code 03954 \$8.95	Code 07989 \$12.95	Code 03202 \$19.95
Code 02527 \$29.95	Code 06502 \$9.95	Code 03798 \$19.95	Code 09076 \$5.95
Code 05041 \$5.95						

Name _____		Subtotal \$ _____	
Signature (I am over 18 years of age) _____		Subtotal \$ _____	
Address _____		\$1.50 per item for postage & handling	
City _____	State _____	Zip _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> BankAmericard (Visa) <input type="checkbox"/> Master Charge		Interbank No. _____	Mo. _____ Yr. _____
Exp. Date _____		Grand Total \$ _____	

PROFILE: MARTY ROBBINS

(continued from page 120)

threw it back just as hard. The hammer hit him in the chest. He never bothered me again."

His voice takes on a steely, impersonal edge. "After my parents separated, I only saw him a couple of more times. I'm not sure what ever became of him; never did check into it."

Robbins learned to fend for himself early. He picked cotton, herded goats with his brother in the nearby Bradshaw Mountains and dug irrigation ditches for 10¢ a day. His meager savings were spent on the latest Gene Autry movies or playing cowboy songs on the jukebox at a local Chinese restaurant.

By the time he reached his early teens, Robbins had earned a reputation for being a brawler and an incorrigible troublemaker. At school he was written off by his teachers as a dim-witted, rebellious underachiever. He remained in high school for three years without passing a single subject, and was kicked out repeatedly.

"I spent most of my time hopping freight trains or in the pool hall," he remembers. "There just didn't seem to be much of a future for me."

Meanwhile, Robbins and his friends put their energies to effective use in a

number of illicit enterprises. They shoplifted, sold day-old newspapers as new and committed nickel-and-dime thefts.

"I had about 15 or 20 telephone booths that I wadded up with napkins so they wouldn't return people's change, and I made the rounds of them for about ten months," he adds. "They also had payoff pinball machines in a lot of the stores back then. We would drill holes in their sides with an ice pick and rack up coins and free games. Then we'd cover the holes back up with chewing gum. We had about a dozen machines fixed up like that, and we'd make about a dollar a night from each of them. They never did catch us."

Though he logged more than 70 bouts as an amateur boxer during his youth, some of Robbins' best matches were outside the ring. "We were mean and we fought dirty," he admits. His problems with the local sheriff's department came to a head one day when Marty and a friend beat another boy so badly that he had to be hospitalized. Already a prime suspect in a half-dozen unsolved petty crimes, he fled town to avoid certain arrest.

Robbins' repeated run-ins with the law never really ended until, at age 17, he enlisted in the Navy during World War II. He served out his three-year stint in the South Pacific, where he saw

action and, in quieter moments, taught himself to play the guitar.

Returning to Glendale after the war, he was still haunted by a gnawing sense of aimlessness and an admitted aversion to the 40-hour work week. He frittered away several years, halfheartedly putting in time at a string of dead-end jobs. "I tried everything," he says. "I delivered ice and worked on a water-digging rig. At one point I had eight jobs in six months and quit them all."

It was, in fact, the dreariness of his last job—getting up at 5 a.m. to drive a brick truck—that led him to first consider music as an alternative. "I heard this guy singing on the radio—KPHO in Phoenix—and it dawned on me that, hell, I could do better than that. So I skipped work the next day, rode my motorcycle down to the station and talked the manager into letting me play one song for him, something called 'Strawberry Roan.' He hired me right away and fired the other guy. That's really all there was to it."

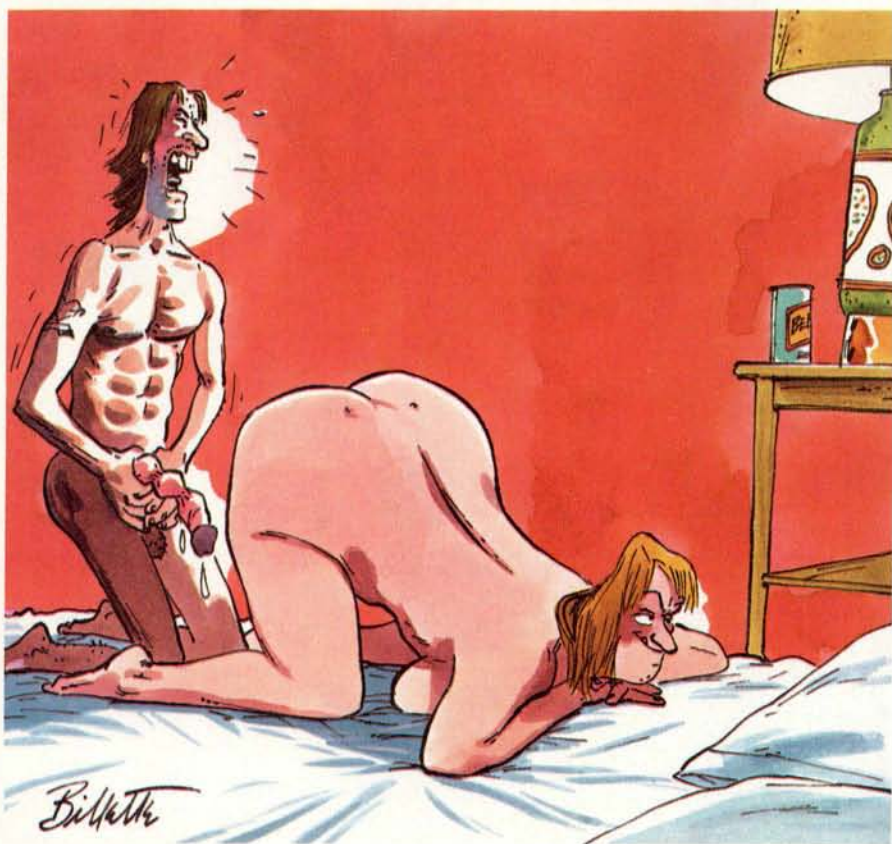
Exposure offered by Robbins' regular 15-minute radio spot eventually led to live show dates at some of Phoenix's rough-and-tumble nightclubs and beer joints.

"I got into fights most every night," he laughs. "At some of those places I even had to fight the owner to get my pay. I only drank for two years out of my whole life, but during those two years I drank enough for the rest of my life."

"One night I won a case of beer at a club and drank it all myself," he continues. "Then I went to a party and started drinking whiskey. After the party, around four in the morning, I was driving home on this four-lane highway between Phoenix and Glendale that all the big oil tank trucks used. I must've passed out, because the only thing I remember is waking up on the wrong side of the highway going 70 miles an hour, with these oleander trees along the right-of-way slapping the windshield."

It was in Phoenix's small, dingy roadhouses that Martin David Robinson shortened his name to Robbins, which he thought sounded catchier. At the same time, the seemingly slow-witted loser who best communicated with his fists began to emerge as the confident, extroverted performer with a voice as smooth as spun silk.

The transition was often a slow, gut-wrenching process. "At first, I used to hold my head down and not even look at the audience," he recalls with a sheepish smile. "I thought they were all laughin' at me. One day the radio program director told me about a 15-minute slot on the station's TV channel. He wanted me



"Damn, woman! Don't go clamping down with your butt-hole like that!"

PURE SEX!

Photo Books Hotter
Than You Ever Imagined!



SWEDISH EROTICA and LIMITED EDITION—the most explicit cinema books ever printed! Hundreds of giant color shots exactly as they appear on film! Famous porn stars and gorgeous new models perform every act, combination and variation for you. Books so thick and action-packed you'll save them for years. **PLUS** each of over 400 films depicted can be purchased if you choose! Try them for 10 full days—if

you return them, for any reason, we will issue an immediate refund in full!



21st Century Products, Dept. RMH148
2105 Lakeland Ave.,
Ronkonkoma N.Y. 11779

Please rush me:

- ☐ 300 PAGE SWEDISH EROTICA @ \$19.95 plus \$1.50 p&h. (Code #323)
☐ 136 PAGE LIMITED EDITION @ \$12.95 plus \$1.50 p&h. (Code #493)
☐ (Save \$5) BOTH @ \$27.95 plus \$2.00 p&h. (Code #496)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____ (I am over 21 years of age)

Canadian orders to: 280 Havelock St., Suite 202, Toronto M6H 3B9 Add 25%

1/2 Woman, 1/2 Man, All sexual!



She-Male

Books that graphically expose the lusty love lives and sexual habits of these bizarre but erotic creatures.

425 She-Male Treats—Male and She-Male, She-Male and Female, She-Male and Drag Queen; front, back, every way. See Shana, Andrea, and Celeste satisfy you in an all new way 40 pgs. filled with color photos. \$7.50

274 Sulka and Her Friends—See the Queen of the She-Males, Sensuous Sulka in her last photos before a sex change operation. 84 color pages filled with blistering action of this ravishing redhead in heat, including XXX scenes from her hottest films. See her do it all with men, women, and other She-Males. Every combination, even masturbation \$25.00

© 1981 21st Century Products, Inc.
2105 Lakeland Ave. Ronkonkoma N.Y. 11779

21st Century Products, Inc. Dept. SMH 148
2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

Please rush me the book(s) checked below. My check or m.o. is enclosed (add \$1.50 p&h per book N.Y. residents add sales tax)

NOTICE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED!

I declare that I am an adult being 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature _____
☐ Book # 425 ☐ Book # 274
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Placebo

PILL PARTY!

Some are blended to get hot, stand it up and make it last! Others will give you the push you need to act like a tiger and make her submit to your sexual commands!

172—PROLONGING SPRAY: Spray it on to keep it up and up with the touch of anyone's finger! \$5.95

175—Placebo HARD-ON PILLS: Take just minutes before you need them and feel that new surge of confidence when you need it most! \$5.95

178—Postiche SPANISH FLY SUGAR: The cube that melts in her drink and sweetens her up. Get ready to light her fire! \$5.95

181—SEDUCE HER POSTICHE CAPS: Put yourself at ease and make her submit to your every whim! \$4.95

184—MAXIMUS FOR MEN: Sometimes you're too tired to perform properly. Maximus will increase circulation, get you ready for action, and maximize your ability. 1-oz. jar. \$6.95

193—Spurious STA-HARDER PILLS: When you need instant security to get that supreme erection, pop one of these. (Not more than one, for her sake) \$5.95

196—Spurious HYPNOTIC POWDER: She wants to submit. Now, she'll have a reason, and you'll have her any way you want her. \$5.95

199—Spurious NYMPHOS DESIRE POWDER: Just a little can turn into all you can handle as you watch her heating up! \$5.95

202—Placebo KNOCKOUT PILLS: You'll have the support you'll need to score a knockout. She won't remember a thing she didn't like. \$6.95



184

232



193



205—GO-GO TABS: Erotic herbs and ancient tonics give you that lift in spirits and allow you to do more longer! \$5.95



226—Postiche SPANISH FLY DROPS: The mere legend of Spanish Fly will arouse her to new heights of passion as she longs to make these magical drops into liquid lightning! Just \$6.95

229—Flavored HARD-ON DROPS: You and your lover will both spread just a few drops in the right place to feel new power and surging strength! \$4.95

232—ERECTION CREAM: The deep heat action to help it start, grow and last! \$4.95

254—Timed Release ERECTION +: These caps keep releasing their special formulation over many hours so you can achieve maximum staying power. \$7.95

© 1981 21st Century Products, Inc.
2105 Lakeland Ave. Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

21st Century Products, Dept. CMH148
2105 Lakeland Ave., Ronkonkoma N.Y. 11779

Sirs: Please RUSH me the items numbered in the boxes below. I have enclosed by check or m.o. plus \$1.00 per item postage & handling (N.Y. residents add sales tax) for a grand total of \$ _____

Name _____
Signature _____ (I am over 18 years of age)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SPECIAL
400 FT.

All **COLOR!!**

OFFER OF
EUROPEAN FEATURETTES

Only **\$9.95**
each

Here Are The Latest European
Hardcore Full Length Featurettes of
Pervert Women in Kinky Screwing Films

FREE VIEWER

WITH TWO
OR MORE
FILMS!



1
BIZARRE ORGY
SHE'S SEDUCED
AND ENJOYS
SATISFYING TWO
BIG STUDS AT THE
SAME TIME



2
THE GOVERNESS
NANNY IS
CAUGHT
PUSSY PLAYING BY
HORNY COUPLE
WHO SEDUCE HER



3
**CUMMING
CUNTS**
A WILD LESSON
IN LESBIAN
LOVE 'TIL THE
BOYS JOIN IN



4
**SUCK OFF
PARTY**
COCKS & CUNTS
ALL COME
TOGETHER IN
THIS WILD
PAJAMA PARTY



5
**PERVERTED
HOUSEWIFE**
SHE'LL TAKE ON
ANYTHING
INCLUDING HER
FAVORITE
SEX PARTNER



6
**THE ASS
LOVERS**
THREE HOT
CHICKS ENJOY
GREEK SEX WITH
FINGERS &
TONGUE



7
**GOLDEN
SHOWERS**
TWO GIRLS USE
EACH OTHER AND
THEIR CAPTIVE
SLAVE FOR LOTS OF
KINKY WET SEX



8
**FIRST
CLIMAX**
THE BOYS JOIN
IN WHEN THE
POM POM GIRLS
BECOME THE
DILDO GIRLS

COLOR FILM CO., Dept. HU-54, Box 85051, Los Angeles, Ca. 90072

\$9.95 EACH

ANY 4 \$30

SPECIAL!
ALL 8 \$50

CIRCLE NUMBER
OF EACH
FILM ORDERED

1	2
3	4
5	6
7	8

AMOUNT
ENCLOSED \$ _____

☐ REG 8 ☐ SUPER 8

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Swing Line

GET OFF
OVER THE PHONE

You will get: **LIVE** Sex talk with
Candy and her sexy friends
as often as you like,
42-page book of revealing photos,
New and **LIVE** numbers monthly.

CALL NOW

1-618-332-6400

P.O. BOX 1660 CAHOKIA, IL 62206

LET'S PLAY DOCTOR!



My medicine can make you "cum" alive with
erotic feelings. The only thing you'll develop
from me is a third-leg! Be my patient by sending
\$5.00 and a self-addressed stamped envelope
for my x-rated color photos to: **Beth Lindsey,**
Box #66-H, Rosedale, N.Y. 11422.

to do it. I said, no way! That *really*
scared me to death. He told me I'd bet-
ter do it if I wanted to keep my radio
show. So I did, but oh how I dreaded it.
All week long I wouldn't be able to
sleep, thinking about it. Sometimes,
right before I went on, I'd be so scared,
I'd throw up."

This weekly television appearance
ultimately proved to be the stepping-
stone to celebrity status. In 1951 Grand
Ole Opry star Little Jimmy Dickens
dropped by the station to plug a local
appearance, and he heard Robbins' *broadcast*. Dickens was so impressed
that he told Columbia Records' West
Coast offices about his skinny young
discovery.

Yet when Columbia finally called
Robbins some months later, offering
him a contract and an opportunity to
record, he almost passed it up. "At the
time, it just didn't mean anything to me
to record," he shrugs. "I didn't know
anything about the music business. I
was making about \$750 a month be-
tween the radio and television shows
and club dates. I seriously thought,
'How in the world could it ever get any
better than this?'"

Robbins relented, however, signing
an exclusive contract with Columbia
Records. Although his first couple of
single releases didn't do particularly
well, his third try—one of his own songs,
called "I'll Go On Alone"—landed
Robbins in the top ten and created a
demand for concert dates across the
country.

"I did my first tour in 1952, and that's
when my insomnia started," he says. "I
was traveling by myself, working with
strange bands till three or four in the
morning and then making a 400- or 500-
mile jump to the next place. It got to
where I was doin' nothin' but driving
and drinking coffee and taking NoDoz.
That's rough on the heart. If I could
have just slept four solid hours a night, I
think I'd have been all right. But I sel-
dom could do that. Even now, when I do
a good show, I'm so excited, I can't get
to sleep for hours."

Much of Robbins' life for the next
two decades was to be spent on the road,
enduring the grind of sleepless nights,
missed meals and constant travel. Once
the American public was introduced to
Robbins on the live, clear-channel radio
broadcasts of the Grand Ole Opry, they
wanted to hear his strong, clear voice in
person. Soon the years of obscurity and
aimlessness were behind him forever,
and he was well on the way to becoming
one of country music's highest-paid
performers.

One person who recalls hearing Rob-
bins on the radio for the first time near-

SEXCITING SEX AIDS

For You And Your Partner!

THE WORLD FAMOUS PENIS PUMP — OVER 500,000 SOLD

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT has declared it unlawful to promise permanent penis enlargement from using this device. Can half a million satisfied buyers be wrong? You can decide for yourself.

DELUXE REMOTE CONTROL "PULSATOR" PENIS PUMP — No. 2401 \$29.95



Here are 3 devices that offer a novel approach to your feelings of inadequacy about the size and firmness of your erection, your staying power & strength of ejaculation. You also receive NOVEL MASSAGE and a sensation you never believed possible. You control the rhythmic stroking... Don't be caught SHORT — order yours TODAY.

FREE GIFT

No. 2402 SUPER PULSATOR PENIS PUMP \$21.95



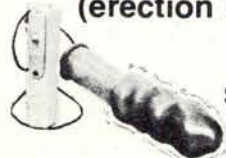
Informative Booklet: "Facts about Penis Size & Enlargement," reg. \$4, yours FREE with any Pulsator. Photo Illustrated.

THE "SAUNA" PULSATOR PENIS PUMP \$32.95

No. 2400



ELECTRO EXTENSION (erection not necessary)



No. 1200
\$19.95



inside View

Extends you 2 inches, stimulates both you and your partner. Goes in deeper for added pleasure. Now the man can offer deep, tingling excitement plus extra length.



THERAPEUTIC AID

Designed to aid in overcoming impotency of psychological origin. Helps you hold back by reducing frictional sensations. Absolutely safe to use.

Regular, 6 1/2" x 1 3/8"
Medium, 6 1/2" x 1 1/8"
Large, 7 1/4" x 2"

Any Size, \$10.95

No. 11V

Head Enlarger & Desensitizer fits over the head of the male organ. Held securely without straps because of special comfort texture inside. For those who want everlasting control, who want to feel bigger, fatter, harder at the head (where it counts). A \$6.95 value... FREE with order over \$10.

Magic Power Erection Ring



Patented. Maintains erection as long as desired, even after multiple orgasms. Safe, medically tested, used over 5 years in Japan. Adjusts to fit any penis, locks tight, releases instantly, can be used with condom, does not inhibit ejaculation. Well made, lasts for years. Not cheap, but there's nothing else like it.

No. 1000 Magic Power Ring \$24.95



THE AQUA-MATE

Feels Like Real Flesh!

Warm water makes it come alive! As you fill it, it grows firmer, assumes the normal curvature of the erect penis, warm like human organ. Best of all, the sensation of water moving within the AQUA-MATE creates unique orgasmic thrill all its own.

No. A19 \$12.95

\$6.95 VALUE FREE!



DO YOU FEEL INFERIOR? DO YOU LEAVE YOUR PARTNER UNSATISFIED? DO YOU MISS THE REAL PLEASURE YOURSELF? ... THE MALE EXTENSION

COULD BE THE SECRET TO GREATER JOY THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE. Provides the extra inches so important to the man with smaller or average size penis. "Extends" you & helps improve performance, adequacy, adds pleasure for both partners. Helps to reach important female erogenous areas. Your mate need not even know it's there... but she'll know the thrill and the difference it makes. Made of rigid plastic materials with soft latex wall.

2" Extension
No. 18G

2 1/2" Extension
No. 18H

3" Extension
No. 18V

\$8.95 each



UNIVERSAL HARNESS

This heavy duty all-purpose device is worn like an athletic supporter. Almost any artificial penis slips through the stretchable hole and is held firmly in place during penetration.

No. 1508 \$4.95

ARTIFICIAL PENISES

with heavy duty straps (erection not necessary)

#1 with clitoris stimulator. Hollow, with stimulator at base. Life-like veins & corona. Specify 6", 7", 8" or 9" No. 1451 \$9.95 ea.

#2 with scrotum. Very life-like. 6", 7", 8" or 9" No. 1453 \$9.95 ea.

#3 natural curve. With triple corona to create deep sensations at each ridge. Slithers past the outer lips & into the vagina for wild sensation. Specify 6", 7", 8" or 9" No. 1454 \$9.95 ea.



Neumo Penis Aid No straps needed

Inner air bladder holds it on. Stays on until you release pressure. Can help produce and sustain erection or will hold on soft organ. Life-like veins, corona and special clitoral simulator at base. Can also be used as extension, aid to prolonged intercourse.

6", 7" or 8" Size, \$14.95 9" Size, \$16.95 No. 15G — specify length



H. Svenson Co., Dept. S206 Box 505, Van Nuys, Ca. 91408

Gentlemen: Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper the items I have listed below. I hereby certify that I am over the age of 18.

ITEM NO.	ITEM DESCRIPTION and/or SIZE	PRICE

Total amount of order

Add \$1 for postage & handling **\$1.00**

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax

If desired, add \$2 for airmail

Total amount enclosed

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Send COD. I enclose a \$3 non-refundable service fee.

Name (please print)

Address

City

State

Zip

STA-HARD & TINGLE LOTION

Want to make the Dick harder, rougher & tingle the Pussy like a French Tickler with no harmful effects? Helps DELAY CLIMAX longer & longer. You'll make her COME, COME, COME. You'll love it; she'll love it even more. No. 123

4-ounce bottle (year's supply), \$12.50. Sample bottle, \$5.00.

ERECTION OIL & CREAM

Formulated to enhance your hard-on. In a sensuous tru-fruit oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head & shaft it causes a flow of blood and a delicious warming sensation. You'll get hard quick and stay hard. She'll love the taste & smell. You'll both love the smooth lubricating qualities. You owe it to yourself to try it now.

\$5.00 each.

No. 1816 Erection Oil...
No. 1817 Erection Cream

Swing Club

NAMES, PHONE NUMBERS,

PLUS ADDRESSES

AND PERSONAL ADS

OF SWINGING GIRLS, GUYS,

COUPLES & BI'S IN YOUR AREA

ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU

CALL NOW

1-618-332-6060

P.O. BOX 1770 CAHOKIA, IL 62206

COLLECTORS OF GLAMOUR & PIN-UP PHOTOGRAPHY



Southern Gals wearing heels, hose, and a smile.

Disrobing sets of lovely young women. Specialty sets featuring lacy panties, sheer bras, sexy garter belts, and stockings.

1 sample color photo and catalog \$2.00
or
Sample set of color photos \$5.00

PM CORPORATION

P.O. Box 33326 E - Decatur, GA 30033

Perverved Porno
8 FREE COLOR MOVIES

FORBIDDEN TOPICS NOT PREVIOUSLY AVAILABLE
EIGHT OF OUR RAUCHIEST STAG FILMS FOR YOUR NAME, ADDRESS & \$3 - INCLUDES CATALOG!

FREE!
WE'LL GIVE YOU **\$25**
worth of colorfully illustrated
HARDCORE MAGAZINES
for your name, address & \$2!

RECEIVE FILMS, MAGS & SURPRISE GIFT - \$5
COLLECTORS EXCHANGE
7471 Melrose Ave., L.A., CA 90046

EXPERIENCE INTER-RACIAL LOVE!

Call **312-274-9600**
and ask for Michelle

WHITE WOMEN SEEKING
STRONG PASSIONATE BLACK MEN
BLACK WOMEN SEEKING NICE
WHITE MEN

Or write to:
INTER-RACIAL LOVE
Box 7425
Chicago, Illinois
60680

ly 30 years ago is singer Don "The Ox" Winters.

"I was lyin' half-asleep one Saturday night, listening to the Grand Ole Opry, and they introduced a guy I'd never heard of: Marty Robbins," he says. "When I heard him start singin', I sat straight up in that bed and took notice. Right then I told my wife to remember that name, because there was a voice that was gonna be around for a long time to come."

As Robbins' Silver Eagle rolls toward the long-awaited performance at Saginaw Valley State College, dusk is falling over the brown cornfields and huge piles of dirty snow visible from the windows. With the show only an hour or so away, Robbins moves about the bus like a caged animal. Subtle but abrupt shifts of mood flicker ominously across his face like changing skies before a thunderstorm.

"I'm really kinda hard to get along with before a show," he admits. "I don't want anybody messin' with me."

At times like this the burly, thick-chested Winters makes it a point to stay close to his boss. "Marty's got a temper," he explains. "Some people make him mad, especially smart alecks. Sometimes I do his fightin' for him. I'd rather get whipped than see him get whipped. I love him like a brother."

Finally, the bus pulls up behind the large, modern gymnasium where the concert is to take place. The two promoters emerge from the building, looking like fugitives from one of film director Sam Peckinpah's westerns. One is short, with a bad limp and a sinister, squinting smile that reveals itself behind a Gabby Hayes beard. The other is tall, with the sort of fallow face and walleed stare that would make a stranger count his change twice.

Robbins immediately spots them through one of the coach's darkened windows and frowns in Winters' direction. "Don," he barks, "get the money before we go on!"

To everyone's relief, the gymnasium is packed to the rafters with more than 3,000 people filling the bleachers and collapsible metal chairs. Most of those in attendance are working people—farmers, or shift workers from the nearby sugar-beet mills and automobile-parts factories. They're hungry for some good music to take their minds off the bleak Michigan winter and the even bleaker economy.

Also in the audience, holding a bouquet of pink carnations, is a 42-year-old housewife from Ontario, Canada. She and her 17-year-old daughter, an equally devout fan, stood on line for hours to

get good seats. This will be the ninth time the mother has seen Robbins perform.

"I'm so excited, I haven't eaten since this morning," she sighs. "It was quite a shock when I heard about Marty's last heart attack. I don't think it could have affected me more if it had been my own father. He's definitely a household word in our home."

Out in the dimly lit bus the tension hangs as thick as fog. Band members have now replaced T-shirts and dirty Levi's with fancy blue-and-white-fringed stage tuxedos. Staring out the window, waiting impatiently to go onstage, Robbins wears a \$2,000 outfit tastefully adorned with rhinestones and sequins. A small gold cross on a thick gold chain dangles from his neck.

The atmosphere in the high-ceilinged gymnasium is alive with anticipation. When the band finally cranks into the opening strains of "El Paso," the crowd goes wild. When Marty himself comes bounding onstage, he is no longer the tense, moody man who just a few minutes earlier was standing in the shadows of the tour bus. His offstage reserve has magically slipped away. Greeted with a standing ovation, he seems to actually rise on the waves of enthusiasm rolling forward from the crowd—literally beaming with energy and happiness.

Dozens of spectators from the front rows surge forward with Polaroid cameras and autograph books. Everyone in the bleachers and the metal chairs appears to be smiling, basking in the shared triumph of their returned hero as he croons his way through "Don't Worry." As he finishes the song, the teenager from Ontario comes forward and solemnly lays her bouquet of pink carnations on the stage apron, paying homage to the singer.

At the end of each song the crowd roars, letting loose with repeated crescendos of applause. Like someone sanctified, Robbins has generated an intimate warmth through the dark, impersonal reaches of the gymnasium at Saginaw Valley State College.

"I'm so glad to be here," he humbly notes at the end of the evening, looking strong, renewed and deeply gratified. "I want you to know how much this has meant to me tonight."

Within an hour he has reboarded the Silver Eagle and is on his way back to Nashville. "You never know—I just may become an evangelist," Robbins confides, peering into the night. "After all, God has been good enough to keep me around this long and pull me through all sorts of trouble. I don't think He did it for nothing."



We're up to our ASS in **COLOR** FILMS!

**GOT MORE THAN 100 DIFFERENT FILMS
FOR SALE!**

- All Films in Full-Color!
- All Films 150 ft. or More!
- All Films are Hot & Hard!

SO... we're offering a **GENUINE SALE** on films... fuck and suck films, like you've never imagined! These are **NOT** rejects, these are **NOT** 'returns', these are **NOT** 'old flicks'... they are **BRAND NEW FILMS**, in their original boxes, and **SOME HAVE NEVER-BEFORE-BEEN-OFFERED** that we were lucky enough to get a buy on!!

THIS IS A SALE WITH PERSONAL SERVICE!

Here's all you have to do... Just tell us how you like your sexual excitement... whether you like mass orgies, or 1-boy, 1-girl or 2-boys, 1-girl, or 2-girls, 1-boy, or lesbians, or... whatever... and we'll **PERSONALLY** see to it that you receive the kind of films you desire. However, keep in mind that our supply is limited—so, we suggest you give us some alternate subjects to select from. Despite our rock-bottom prices, this group of films are not 25 ft. or 50 ft. reels—but 200 ft. reels with **at least** 150 ft. of sex-packed color on each reel.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE MORE THAN 100 COLOR FILMS WE HAVE IN STOCK...

MIDNIGHT ANAL	HORNY YOUNG NYMPHET	GOOD BAD GIRLS
OBSCENE CALL	HOT HUNGER	MR 12½
FUCK SHOP	SERENA'S ANAL LUST	ANAL ECSTASY
CRAZY STUD	JUICY GROUP	INTERRACIAL ANAL LUST
THREE ON A MATTRESS	ONE COCK FOR TWO	SEKA PLUS TWO
SERENA'S ORGY	MYSTERIOUS LADY	SAN FRANCISCO HUSTLE
THUNDERHOLE CUMMER	LICKETY SPLIT	
TASTE ME		
PHOTO FINISH		

and dozens more!

ALL FILMS ARE IN STOCK NOW SO WE'LL EVEN SHIP YOUR ORDER IMMEDIATELY!!

NOW JUST CHECK THESE PRICES!

2 FILMS for \$24 • 3 FILMS for \$33 • 6 FILMS for \$54 • 12 FILMS for \$72

(only \$12 ea.)

(only \$11 ea.)

(only \$9 ea.)

all films at least 150 ft. color • available in super 8 or regular 8mm

as low as
\$7.95



DON'T MISS OUT ON THIS OFFER!

OWN THIS **200 ft. FILM VIEWER**

CONVERTIBLE! views super or regular 8mm • 100% GUARANTEED!

CHECK THESE FEATURES:

- Each viewer takes 8mm AND Super 8mm.
- Requires only 2 small penlite batteries.
- Accepts any length film up to 200ft.
- Adjustable focus eyepiece.
- Precision, no-skip shutter.
- Simple 15 second threading.
- Handy ON/OFF thumb-switch.
- Stops action on ANY frame.
- None simpler or sturdier.

the viewer with
purchase of any film only **\$14.95** **OR**
order 12 films and the viewer is yours for only **\$7.95**
the viewer alone... **\$24.95**

MAGAZINE grab bag!



YOU CAN SAVE UP TO 80%

COLOR CRAMMED magazines (foreign & domestic) that include plenty of fucking, sucking, orgies, tender young virgins, interracial sex and lots more. Here's your chance to obtain **NEW**, quality magazines at unheard of prices.

LIMITED SUPPLY!

1 for \$4 • 3 for \$10
6 for \$16 • 10 for \$20



AS LOW AS

\$6 EACH
in Quantity



ORDER FORM

PHIL'S FILMS Dept. 1011

7313 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles, Ca 90046

Gentlemen: Please **RUSH** me the item(s) I have indicated. I have enclosed \$_____.

Canadian orders payable in U.S. funds.

- ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
☐ Ship COD. I enclose \$3 extra to cover postage & handling only.

FILMS:

- ☐ 2 films @ \$24 ☐ 3 films @ \$33
☐ 6 films @ \$54 ☐ 12 films @ \$72

check your preference: ☐ Super 8 ☐ Regular 8mm

My interests are: ☐ Boy-Girl ☐ Orgies ☐ Girl-Girl
☐ Oral ☐ Anal ☐ Other (specify)

VIEWER:

- ☐ with any order \$14.95 ☐ with 12 films \$7.95
☐ alone \$24.95

MAGAZINES:

- ☐ 1 @ \$4 ☐ 3 @ \$10 ☐ 6 @ \$16 ☐ 10 @ \$20

Add \$2 extra for postage & handling on all orders.

NAME (print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax • Use ZIP code

NEW! "SAFARI" BELT/BUCKLE/KNIFE & "EVERYWHERE" WRAPAROUND KNIFE



BOTH KNIVES HAVE KEEN, DOUBLE-EDGE, CARBON STEEL BLADES!

"SAFARI" BELT/BUCKLE/KNIFE

Used by campers, hunters, sportsmen everywhere! Blade of 3" is attached to "American Eagle" antiqued buckle. Antique color belt 1 1/2" wide has invisible inside sheath and patented fastening clip. **\$17.95**

SPECIFY SIZE! Small 28"-32" Med. 34"-38", Large 40"-44"

UNIQUE, EVERYWHERE, "WRAPAROUND" KNIFE

Only one of its kind! Wrap it around to fit anywhere on your body, arm, ankle, leg or your belt! 3" double-edged blade. Ram's Horn hilt and Custom designed velcro and leathercraft sheath 3" wide by 18" long. **\$17.95**

SAVE OVER \$4.00! BOTH FOR \$32.00 Add \$2.00 Postage

Mail to:

MAIL AWAY INC., 150 E. 58th St., Dept. HU-182, N.Y., N.Y. 10155

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

VISA/MASTER CHARGE NO. _____

EXP. DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

LEGAL STIMULANTS

STIMULANTS

\$35.00
per 1,000

- 1 BLACK CAPSULE #355 or DEX Double Strength
- 2 LARGE BLACK CAPSULE RJS Triple Strength
- 3 BLACK CAPSULE #18-858 or #18-789
- 4 BLACK CAPSULE Triple Strength
- 5 BLACK CLEAR CAPSULE #17-875 Double Strength
- 6 BROWN CLEAR CAPSULE C-875
- 7 YELLOW CAPSULE #18-704 or RJS
- 8 BLACK CAPSULE RJS or #18-985
- 9 GREEN CLEAR CAPSULE #127
- 10 BLACK CAPSULE #18-658 Double Strength
- 11 BLUE CLEAR CAPSULE #127

\$7.50
per 100

- 12 YELLOW CAPSULE RJS or RJV Double Strength
- 13 WHITE CLEAR CAPSULE #127
- 14 BLACK WHITE CAPSULE C-875
- 15 ORANGE ROUND TABLET
- 16 BLUE w/BLUE SPECKS TABLET
- 17 WHITE w/GREEN SPECKS TABLET
- 18 WHITE w/BLUE SPECKS TABLET
- 19 SMALL WHITE CROSS TABLET
- 20 SMALL WHITE CROSS TABLET Double Strength
- 21 PINK FOOTBALL TABLET
- 22 PINK HEART TABLET
- 23 MINI FROG EGG
- 24 GREEN TRIANGLE #165
- 25 SMALL PINK CROSS TABLET Double Strength

SLEEP AID

WHITE TABLET Double Strength

\$40.00 per 1,000

\$10.00 per 100

Prepaid only: Money orders, M/C, Visa, Bank-wires. No personal checks. Same day service. Quantity discounts available. Offer not valid in Washington.

B&M Labs

P.O. Box 320
Toledo, OH 43697
(419) 698-1694

NEXT MONTH

February issue on sale December 22, 1981

NORA



LIFE INSURANCE—With extra costs hidden in policies it would take a lawyer to understand, life insurance represents one of America's biggest ripoffs. Preying on the average Joe who pays through the nose out of concern for his family, insurance companies control assets worth more than \$460 billion, manage \$80 billion in pension funds and manipulate the largest chunk of long-term mortgage money in the country. The worst part is, their cynical, money-grubbing tactics are all perfectly legal. Ben Pesta exposes this scam and explains how to avoid becoming another one of its victims. A must read for anyone who wants to know how to buy life insurance.

PROFILE: DOROTHY ALLISON—Once thought to be crazy or in league with the devil, people possessing the ability to "see" through time and space are now in demand by police. The world's number-one crime-solving psychic is Dorothy Allison—a New

Jersey housewife who has helped cops crack at least 14 murder cases and locate more than a hundred missing persons. Steve Zipay tells how the tough-talking clairvoyant accurately envisioned the places fugitive Patty Hearst holed up and foretold the kind of uniform worn by New York's Son of Sam killer.

THE SHARK—Nobody messes with Monk—a steel-hard giant who'd just as soon break a man's knees as let him cop out on a loan. But when Monk beds a beautiful blind woman, he's confronted with a choice that could change his life—or end it. Eye-opening fiction by J. Bradford Olesker.

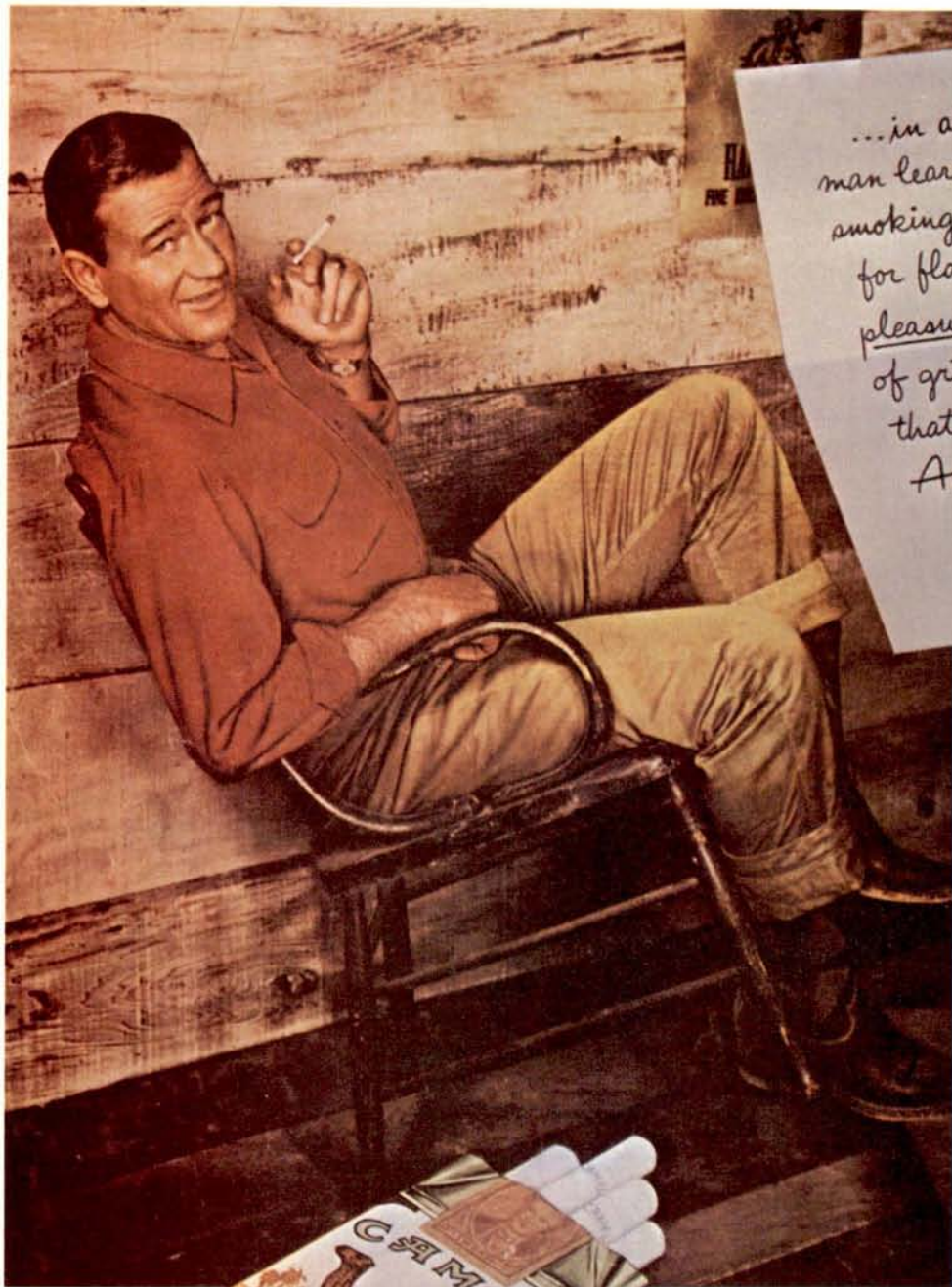
SEX FREAKS—From the guy with two cocks to somebody who's half-man, half-woman, you'll never forget these photos showing people with the most bizarre sexual deformities imaginable.

PHOTO-FEATURES—You'll want to rub more than noses with our Eskimo, **NORA**: **NORTH POLE PRINCESS**, next month's centerfold. Then **TONY AND GINA** exchange a sensuous treat in **VALENTINE SWEETHEARTS**. **CAROL**: **TAMING THE WILD** will bring out the brute in you, while **ALICE AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS** enjoy a Wonderland of sensual delight.

PLUS—A phenomenal February lineup, including **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **SEX PLAY**, **KINKY KORNER**, **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK**, **HONEY** and **BEAVER HUNT**.



John Wayne...a Camel fan goin' on 24 years!



...in all that time, a man learns how to enjoy smoking—for mildness, for flavor, for pure pleasure. It's kind of gratifying to see that my cigarette is America's choice, too.

John Wayne

TALK TO Camel smokers like John Wayne, popular Hollywood star, and you'll quickly see why Camels keep increasing their lead over the next brand — in latest published reports by a record of 50 $\frac{8}{10}$ percent! Clearly, nothing matches Camels' blend of costly tobaccos for genuine mildness and specially-rich flavor! If you smoke for the pure pleasure of smoking, try Camels for 30 days. See what you've been missing!

Make your own 30-Day Camel Mildness Test... see why more people find more pure pleasure in Camels, year after year!

*Cigarette 'Inc. 1964



R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

Camels First in Sales!

Lead second brand by record

50 $\frac{8}{10}$ %



for Mildness ... for Flavor

CAMELS AGREE WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

PUBLIC-SERVICE ADVERTISEMENT FROM HUSTLER MAGAZINE

(AUTHENTIC 1954 ADVERTISEMENT)

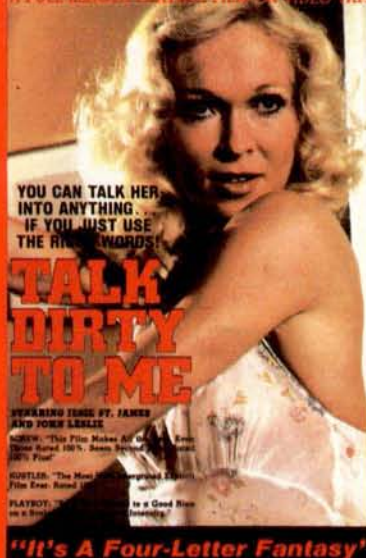
THE BEST IN X RATED

FROM
CABALLERO
CONTROL CORPORATION
FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILMS ON VIDEO TAPE

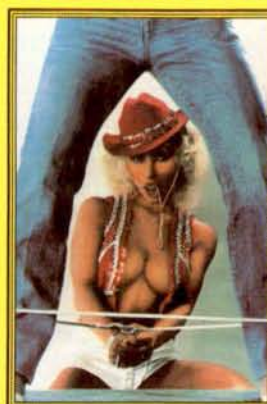
Fifth Annual
EROTICA
AWARDS
PRESENTATION
July 1981
WINNER!
BEST PICTURE

JOHN LESLIE
BEST ACTOR

EXCLUSIVELY BROUGHT TO YOU BY CABALLERO
A FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILM ON VIDEO TAPE



THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOUR LOVE!



FULL-LENGTH FEATURE FILM ON VIDEO TAPE

STARRING

HILLARY SUMMERS
LEE CARROLL
JOHN LESLIE
GEORGINA SPELVIN
VICTORIA HART
ERIC EDWARDS

Produced by CLIFF STERN and LAURA STEVENS
Executive Producer TOD JONSON
Story by L.C. STONE

Fifth Annual
EROTICA
AWARDS
PRESENTATION
July 1981
WINNER!
BEST PICTURE
**GEORGINA
SPELVIN**
BEST SUPPORTING
ACTRESS

A SWEDISH
EROTICA
PRODUCTION
A FULL LENGTH FEATURE FILM
ON VIDEO TAPE



also starring
JOHN HOLMES
JAMIE GILLIS • PATRICIA LEE • PEG NORTON

THE HOTTEST
STARS OF
SWEDISH
EROTICA
STARRING

★ SEKA
★ JOHN
HOLMES
★ AUNT PEG

DEALER INQUIRY INVITED

IT WILL
BRING OUT
THE ANIMAL
IN YOU!

STARRING
**ANNETTE
HAVEN**
AND
INTRODUCING
DIANA HOLT

100% -
SWANK MAG.

CABALLERO CONTROL CORPORATION PRESENTS:

**WICKED
SENSATIONS**

IT WILL BRING
OUT THE
ANIMAL IN YOU!

STARRING
**ANNETTE
HAVEN**
JOHN LESLIE
PAUL THOMAS
MAI LIN
AND INTRODUCING
DIANA HOLT
HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST
NEW TALENT IN HER
FIRST BLUE MOVIE!



VMC VIDEO MAILORDER COMPANY

21540 BLYTHE STREET • CANOGA PARK, CALIF. 91304
IN CALIF. CALL (213) 992-6170

CALL OUR 24 HOUR
TOLL-FREE NUMBER

800
423-5106

VIDEO CASSETTES \$89.95 IN BETA AND
AVAILABLE FOR VHS FORMAT

MASTERCARD AND VISA ACCEPTED

• PLEASE ENCLOSE \$5.00 FOR A DESCRIPTIVE, FULL COLOR BROCHURE •